

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

"Mr. Bojangles"

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I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you in worn
out shoes
With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants, the
old soft shoe
He jumped so high, he jumped so high,
Then he lightly touched down

I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was - down and out
He looked at me to be the eyes of age as he spoke
right out
He talked of life, he talked of life, he laughed, slapped
his leg a step

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles, dance!

He said his name, Bojangles, then he danced a lick
across the cell
He grabbed his pants a better stance, oh, he jumped
up high,
Then he clicked his heels
He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh,
Shook back his clothes all around

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles, dance!

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs

Through out the south
He spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog and him
Had traveled about
His dog up and died, he up and died, after 20 years he
still grieves

He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks
For drink and tips
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars
'Cause I drinks a bit'
He shook his head and as he shook his head
I heard someone ask him 'Please'

Please

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles, dance!

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles, dance!

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