

Rat Pack

"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, jumped so high, then he lightly
Touched down.

I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was
So 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,
Clicked heels instead.

Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles,
Dance!

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs
Throughout the South.
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and
he
Traveled about.
His dog up and died, dog up and died, after
twentyyears
He still grieved.

He said, I dance now at every chance in honky tonks
For drinks and tips.
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars.
He said, I drink a bit.
He shook his head and as he shook his head I heard
Someone ask, please

Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles,
Dance!

