

Houston Whitney

"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

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

I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was - down and out
He looked to 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

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, he clicked his heels
He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh, shook back his
clothes all around

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, he...after twenty years he still
grieved

He said "I dance now at ev'ry chance in honky tonks for
- drinks and tips
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars"
- he said "I drinks a bit"
He shook his head and as he... I heard someone ask
"Please:"

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