

Fosse Soundtrack

"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 be the eyes of age as 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 pants of better stants,
Then he jumped up high, 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!
La-dee da da...
Hum-um-um...
Dee-dah-dah-dah

He danced for those at minstrel shows
And county fairs throughout the south
He spoke with tears of 15 years
How his dog and he traveled about
His dog up and died, up and died,
After 20 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 shook his head
I heard someone ask "Please!"
"Please!"

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles,
Mr. Bojangles, dance!
La-dee da da...
Hum-um-um...
Dee-dah-dah-dah
Dance! Dance! Dance!

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