

Tom T. Hall

"Mr. Bojangles"

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(Jerry Jeff Walker)

I met a man Bojangles and he danced for you in worn
out shoes
He had silver hair and ragged shirt and baggy pants,
the old soft shoe
He jumped so high, he jumped so high then he'd lightly
touch down

I met the man down in New Orleans, I was down and
out
He seemed to me to be the eyes of sage as he spoke
right out
He talked of life, yes, he talked of life, laughed, clicked
his heels in step.

He said the name's Bojangles then he danced a lick
across the cell
He grabbed his pants in favorite stance and jumped so
high and he clicked his heels
He let go a laugh ha ha he let go a laugh shook back
his clothes all around.

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles come on
dance/

He worked for those at country shows and county fairs
throughout the south
He spoke with tears of fifteen years when his dog and
him traveled about
His dog up and died I don't know just up and died after
twenty years
He still grieves.

He said now I dance at every chance in them honky
tonks for drinks and tips
But most the time I spend behind the county bars cause
I drink so bit
He shook his head and as he shook his head I heard
someone ask please.

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles come on
dance...

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