

Mr. Bojangles [C]

artist:Sammy Davis Jr. , writer:Jerry Jeff Walker

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

Mister Bojangles Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles dance

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 his life talked of his 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 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
Travelled about
His dog up and died up and died
After twenty years 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 drinks a bit
He shook his head as he shook his head
I heard someone ask him please

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