

Mr. Bojangles

Bob Dylan

I knew a man Bojangles and he'd dance for you in worn out shoes
Silver hair, ragged shirt and baggy pants, that old soft shoe
He'd jump so high, he'd jump so high, then he lightly touched d
own

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, laughing slapped his leg
stale

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance.

He said the name Bojangles and he danced a lick all across the
cell

He grabbed his pants for a better stance, oh he jumped so high
and he clicked
up his heels

He let go laugh, he let go laugh, shook back his clothes all ar
ound

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance, yeah, dance.

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs throught
out the south

He spoke with tears of 15 years of how his dog and him but just
travelled all about

His dog up and died, he up and died, and after 20 years he stil
l grieves

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance.

He said I dance now at every chance at honky-
tonks for drinks and tips

But most of the time I spend behind these county bars, cause I
drink so bit

He shook his head, yes he shook his head, I heard someone ask h
im, please,

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