

## Mr. Bojangles

Frankie Laine

I knew a man Bojangles and he'd dance for you  
In worn out shoes  
With silver hair, a ragged shirt, and baggy pants  
The old soft shoe  
He jumped so high, jumped so high  
Then he lightly touched down  
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, talked of life, he laughed clicked  
his heels and stepped  
He said his name "Bojangles" and he danced a lick  
across the cell  
He grabbed his pants and spread his stance,  
Oh he jumped so high and then he clicked his heels  
He let go a laugh, let go a laugh  
and shook back his clothes all around  
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles, dance  
He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs  
throughout the south  
He spoke through tears of 15 years how his dog and him  
traveled about  
The dog up and died, he up and died  
And after 20 years he still grieves  
He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks for  
drinks and tips  
But most the time I spend behind these county bars  
'cause I drinks a bit  
He shook his head, and as he shook his head  
I heard someone ask him please  
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles, dance.