

# Mr. Bojangles

Harry Nilsson

I knew a man,  
Bojangles and he danced for you  
In worn out shoes  
Silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants  
The old soft shoe  
He jumped so high, jumped so high  
Then he'd lightly touch down

I met him in a cell in New Orleans,  
He 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  
He laughed, slapped his leg and stepped  
Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles, dance

He said his name,  
Bojangles and he danced a lick  
Across the cell  
He grabbed his pants, a better stance  
And jumped so high, clicked his heels  
He let go a laugh Let go a laugh  
Shook back his clothes all around

He danced for those in minstrel shows  
And county fairs  
Throughout the south  
He spoke with tears of fifteen years  
How his dog and he traveled about  
His dog up and died he up and died  
After twenty years he still grieves

Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles, dance  
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, please  
Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles  
Go on and dance