

# Mr. Bojangles

John Denver

Knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you  
In worn out shoes  
Silver hair ragged shirt and baggy pants  
The old soft shoe

He jumped so high  
He jumped so high  
And he'd lightly touched down

Mr Bojangles Mr Bojangles Mr Bojangles dance

Met him in a cell  
New Orleans he was down and out  
He looked to me to be the eyes of age as he  
He spoke right out

He talked about life  
He talked of life  
He lightly slapped his leg instead

He said the name Bojangles and he danced a lick  
Across the cell  
He grabbed his pants and took a stance  
And he jumped so high

He clicked his heels  
And he let go a laugh  
He let go a laugh  
Shook his clothes all around

Mr Bojangles Mr Bojangles Mr Bojangles dance

We danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs  
Throughout the south  
We spoke in tears of fifteen years  
How his dog and him

They travelled about  
The dog up and died  
He up and died  
After twenty years he still grieves

They said I dance now at every chance and honky tonks  
For drinks and tips  
But most the time I spend behind these county bars  
Cause I drinks a bit

And he shook his head now  
He shook his head  
And I heard someone ask please

Mr Bojangles Mr Bojangles hey Mr Bojangles dance