

# Mr Bojangles

Sammy Davis, Jr.

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  
He jumped so high  
Then he'd lightly touched down

Mr Bojangles  
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  
He lightly slapped his leg instead

He said the name Bojangles and he danced a lick  
Across the cell  
He grabbed his pants for a better stance  
He jumped so high  
He clicked his heels

He let go a laugh  
He let go a laugh  
Shook back 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

His 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

He shook his head and as he shook his head  
I heard someone ask please

Mr Bojangles

Mr Bojangles  
Mr Bojangles  
Dance

Mr Bojangles  
Mr Bojangles  
Mr Bojangles