

Mr. Bojangles

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you in worn out shoes
With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants, the old soft
shoe
He jumped so high, he jumped so high, then he lightly touched d
own

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

I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was - down and out
He looked to be the eyes of age as spoke right out
He talked of life, he talked of life, he laughed, slapped his l
eg a step

He said his name, Bojangles, then he danced a lick across the c
ell
He grabbed a chair like Fred Astaire, then he jumped up high, h
e clicked his
heels
He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh, shook back his clothes al
l around

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs througho
ut the south
He spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog & he traveled about
His dog up and died, up and died, after 20 years he still griev
ed

He said 'I dance now at ev'ry chance in honky tonks for drinks
and tips
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars'
he said 'I drinks a bit'
He shook his head and as he shook his head I heard someone ask
'Please?'