

Mr. Bojangles

By: Jerry Jeff Walker

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, then he'd lightly touch down.
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance.

Met him in a cell, in New Orleans it 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. Laughed, slapped his leg and stared.

He said his name, Bojangles, and he danced a lick all across the cell.
He grabbed his pants and took a stance and he jumped so high, and 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.

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs, all throughout the
South.
He spoke in tears of 15 years how his dog and him, they had traveled
about.
But the dog up and died, he up and died. After 20 years he still grieves.

He 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 now, he shook his head and I heard someone ask
please,
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, hey, Mr. Bojangles, dance.