

# Bob Dylan, Mr. Bojangles

I knew a man Bojangles and he'd dance for you in worn out shoes  
Silver hair, ragged shirt and baggy pants, that old soft shoe  
He'd jump so high, he'd jump so high, will he likely touch down ?  
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 eye of age as he spoke right out  
He talked of life, he talked of life, laughing slapped his leg stale  
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance.

He said the name Bojangles and he danced a lick all across the cell  
He grabbed his pants for a better stance, oh he jumped so high and he clicked  
up his heels  
He let go laugh, he let go laugh, shook back his clothes all around  
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance, yeah, dance.

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs throughtout the south  
He spoke with tears of 15 years of how his dog and him but just travelled all about  
Hid dog up and died, he up and died, and after 20 years he still grieves  
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance.

He said I dance now at every chance at honky-tonks for drinks and tips  
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars, Ocause I drink so bit O  
He shook his head, yes he shook his head, I heard someone ask him, Oplease O,  
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance, dance, Mr Bojangles, dance.