

Nina Simone, Mr. Bojangles

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 down
I met him in a cell in New Orleans
I was down and out
He looked at me to be the eyes of age
As he spoke right out
He talked of life, he talked of life
He laughed, slapped his leg a step
He said his name, Bojangles
And he danced a lick across the cell
He grabbed his pants
in fettered stance
Oh, he jumped up high
Then 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
Throughout the south
He spoke with tears of 15 years
How his dog and him traveled about
His dog up and died, he up and died
After 20 years he still grieves
He said I dance now
At every chance in honky tonks
For drink and tips
But most of 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 him
Please, please
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles, dance!