

Harry Nilsson, Mr. Bojangles

I knew a man,
Bojangles,
and he'd dance for you
in worn out shoes,
with silver hair,
a ragged shirt,
and baggy pants.
the old soft shoe.
jump so high,
jump so high,
then he'd lightly touch down.

I met him in a cell
in New Orleans,
I was down and out.
He looked to me to be the very eyes of age
as he spoke right out,
talked of life, talked of life,
laughed, slapped his leg and stepped.

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

Mr. Bojangles.
Mr. Bojangles.
Mr. Bojangles.
dance.

he danced with those at minstrel
shows & county fairs,
throughout The South.
He spoke with tears
of fifteen years
of how his dog and him,
had traveled about.
his dog up and died,
he up and died,
after twenty years he still greives.

He said "I dance
now and every chance at
honkey-tonks,
for drinks and tips.
But most of time
I spend behind these country 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,