

# Jerry Jeff Walker, Mr. Bojangles

I knew a man Bojangles and he'd dance for you  
In worn out shoes  
Silver hair and ragged shirt and baggy pants  
He did the old soft shoe  
He jumped so high he jumped 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 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 the name Bojangles and he danced a lick across the cell  
He grabbed his pants a better stance then he jumped so high  
He clicked his heels  
He let go a laugh oh he let go a laugh  
Shook back his clothes all around

Chorus:  
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 fifteen years how his dog and him traveled about  
His dog up and died he up and died  
After twenty years he still grieves

He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks for drinks and tips  
But most o' the time I spend behind these county bars  
Hell I drinks a bit  
He shook his head and as he shook his head  
I heard someone ask him please

Chorus