

# Johnny Paycheck, Mr. Bojangles

I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you in worn out shoes  
With silver hair and ragged shirt and baggy pants 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 he was down and out  
He looked to me to be the eyes of age and he spoke right out  
He talked of life he talked of life he laughed slapped his leg a step  
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 oh dog up and died after twenty years he still grieves  
He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks for drinks and for tips  
But most the time I spend behind these county bars cause I drink a bit  
He shook his head he shook his head and I heard someone ask please  
Mr Bojangles Mr Bojangles Mr Bojangles oh dance oh dance