Sam Nixon, Mr Bojangles

I knew a man who jangles
And he'll dance for you
In worn out shoes
With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants
He would do the old soft shoe
He would jump so high
Jump so high
Then he lightly touched down

Told me of the time
He worked with, with minstrel shows
Travelling troughout the south
He spoke with tears for fifteen years
How his, how his dog and he
They would travel about
But his dog up and died
Got up and died
An after twenty years, he still grieves

He said
I dance now
every chance in honky tonks
for my drinks and tips
but most the time I, I spend behind these county bars
You see son I, I drinks a bit
And then he shook his head
Oh Lord, when he shook his head
I can swear I heard somebody saying please, please

A Mister Bojangles
A Mister Bojangles
A Mister Bojangles, come back and dance and dance
and dance, please dance

A Mister Bojangles
A Mister Bojangles
A Mister Bojangles, come back and dance!