

Sammy Davis, Jr., Mr. Bojangles

Whistling

I knew a man,
Bojangles,
and he'd dance for you
in worn out shoes,
with silver hair,
a ragged shirt,
and baggy pants.
He would do the old soft shoe.
He could jump so high,
jump so high,
and 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 the smoke ran out,
talked of life, lord that man talked of life,
laughed, clicked his heels and stepped.

He said his name was "Bojangles"
and he danced a lick
right across the cell.
He grabbed his pants,
took a bitter stance,
jumped up high.
That's when he
clicked his heels.
Then he let go a laugh,
lord, he'd let go a laugh,
shook back his clothes all around.

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

He told me of the times
he worked with minstrel shows,
through out The South.
He spoke with tears
of fifteen years
how his dog and he,
they travel all about.
the dog up and died,
dog up and died,
and after twenty years he still greived.

He said "I dance
now and every chance a
honkey-tonk,
for drinks and tips.
But most of the time
I spend behind these country bars,
you see son, I drinks a bit."
he shook his head.
as he shook his head,
I heard someone
say please, please, please.

A-Mr. Bojangles,
Mr. Bojangles,

Mr. Bojangles,
dance.

Whistle