

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, 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
The old soft shoe
He jumped so high, he jumped 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 eyes of age
As the smoke ran out
He talked of life, he talked of life
He laughed, clicked his heels and stepped

He said his name, Bojangles, and he danced a lick
Across the cell
He grabbed his pants, and favorite stance
Oh, he jumped so high
And then he clicked his heels
He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh
Shook back his clothes all around

Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles
Dance

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs
Throughout the south
He spoke through tears of fifteen years, how his dog and him
Traveled about
The 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 the time I spend behind these county bars
'Cause I drinks a bit"
He shook his head, and as he shook his head
I heard someone ask him please, please

Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles
Dance