

# Whitney Houston, Mr. Bojangles

I knew a man Bojangles  
and he danced for you  
in worn out shoes  
With silver hair, a ragged shirt  
and baggy pants,  
the old soft shoe  
He jumped so high, he jumped so high,  
then he lightly touched down  
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles,  
Mr. Bojangles, dance!  
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 his name, Bojangles,  
then he danced a lick across the cell  
He grabbed his pants a better stance,  
oh, he jumped up high, he clicked his heels  
He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh,  
shook back his clothes all around  
He danced for those at minstrel shows  
and county fairs - throughout the South  
He spoke with tears of fifteen years  
how his dog and he traveled about  
His dog up and died, he...after twenty years  
he still grieved  
He said "I dance now at ev'ry chance  
in honky tonks for - drinks and tips  
But most of the time I spend behind  
these county bars" - he said "I drinks a bit"  
He shook his head and as he...  
I heard someone ask "Please:"