

# Mr. Bojangles

## Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

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 I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was - down and out  
He looked at 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 Mr. Bojangles, Mr.  
Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles, dance! 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,  
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  
Through out the south  
He spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog and him  
Had traveled about  
His dog up and died, he up and died, after 20 years he still grieves He said I dance now at every  
chance in honky tonks  
For drink and tips  
But most of 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! Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles, dance!

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