

# 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