

# Mr. Bojangles

Steve Earle

I knew a man, Bojangles and he danced for you  
In worn out shoes  
Silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants  
The old soft shoe  
He jumped so high  
Jumped so high  
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 weary eyes of age  
As he spoke right out  
He talked of life  
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, a better stance  
And he jumped so high  
And then he clicked his heels  
He let go a laugh  
Let go a laugh  
Shooked his clothes back all around

Mr. Bojangles  
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Mr. Bojangles  
Dance

He danced for those in minstrel shows and county fairs  
Throughout the south  
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and him  
Traveled about  
And dog up and died  
Dog up and died  
After twenty years he still grieves

And said now I dance 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

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