

Mr. Bojangles

Harry Belafonte

Oh I knew a man, Bojangles and he danced for you
In worn out shoes
With silver hair and ragged shirt and baggy pants
The old soft shoe
He jumped so high, he jumped so high
Then he'd lightly touch 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

Mr Bojangles, Mr Bojangles
Mr Bojangles dance

He spoke the name's Bojangles then he danced a lick
Across the cell
He grabbed his pants, a better stance
Oh he jumped so 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
him
Traveled about
His dog up and died, His dog up and died
After 20 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 please
Mr Bojangles, Mr Bojangles
Mr Bojangles oh dance