

Mr. Bojangles

Harry Nilsson

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,
He 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 and stepped
Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles, dance

He said his name,
Bojangles and he danced a lick
Across the cell
He grabbed his pants, a better stance
And jumped so high, clicked his heels
He let go a laugh Let go a laugh
Shook back his clothes all around

He danced for those in 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 up and died
After twenty years he still grieves

Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles, dance
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
Go on and dance