

Mr. Bojangles

John Denver

Knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you
In worn out shoes
Silver hair ragged shirt and baggy pants
The old soft shoe

He jumped so high
He jumped so high
And he'd lightly touched down

Mr Bojangles Mr Bojangles Mr Bojangles dance

Met him in a cell
New Orleans he was down and out
He looked to me to be the eyes of age as he
He spoke right out

He talked about life
He talked of life
He lightly slapped his leg instead

He said the name Bojangles and he danced a lick
Across the cell
He grabbed his pants and took a stance
And he jumped so high

He clicked his heels
And he let go a laugh
He let go a laugh
Shook his clothes all around

Mr Bojangles Mr Bojangles Mr Bojangles dance

We danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs
Throughout the south
We spoke in tears of fifteen years
How his dog and him

They travelled about
The dog up and died
He up and died
After twenty years he still grieves

They said I dance now at every chance and honky tonks
For drinks and tips
But most the time I spend behind these county bars
Cause I drinks a bit

And he shook his head now
He shook his head
And I heard someone ask please

Mr Bojangles Mr Bojangles hey Mr Bojangles dance