

Mr. Bojangles

Johnny Paycheck

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

I met him in a cell in New Orleans he was down and out
He looked to me to be the eyes of age and 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 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 oh dog up and died after twenty years he still grieves

He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks for drinks and for tips

But most the time I spend behind these county bars 'cause I drink a bit

He shook his head he shook his head and I heard someone ask please

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles oh dance, oh dance