

Mr. Bojangles

Todd Snider

I knew a man
"Bojangles" and
He'd dance for you
In worn out shoes
Silver hair
A ragged shirt
And baggy pants
He did the old Soft Shoe

He jumped so high, jumped so high
And then he'd lightly touch down

Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles
Dance

I met him in
A cell in New Orleans, I was
I was down and out
He looked to me to be
About the eyes of age
As he spoke right out

He talked of his life, he talked of life
Laugh-slapped his leg in step

He said the name
"Bojangles" and
He danced a lick
Across the cell
Then he grabbed his pants
Prepared a stance
And jumped up high
He clicked his heels

He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh
Shook back his clothes all around

Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles
Oh now, Mr. Bojangles
Come on and dance

He danced for those
At minstrel shows
And county fairs
Throughout the South
He spoke in tears
Of fifteen years
How his dog and him
They traveled about

'Til that dog up and died, Lord, he up and died
After twenty years he still grieves

And now he danced

At every chance
In honky-tonks
For drinks and tips
But most of the time
I spend behind
These county bars
Hell, I drink a beer

He shook his head, and as he shook his head
I heard someone ask him, "Please?

"Oh Mr. Bojangles
"Oh Mr. Bojangles
"Oh now, Mr. Bojangles
"Come one and dance"

I knew a man
"Bojangles" and
He'd dance for you