

# 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