

# Mr Bojangles

## Nina Simone

I knew a man Bojangles  
Always danced with worn out shoes  
The silver hair, a ragged shirt  
And bare ragged paints  
The old soft shoe  
He jumps so high  
He jumps so high and  
Then he lightly touches downI met him in a New Orleans cafÃ“  
He was down and outI knew a man, Bojangles, and he danced for you  
In worn out shoes  
With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants  
The old soft shoe  
He jumped so high, jumped so high, then he lightly touched downI met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was  
So down and out  
He looked at me to be the eyes of age  
As he spoke right out  
He talked of life, he talked of life  
He laughed, clicked heels insteadMister Bojangles  
Mister Bojangles  
Mister 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 he traveled about  
His dog up and died, dog up and died  
After twenty years he still grievedHe said, I dance now at every chance in honky tonks  
For drinks and tips  
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars  
He said, I drink a bit  
He shook his head and as he shook his head  
I heard someone ask, pleaseMister Bojangles  
Mister Bojangles  
Mister Bojangles  
Dance!

Songwriters

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