

Mr Bojangles

Nina Simone

I knew a man Bojangles
Always danced with worn out shoes
The silver hair, a ragged shirt
And bare ragged pants
The old soft shoe
He jumps so high
He jumps so high and
Then he lightly touches down I met him in a New Orleans caf  
He was down and out I 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 down I 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 instead Mister 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 grieved He 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, please Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles
Dance!

Songwriters

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