# Mr. Bojangles

## King Curtis

I knew a man Bojangles and he'd dance for you in worn out shoes
Silver hair, ragged shirt and baggy pants, that old soft shoe
He'd jump so high, he'd jump so high, will he likely touch down ?
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance.

I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was down and out
He looked to me to be the eye of age as he spoke right out
He talked of life, he talked of life, laughing slapped his leg stale
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance.

He said the name Bojangles and he danced a lick all across the cell
He grabbed his pants for a better stance, oh he jumped so high and he clicked
Up his heels
He let go laugh, he let go laugh, shook back his clothes all around
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance, yeah, dance.

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs throughtout the south
He spoke with tears of 15 years of how his dog and him but just travelled all about
Hid dog up and died, he up and died, and after 20 years he still grieves
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance.

He said I dance now at every chance at honky-tonks for drinks and tips
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars, 'cause I drink so bitO
He shook his head, yes he shook his head, I heard someone ask him, OpleaseO,
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, dance, dance, Mr Bojangles, dance.

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written by WALKER, JERRY JEFF
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