Mr. Bojangles

David Campbell

I knew a man Bojangles
And he'd dance for you
In worn out shoes

With silver hair a ragged shirt
And baggy pants
He would do the old soft shoe

He would jump so high
Jump so high
Then he lightly touch down

He told me of the time he worked with
Minstrel shows travelling
Throughout the south

He spoke with tears of fifteen years
How his dog and he
They would travel about.

But his dog up and died
He up and died
And after twenty years he still grieved

He said "I dance now
At every chance in the Honky Tonks
For my drinks and tips

But most the time I spend
Behind these country bars
You see on I drinks a bit"

Then he shook his head
Oh lord when he shook his head
I could swear I heard someone say please

Mister Bojangles
Call him Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles come back and dance please

Come back and dance again Mr Bojangles

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