

# 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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