

Mr. Bojangles

Sammy Davis, Jr.

I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you
In worn-out shoes
Silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants
The old soft shoe

He jumped so high
He jumped so high
Then he'd lightly touched down

Mr Bojangles
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 eyes of age
As he spoke right out

He talked of life
He talked of life
He lightly slapped his leg instead

He said the name Bojangles and he danced a lick
Across the cell
He grabbed his pants for a better stance
He jumped so high
He clicked his heels

He let go a laugh
He let go a laugh
Shook back his clothes all around

Mr Bojangles
Mr Bojangles
Mr Bojangles
Dance

We danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs
Throughout the south

We spoke in tears of fifteen years
How his dog and him
They traveled about

His dog up and died
He up and died
After twenty years he still grieves

They said I dance now at every chance and honky-tonks
For drinks and tips
But most the time I spend behind these county bars
Cause I drinks a bit

He shook his head and as he shook his head
I heard someone ask please

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