

# Mr Bojangles

Sandra Nkakã©

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 touch down  
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 laughed, clicked his heels and stepped  
He said his name, Bojangles and he danced a lick  
Across the cell  
He grabbed his pants, a better stance  
Oh, he jumped so high  
Then he clicked his heels  
He let go a laugh  
He let go a laugh  
Pushed back his clothes all around  
Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles  
Dance  
He danced for those in minstrel shows and county fairs  
Throughout the south  
He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and him  
Traveled about  
The dog up and died  
He up and died  
After twenty years he still grieves  
He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks  
For drinks and tips  
But most the time I spend behind these county bars  
He said I drinks a bit  
He shook his head  
And as he shook his head

I heard someone ask him please

Please

Mr. Bojangles

Mr. Bojangles

Mr. Bojangles

Dance

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written by WALKER, JERRY JEFF

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