

# Mr. Bojangles (Original Version)

John Denver

I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you  
In worn out shoes  
Silver hair, ragged shirt and baggy pants  
The old soft shoe  
He jumps so high, jumps so high  
Then he'd lightly touch down  
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles dance I met him in a cell, in New Orleans it was  
Down and out  
He looked to me to be the eyes of age as he  
He spoke right out  
He talked about life, talked of life  
He laughed, slapped his leg instead He said the name Bojangles and he danced a lick  
Across the cell  
He grabbed his pants and took a stance and he jumped so high  
He clicked his heels  
He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh  
Shook his clothes all around  
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles dance He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs  
Throughout the South  
And he spoken in tears of fifteen years how it's dogging him  
They traveled about  
The dog up and died he up and died  
After twenty years he still grieves

Songwriters

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