

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 danceI 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 insteadHe 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 danceHe 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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