Mr. Bojangles

John Denver

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 jumped so high, he jumps so high.
Then he'd lightly touch down.
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles dance.

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, he 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 15 years how it's dogging him.
They traveled about.
The dog up and died he up and died
after 20 years he still grieves.

He 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 drink a bit.
And he shook his head now, he shook his head.
And I heard someone ask please
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles dance.

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