

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 shoeHe jumped so high
He jumped so high
Then he'd lightly touched downMr Bojangles
Mr Bojangles
Mr Bojangles
DanceI 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 outHe talked of life
He talked of life
He lightly slapped his leg insteadHe 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 heelsHe let go a laugh
He let go a laugh
Shook back his clothes all aroundMr Bojangles
Mr Bojangles
Mr Bojangles
DanceWe 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 aboutHis dog up and died
He up and died
After twenty years he still grievesThey 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 bitHe shook his head and as he shook his head
I heard someone ask pleaseMr Bojangles
Mr Bojangles
Mr Bojangles
DanceMr Bojangles
Mr Bojangles
Mr Bojangles

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WALKER, JERRY JEFFPublished by
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