

# Mr. Bojangles

## *2 round intro...*

I knew a man, Bojangles, and he danced for you  
in worn out shoes.

With silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants,  
the old soft shoe.

He jumped so high, jumped so high, then he lightly touched down.

I met him in a cell in New Orleans, I was  
so down and out.

He looked at me to be the very eyes of age,  
as he spoke right out.

He talked of life, he talked of life. He laughed, clicked heels instead.

***Mister Bojangles - Mister Bojangles - Mister Bojangles, - dance***

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs  
throughout the South.

He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and he  
traveled about.

His dog up & died, dog up & died, after twenty years he still grieved.

He said, I dance now at every chance in honky tonks  
for drinks and tips.

But most of the time I spend behind these county bars.

He said, I drink a bit.

He shook his head and as he shook his head I heard someone ask, please

***Mister Bojangles - Mister Bojangles - Mister Bojangles, - dance***  
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