

# Mr. Bojangles

Nina Simone

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, he jumped so high  
Then he lightly touched down

I met him in a cell in New Orleans  
I was down and out  
He looked at me to be the eyes of age  
As he spoke right out  
He talked of life, he talked of life  
He laughed, slapped his leg a step

He said his name, Bojangles  
And he danced a lick across the cell  
He grabbed his pants  
in fettered stance  
Oh, he jumped up high  
Then he clicked his heels  
He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh  
Shook back his clothes all around

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles, dance!

He danced for those  
At minstrel shows and county fairs  
Throughout the south  
He spoke with tears of 15 years  
How his dog and him traveled about  
His dog up and died, he up and died  
After 20 years he still grieves

He said I dance now  
At every chance in honky tonks  
For drink and tips  
But most of the time  
I spend behind these county bars  
Cause I drinks a bit

He shook his head  
And as he shook his head  
I heard someone ask him  
Please, please

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles  
Mr. Bojangles, dance!