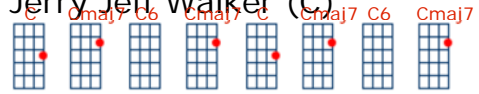


Untitled-Song

Jerry Jeff Walker (C)



I knew a man Bojangles and he danced for you
In worn out shoes

With silver hair a ragged shirt and baggy pants

He did the old soft shoe

He jumped so high jumped so high
Then he lightly touched down

Mister Bojangles Mister Bojangles

Mister Bojangles dance


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 his life talked of his life

He laughed slapped his leg a step

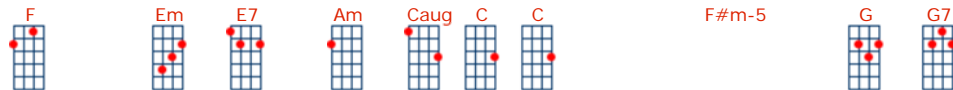
He said his name Bojangles then he danced a lick
Across the cell




 He grabbed his pants a better stance oh he jumped up high




 He clicked his heels




 He let go a laugh let go a laugh Shook back his clothes all around




 He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs Throughout the south



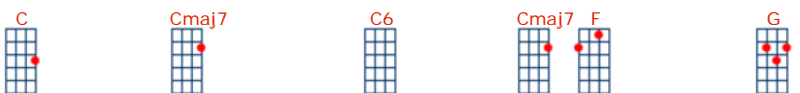
 He spoke with tears of fifteen years how his dog and he Traveled about




 His dog up and died up and died




 After twenty years he still grieved



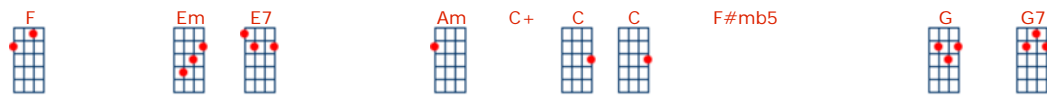
 He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks For drinks and tips




 But most of the time I spend behind these county bars



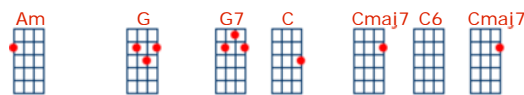
 He said I drinks a bit



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



 Mister Bojangles Mister Bojangles



 Mister Bojangles dance C]