

Whitney Houston, Mr. Bojangles

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
Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles,
Mr. Bojangles, dance!
I 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 out
He talked of life, he talked of 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, he 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, he...after twenty years
he still grieved
He said "I dance now at ev'ry 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 and as he...
I heard someone ask "Please:"