

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,
 Talked of life.
 He laughed, slapped his leg a step.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

4. 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 up and died,
After twenty years he still grieved.

Chorus

5. He said, "I dance now at ev'ry chance In honky tonks for drinks and tips. But most of the time I spend Behind thoses county bars," He said, "I drinks a bit." He shook his head and as he shook his head, I heard someone ask please,

Chorus

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