Ace

Isabella Maso

By: jimmy buffett
1971
Hardly seems a long time
Just a minute of the day
But the man who stood beside me
More than gave himself away
The food stain on his spotted shirt
A gray beard on his face
A man composed of many names
So I just called him ace
Chorus:
But ace can't read and ace can't write
And he sleeps on a bench at night
A little man the world has left behind
He ain't bitter, he ain't sweet
Makes his living on the street
Never knowing what he's gonna find
Born in mississippi
Picking cotton as a child
Left soon for the city
Where he heard that life was wild
That was fifty years ago
When nothing's really strange
>from a poor dirt farm to dirty streets

Is really not much change
Chorus:
And ace can't read and ace can't write
And he sleeps on a bench at night
A little man the world has left behind
He ain't bitter, he ain't sweet
Makes his living on the street
Never knowing what he's gonna find
Go back to the country
No he really can't do that
Wasted years have left him
Nothing but an old straw hat
So he puts it on his head
And waves a last good-bye

No time left to turn around
And no time to ask why
Chorus:
Ace can't read and ace can't write
And he sleeps on a bench at night
A little man the world has left behind
He ain't bitter, he ain't sweet
Makes his living on the street
Never knowing what he's gonna find
And this old world has left poor ace behind

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