

Ace

Shawn Smith

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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