

# Ace

## Tom Wax

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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