## **Buffett Jimmy** "Ace"

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Ace

by Jimmy Buffett

It hardly seems a long time Just a minute of the day When the man that stood beside me More than gave himself away A 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 going to 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 That really ain't much change

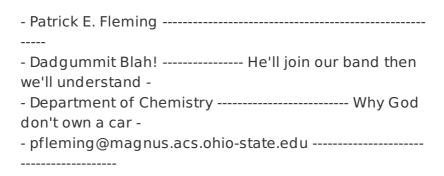
## Chorus:

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 going to find

Go back to the country No he can't do that Wasted years have left him nothing but an old straw hat So he puts it on his head And waves his last god-bye With no time left to turn around And no time to ask why

## 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 going to find
And this old world has left poor Ace behind



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