

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

- Patrick E. Fleming -----

- Dadgummit Blah! ----- He'll join our band then
we'll understand -
- Department of Chemistry ----- Why God
don't own a car -
- pfleming@magnus.acs.ohio-state.edu -----

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