

Lobo, Ace

(Jimmy Buffett)

It hardly seems a long time just a minute of the day
When 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

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 knowin' what he's gonna find

Born in Mississippi pickin' cotton as a child
Left soon for the city where he heard that life was wild
That was fifty years ago when nothin's really strange
From a poor dirt farm to dirty streets is really not much change

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Go back to the country no he really can't do that
Wasted years have left him nothin' but an old straw hat
So he puts it on his head and waves a last good-bye
With no time left to turn around and no time to ask why

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This old world has left poor Ace behind