

# 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