

It 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, the gray beard on his face
A man composed of many names, so I just called him Ace

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
He makes his living on the street
Never knowing what he's gonna find

Born in Mississippi, picking cotton as a child
He left soon for the city where he heard that life was wild
But that was fifty years ago and nothing's really strange
From a poor dirt farm to dirty streets is really not much change

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
He makes his living on the street
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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 goodbye
No time left to turn around and no time to ask why

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
He makes his living on the street
Never knowing what he's gonna find

And this old world has left poor Ace behind