

# Fancy

## Reba McEntire

I remember it all very well lookin' back  
It was the summer I turned eighteen  
We lived in a one room, rundown shack  
On the outskirts of New Orleans  
We didn't have money for food or rent  
To say the least we were hard pressed  
Then mama spent every last penny we had  
To buy me a dancin' dress  
Mama washed and combed and curled my hair  
And she painted my eyes and lips then I stepped  
into a satin  
Dancin' dress that had a split on the side clean up to my hip  
It was red velvet trim and it fit me good  
Standin' back from the lookin' glass  
There stood a woman where a half grown kid had stood  
She said "Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down  
Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down"  
Mama dabbed a little bit of perfume on my neck  
And she kissed my cheek  
Then I saw the tears wellin' up in her troubled eyes  
When she started to speak  
She looked at our pitiful shack  
And then she looked at me and took a ragged breath  
She said "Your pa's run off and I'm real sick  
And the baby's gonna starve to death"  
She handed me a heart shaped locket that said "To thine own self be true"  
And I shivered as I watched a roach crawl across  
The toe of my high heel shoe  
It sounded like somebody else that was talkin'  
Askin' "Mama what do I do?"  
She said "Just be nice to the gentlemen, Fancy  
And they'll be nice to you"  
She said "Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down  
Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down  
Lord forgive me for what I do, but if you want out  
Well it's up to you  
Now don't let me down you better start movin' uptown"  
Well, that was the last time I saw my ma  
The night I left that rickety shack  
The welfare people came and took the baby  
Mama died and I ain't been back  
But the wheels of fate had started to turn  
And for me there was no way out  
And it wasn't very long 'til I knew exactly  
What my mama's been talkin' about  
I knew what I had to do but I made myself this solemn vow  
That I was gonna be a lady someday  
Though I don't know when or how

I couldn't see spending the rest of my life  
With my head hung down in shame you know  
I might have been born just plain white trash  
But Fancy was my name  
Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down  
Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me  
down

It wasn't very long after a benevolent man  
Took me off the street  
And one week later I was pourin' his tea  
In a five room hotel suite  
I charmed a king, a congressman  
And an occasional aristocrat  
Then I got me a Georgia mansion  
and an elegant New York townhouse flat  
And I ain't done bad  
Now in this world there's a lot of self-righteous hypocrits  
That would call me bad  
And criticize mama for turning me out  
No matter how little we had  
But though I ain't had to worry 'bout nothin'  
For nigh on fifteen years  
I can still hear the desperation in my poor  
Mama's voice ringin' in my ear  
She said, "Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down  
Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down  
Lord, forgive me for what I do  
But if you want out well it's up to you  
Now don't let me down  
Your mama's gonna move you uptown"  
I guess she did

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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