

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 from 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
She said here's your one chance Fancy don't let me down

Mama dabbled a little bit of perfume on my neck
And she kissed my cheek
Then I saw the tears wellin' up in her troubled eys
As she started to speak
She looked at a pitiful shack and then she looked at me and took a ragged breath
She said your Pa's runned 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 accross
The toe of my high heeled shoe
It sounded like somebody else that was talkin'
Askin' "Mama what do I do?"
She said just be nice to the gentlemen Fancy
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
Don't let me down now, your Mama's gonna move you uptown

Well, that was the last time I saw my Ma
When 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'd been talkin' about

I knew what I had to do and I made myself this solemn vow
That I's gonna be a lady someday
Though I didn't know when or how
But 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

She said here's your one chance Fancy don't let me down
She said here's your one chance Fancy don't let me down

It wasn't long after that benevolent man
Took me in off the street
And one week later I was pourin' his tea
In a five room hotel suite

I charmed a king, congressman
And an occasional aristocrat
Then I got me a Georgia mansion
In an elegant New York townhouse flat
And I ain't done bad

Now in this world there's a lot of self-righteous
hippocrates
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

Here's your one chance Fancy don't let me down
O 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 Mama's gonna move you uptown

I guess she did