

Lynn Anderson

"Fancy"

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I remember it all very well lookin' back it was the
summer I turned eighteen
We lived in a onerom 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
satin dancin' dress
Mama washed and combed and curled my hair and
she painted my eyes and lips
Then I stepped into my satin dancin' dress
That had a split on the side clean up to my hips
It was red velvet trim and it fit me good and starin'
back from the lookin' glass
There stood a woman where a half grown kid had
stood
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 a pitful shack and then she looked at me
and took a ragged breath
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
owenself be true
And I shivered as I watched a rouch crawl across the
toe of my high heeled shoe
It sounded like somebody else that was talkin' askin'
mama what do I do
Just be nice to the gentlemen Fancy and they'll be nice
to you
Here's your one chance...

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 till I knew exactly what my
mama'd 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 didn't
know when or how
I couldn't see spendin' the rest of my life with my head
hung down in shame
I might have been born just plain white trash but Fancy
was my name
Here's your one chance...

It wasn't long after a benevolent man took me off the
street
And one week later I was pourin' his tea in a five room
motel suite
I charmed a king a 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

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