

Reba McEntire "Fancy"

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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 trimmin' 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 dabbed a little bit of perfume on my neck
Then she kissed my cheek
And then I saw the tears wellin' up in her troubled eyes
As 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'd 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 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 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, and don't let me down
Now your mama's gonna move you uptown
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
Weren'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

Well, I couldn't see spendin' 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"

Weren't long after a benevolent man
Took me in off the streets
One week later I was pourin' his tea
In a five room hotel suite

I charmed a king, a congressman
And an occasional aristocrat
And 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
hypocrites
They call me bad
They criticize Mama for turning me out
No matter how little we had

But though I ain't had no worry 'bout nothin'
From now on fifteen years
Well, I can still hear the desperation
In my poor Mama's voice ringin' in my ears

"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, honey
Your mama's gonna move you uptown

Oh, and I guess she did

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