

# Reba McEntire, Fancy

(Bobbie Gentry)

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 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  
When 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 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 accross  
The toe of my high heeled shoe  
It sounded like somebody else that was talkin'  
Askin' Mama what do I do  
She said 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'd been talkin' about

I knew what I had to do but I made myself this  
solemn vow That I's gonna be a lady someday  
Though I didn'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 long after that 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, 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

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 Mama's gonna help you uptown

I guess she did