

# Fancy

## Bobbie Gentry

Well, I remember it all very well lookin' back  
It was the summer that I turned eighteen.  
We lived in a one-room, run down shack  
on the outskirts of New Orleans. We didn't have money for food or rent  
to say the least we were hard-pressed  
when Momma spent every last penny we had  
to buy me a dancin' dress. Well, Momma washed and combed and curled my hair,  
then she painted my eyes and lips.  
Then I stepped into the satin dancin' dress.  
It was split in the side clean up to my hips. It was red, velvet-trimmed, and it fit me good  
and starin' back from the lookin' glass  
was 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.  
Lord forgive me for what I do,  
but if you want out girl it's up to you.  
Now get on out, you better start sleepin' uptown." Momma dabbed a little bit of perfume  
on my neck and she kissed my cheek  
Then I saw the tears welling 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  
"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 across  
the toe of my high-heeled shoe  
It sounded like somebody else was talkin'  
askin', "Momma 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  
Now get on out, girl, you better start movin' uptown." Well, that was the last time I saw my  
momma  
when I left that rickety shack  
'Cause the welfare people came and took the baby.  
Momma died and I ain't been back. But the wheels of fate had started to turn  
and for me there was no other way out.  
It wasn't very long 'till I knew exactly  
what my momma was talkin' 'bout. I knew what I had to do.

But I made myself this solemn vow:  
That I was gonna to 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 mighta 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.Wasn't long after that a benevolent man  
took me in off the streets  
One week later I was pourin' his tea  
in a five roomed penthouse suite.Since then I've charmed a king, a congressman  
and an occasional aristocrat  
and I got me a Georgia mansion  
and an elegant New York townhouse flat.Now I ain't done badNow in this world there's a lot of  
self-righteous  
hypocrites that would call me bad.  
They criticize Momma for turning me out  
No matter how little we had.And though I haven't had to worry 'bout nothin'  
now for nigh on fifteen years  
I can still hear the desperation  
in my poor mommas 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 get on out, you better move uptown.  
And I guess she did"

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>