

Kellie Pickler, Fancy

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
And mama'd spent every last penny we had
To buy me a dancin' dress

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

I knew what i had to do and i made myself this
Solemn vow
I's gonna be a lady someday although 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
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, no
You mama's gonna move you uptown

Lord, forgive me for what i do
But if you want out well it's up to you
Now don't let me down, no
You mama's gonna move you uptown

But fancy was my name