

# 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

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