

He Is Legend, Fancy

[Originally by Reba McEntire]

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
But Mama spent every last penny she had
To buy me a dancin' dress

Well Mama washed and combed and curled my hair
She painted my eyes and lips well then I stepped down into
a satin'
dancin' dress that had a split on the side clean up
to my hip
Well 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

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 then she kissed my cheek
And I saw the tears wellin' up in her troubled eyes
When she started to speak
She looked at a pitiful shack and then she looked at me and took a ragged
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 then 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 be nice to the gentlemen Fancy
They'll be nice to you

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
Well don't let me down
Now your Mama's gonna move you 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

Well But the wheels of fate they was startin' to turn
And for me there was no way out
It wasn't very long 'til I knew exactly
What Mama'd been talkin' about

I knew what I had to do but I made myself this
solemn vow
Oh 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
Said here's your one chance Fancy don't let me down

It wasn't long after a benevolent man
Took me in off the street
And one week later I was pourin' his tea
In a five room hotel suite

I charmed a king, congressman
And the 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
They 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

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
Your Mama's gonna help you uptown
Uptown oh oh

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