

# Reba McEntire, Fancy (Don't Let Me Down)

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.

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, "Now here's your one chance Fancy,  
Don't let me down.  
Here's your one chance Fancy,  
Don't let me down."

Mama dabbed a little bit of perfume  
On my neck then she kissed my cheek.  
And then I saw the tears wellin' up in her troubled eyes  
As she started to speak.  
She looked at our pitiful shack,  
And then she looked at me and took a ragged breath.  
She said 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 that was talkin'  
Askin', "Mama, 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, don't let me down, now,  
Your mama's gonna move you uptown."

Well, that was the last time I saw my Mama,  
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.  
Wasn't very long till I knew exactly  
What my mama'd been talkin' about.

I knew what I had to do,  
And I made myself this solemn vow.  
I's gonna be a lady someday,  
Though 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.  
Yu know I might have been born just plain white trash,  
But Fancy was my name.

She said, &quot;Here's your one chance, Fancy,  
Don't let me down.  
Here's your one chance, Fancy,  
Don't let me down.&quot;

It wasn't long after a benevolent man  
Took me in off the streets.  
And one week later I was pourin' his tea  
In a five room hotel suite.  
I charmed a king, a congressman,  
And an occasional aristocrat.  
Then I got me a Georgia mansion,  
And an elegant New York townhouse flat.  
I ain't done bad.

Now in this world there's a lot of self-righteous  
Hypocrites who 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 ears.

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  
Your mama's gonna move you uptown

Well, I guess she did.