

Fancy

Bobbie Gentry

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 Momma washed and combed and curled my hair
Then she painted my eyes and lips
And 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 standin' back from the lookin' glass
Was 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
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 momma's gonna help you move 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-healed shoe It sounded like somebody else it was talkin'
Askin', "Momma what do I do?"
"Just be nice to the gentlemen, Fancy, and
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

Now get on now, girl, you better start movin' uptown" Well that was the last time I saw my momma
Then 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 way out
It wasn't very long after that I knew exactly
What my momma been talkin' about I knew what I had to do
But I made myself a solemn vow
But 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" It 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 hotel suite I've charmed a king, a congressman
And an occasional aristocrat
And it got me a Georgia mansion
And an elegant New York townhouse flat
And I ain't done bad Now in this world there's a lot of self-righteous
Hypocrites that would call me bad
They criticize ma 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
But 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 don't let me down, your momma's gonna help you move uptown"
And I guess she did

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