Fancy (w/ Tab)

Intro: F#m A B F#m

F#m
Well, I remember it all very well looking back
A
it was the summer I turned eighteen
B
We lived in a one room, run down shack
D
on the out skirts of New Orleans
F#m
Didn't have money for food or rent
A
to say the least, we were hard pressed
B
and mamma spent every last penny we had
D
to buy me a dancin' dress
F#m
Well, mamma washed and combed and curled my hair
B F#m
and then she painted my eyes and lips

Then I stepped into a satin dancin' dress
B F#m
that had a split from the side clean up to my hip
B F#m
It was red, velvet trimmin' and it fit me good

standing back from the looking glass
B F#m
there stood a woman where a half grown kid had stood

Chorus
A B F#m
She said here's your one chance Fancy don't let me down

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E---|---------------|--
B---|---------------|--
G---|-------2-------|--
D---|--2h4-----2h4--|--
A---|---------------|--
E---|---------------|--
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A B F#m
She said here's your one chance Fancy, don't let me down

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E---|---------------
B---|--2p0----------
G---|-------2-------
D---|----------2h4--
A---|---------------
E---|---------------
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F#m A
Mamma died a little bit of perfume on my neck

then she kissed my cheek
B D
and then I saw the tears wellin' up in her troubled eyes

as she started to speak
F#m A
she looked at pitiful shack and then she looked at me

and took a ragged breath

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              B
she said your pa's runned off, and I'm real sick
         D
and the baby's gonna starve to death
     F#m
she handed me a heart shaped locked that said
    A
To Thine Own Self Be True
         B
then I shivered as I watched a roach crawl across
     D
the toe of my high heeled shoe
    F#m
It sounded like somebody else that was talking
        Bbm              Ebm
askin' Mamma what do I do?
          B
She said just be nice to the gentleman Fancy
Db
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
       A                        B
Lord, forgive me for what I do
        A                          B
But if you want out well it's up to you
           A                          B                                F#m
now don't let me down, now, your mamma's gonna move you up town


Well, that was the last time I saw my mamma
then I left that rickedy shack
the welfare people came and took the baby
mamma died and I ain't been back
but the wheels of fate started to turn
and for me there was no way out
wasn't very long 'til I knew exactly
what my mamma 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
       F#m
but I couldn't see spending the rest of my life
         Bbm               Ebm
with my head hung down in shame
           B
Ya know I might've been born just plain white trash
     Db
but Fancy was my name

She said here's your one chance Fancy don't let me down
she 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 streets
one week later I was pouring his tea
in a five room hotel suite
I charmed the King, a congressman
and an occasional aristicrat
and then I got me a Georgia mansion
and an elegant New York townhouse flat
and I ain't done bad

Now in the world there's alot of self-righteous
hypocrites, that call me bad
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criticize mamma for turning me out
no matter how little we had
but thought I ain't had to worry 'bout nothing
for all my fifteen years
well I can still hear the desperation
in my poor mamma's voice ringing in my ears

Here's your one chance Fancy don't let me down
Whoa, 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, hon, your mamma's gonna move you up town
Oh and I guess she did