

FANCY

Words and Music by
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Rock $\text{♩} = 96$

F#5 A5 B5

mf

§ Verse:
F#5

F#5

Well, I re - mem - ber it all___ ver - y well___ look - in' back, it was the

E5 (B/D#)
B5

sum - mer I turned_ eigh - teen._ We lived in a one room,_ run - down_ shack on the

D F#5

out - skirts of New_ Or - leans._ We did - n't have mon - ey for food_ or rent,_ to say the

E5 (B/D#)
B5

least we were_ hard - pressed._ Then ma - ma spent ev - ery last pen - ny we had_ to buy_

1. 2. 3. *To Next Strain* 4.
 D N.C.

me a danc - in' dress... Well, ma-ma New York__ town-house flat. I ain't__ done

F#5 A5 B5

bad...

F#5 F#5

Now, washed and combed and curled__ my hair,__ and then she

(E5) (2nd & 3rd times) (B/D#)

B5 F#5

paint-ed my__ eyes and lips... Then I stepped in - to__ a sat - in danc - in' dress__ that had a

(D) B5 F#5 (F#5)

split on the side__ clean up__ to my hip... It was red__ vel - vet trim-

1.
B5 F#5

- min' and it fit me good. Stand-in' back from the look-in' glass there stood a wom-an where a

To Next Strain | 2. 3. 4.
B F#5 A#7 D#m

half grown_ kid_ had stood... She said, "Ma-ma, what do I do? She said,

B C# F#5

"Just be nice to the gen-tle-men, Fan - cy, and they'll_ be nice to you." She said,

Chorus:
D E F#5

"Here's your one_ chance, Fan - cy, don't let me down." She said,

A B

1. 3. F#5 D.S. ff

"Here's your one chance, Fan - cy, don't let me down." 2. Ma-ma

2. F#5 A B

Lord, for - give me for what I do, but if

D E D C#7

you want out well, it's up to you. Now, don't let me down, now, your ma-ma's gon-na move you up -

F#5 D.S. ff 4. F#5

town. 3. Well, Lord, for -

A B D E

give me for what I do, but if you want out well, it's up to you. Now, don't

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a vocal line and a bass clef staff with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "let me down, now, your ma-ma's gon-na move you up - town. Well, I guess she did." Above the treble staff, the chords D, C#7, and F#5 are indicated. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

The second system of the musical score continues the first system. The lyrics are: "Repeat ad lib. and fade". Above the treble staff, the chords F#5, A5, B5, and F#5 are indicated. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

Verse 2:

Mama dabbed a little bit of perfume on my neck
 And she kissed my cheek.
 Then, 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 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 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,
 And they'll be nice to you."
 (To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

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.
 But the wheels of fate had started to turn
 And for me there was no way out.
 And it wasn't very long 'til I knew exactly
 What my Mama'd been talkin' about.

I knew what I had to do but I made myself this solemn vow,
 That 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.
 (To Chorus:)

Verse 4:

It wasn't long after a benevolent man
 Took me off the street.
 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
 In 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,
 And 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.
 (To Chorus:)