

THE LIFE: LACY SIDE

Lacy: The drink of the hour is the whiskey sour and if you sit on my knee, the drinks on me. You should've seen me in my prime...Sharp as a tack, front to back. Oh, in those days, I was highlighting so bright, folks had to shield their eyes from the radiance. "Mr. B" collar with a three inch curl, skinny tie, one-button role jacket, peg pants with pistol pockets and side-stitchin'. Eye-talian wing tip shoes shined up like a neon sign. Duke and Count, they did their thing...but Lacy? Honey I was king! (little dance step) Man, when I come struttin' into the Palladium, chicks was dyin'...man they was plain dyin!