

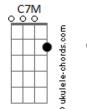
Janis Ian - At Seventeen

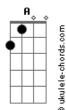
C
I learned the truth at seventeen That love was meant for beauty queens
G7
and high school girls with clear skinned smiles who married young and then retired
C
Dm
The valentines I never knew, the friday nights, charades of youth
G7
were spent on one more beautiful At seventeen I learned the truth

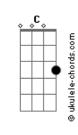
truth Dm G7 And those of us with ravaged faces, lacking in the social graces Cm7 Cm7 Desp'ratly remained at home inventing lovers on the phone G7 Cm7 Who called and say "come dance with me" and murmured vague obscenities D_m7 It isn't all it seems at seventeen A brown eyed girl in hand-me-downs, whose name I never could pronounce said G7 Pity, please, the ones who serve, they only get what they deserve. The rich relationed home-town queen marries into what she

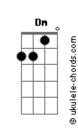
A guarantee of company and haven for the elderly" Dm7 Remember those who win the game, lose the love they sought to Cm7 In debentures of quality and dubious in tegrity Ah G7 Cm7 Their small town eyes will gape at you in dull surprise when payment due exceeds accounts received at seventeen Dm To those of us who know the pain of valentines that never G7 and those whose name were never called when choosing side at basketball It was long ago and far away The world was younger than today and dreams were all they gave for free to ugly duckling girls like me Dm7 We all play the game and when we dare to cheat ourselves at solitaire Fm7 Cm7 Cm7 Inventing lovers on the phone, repenting other lives unknown G7 Cm7 that call and say "Come dance with me", and murmur vague

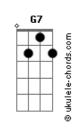
needs Acordes

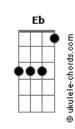




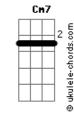






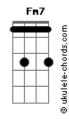


obscenities



G7

at ugly girls like me, at seventeen



C7M

