

# Janis Ian - At Seventeen

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

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

A guarantee of company and haven for the elderly"  
 Remember those who win the game, lose the love they sought to gain  
 In debentures of quality and dubious in tegrity  
 Their small town eyes will gape at you in dull surprise when payment due  
 exceeds accounts received at seventeen  
 To those of us who know the pain of valentines that never came,  
 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  
 We all play the game and when we dare to cheat ourselves at solitaire  
 Inventing lovers on the phone, repenting other lives unknown  
 that call and say "Come dance with me", and murmur vague obscenities  
 at ugly girls like me, at seventeen

## Acordes

