

Janis Ian - At Seventeen

tom: A

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

The valentines I never knew, the friday nights, charades of youth Dm

were spent on one more beautiful At seventeen I learned the truth C

And those of us with ravaged faces, lacking in the social graces Eb

Desp'rately remained at home inventing lovers on the phone Cm7 Fm7 Cm7 Fm7

Who called and say "come dance with me" and murmured vague obscenities Ab G7 Cm7 Fm7

It isn't all it seems at seventeen Dm7 G7

A brown eyed girl in hand-me-downs, whose name I never could pronounce said C

Pity, please, the ones who serve, they only get what they deserve. G7

The rich related home-town queen marries into what she needs C

A guarantee of company and haven for the elderly" G7 C

Remember those who win the game, lose the love they sought to gain Eb Dm7 G7

In debentures of quality and dubious in tegritty Cm7 Fm7 Cm7 Fm7

Their small town eyes will gape at you in dull surprise when payment due Ab G7 Cm7 Fm7

exceeds accounts received at seventeen Dm7 G7

To those of us who know the pain of valentines that never came, C Dm

and those whose name were never called when choosing side at basketball G7 C

It was long ago and far away The world was younger than today C G7

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 Eb Dm7 G7

Inventing lovers on the phone, repenting other lives unknown Cm7 Fm7 Cm7 Fm7

that call and say "Come dance with me", and murmur vague obscenities Ab G7 Cm7 Fm7

at ugly girls like me, at seventeen Dm7 G7 C C7M

Acordes

