

Janis Ian - At Seventeen

tom: 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 The valentines I never knew, the friday nights, charades of youth G7 were spent on one more beautiful At seventeen I learned the truth Dm G7 And those of us with ravaged faces, lacking in the social graces Cm Cm Desp'ratly remained at home inventing lovers on the phone G7 Cm Who called and say "come dance with me" and murmured vague obscenities G7 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

A guarantee of company and haven for the elderly" Dm Remember those who win the game, lose the love they sought to In debentures of quality and dubious in tegrity G7 Cm 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 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 Cm Cm Inventing lovers on the phone, repenting other lives unknown G7 Cm

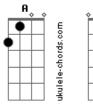
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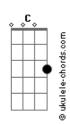
G7

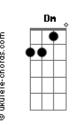
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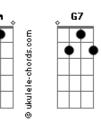
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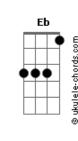




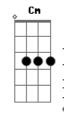


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