

Janis Ian - At Seventeen

tom:
 A
 C Dm
 I learned the truth at seventeen That love was meant for
 beauty queens
 G7 C
 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 C
 were spent on one more beautiful At seventeen I learned the
 truth

Eb Dm G7
 And those of us with ravaged faces, lacking in the social
 graces
 Cm7 Fm7 Cm7 Fm7
 Desp'rately remained at home inventing lovers on the phone
 Ab G7 Cm7 Fm7
 Who called and say "come dance with me" and murmured vague
 obscenities
 Dm7 G7
 It isn't all it seems at seventeen
 C Dm
 A brown eyed girl in hand-me-downs, whose name I never could
 pronounce said
 G7 C
 Pity, please, the ones who serve, they only get what they
 deserve.
 C Dm
 The rich related home-town queen marries into what she
 needs

G7 C
 A guarantee of company and haven for the elderly"
 Eb Dm7 G7
 Remember those who win the game, lose the love they sought to
 gain
 Cm7 Fm7 Cm7 Fm7
 In debentures of quality and dubious in tegrity
 Ab G7 Cm7 Fm7
 Their small town eyes will gape at you in dull surprise when
 payment due
 Dm7 G7
 exceeds accounts received at seventeen
 C Dm
 To those of us who know the pain of valentines that never
 came,
 G7 C
 and those whose name were never called when choosing side at
 basketball
 C Dm
 It was long ago and far away The world was younger than today
 G7 C
 and dreams were all they gave for free to ugly duckling girls
 like me
 Eb Dm7 G7
 We all play the game and when we dare to cheat ourselves at
 solitaire
 Cm7 Fm7 Cm7 Fm7
 Inventing lovers on the phone, repenting other lives unknown
 Ab G7 Cm7 Fm7
 that call and say "Come dance with me", and murmur vague
 obscenities
 Dm7 G7 C C7M
 at ugly girls like me, at seventeen

Acordes

