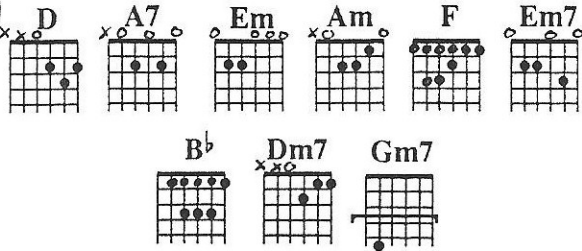


Lokkel:

(pimapima)
(baswisseling)

AT SEVENTEEN



Janis Ian



Janis Ian



I learned the truth at sev — en — teen that love was meant for beau-



ty queens and high school girls with clear - skinned smiles who



mar - ried young and then re - tired. The



val - en - tines I nev — er knew the fri - day night cha - rades



of youth were spent on one more beau - ti - ful at



sev - en - teen I learned the truth

And those of us with ravaged faces lack-ing in the so -

cial grac - es des - p'rate - ly re - mained at home in -

vent - ing lov - ers on the phone who called to say come dance

with me and mur - mured vague ob - scen - i - ties

it is n't all it seems at sev - en - teen

2. 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 hometown 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 integrity.
 Their small town eyes will gape at you
 in dull surprise when payment due
 exceeds accounts received
 at seventeen.

3. To those of us who know the pain
 of valentines that never came,
 and those whose names were never called
 when choosing sides for basketball.
 It was long ago and far away.
 The world was younger than today
 and dreams were all they gave for free
 to ugly ducklings 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.

