

C
I learned the truth at seventeen,
Dm
That love was meant for beauty queens.
G7
And high school girls with clear skinned smiles,
C
Who married young and then retired.

C
The Valentines I never knew,
Dm
The Friday nights charades of youth.
G7
Were spent on one more beautiful;
C
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
Desperately re-mained at home, inventing lovers on the
phone.
Ab G7
Who called and say; "come dance with me",
Cm7 F7
And murmured vague ob-scenities.
Dm7 G7
It isn't all it seems, at seventeen.

C
A brown eyed girl in hand-me-downs,
Dm
Who's name I never could pronounce,
G7
Said; "pity please, the ones who serve,
C
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 Dm G7
Re-member 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
Their small town eyes will gape at you;
Cm7 Fm7
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
And those whose name were never called,
C
When choosing side at basketball.

C Dm
It was long ago and far away, the world was younger than
today.
G7
And dreams were all they gave for free,
C
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
In-venting lovers on the phone, re-penting other lives
unknown.

Ab G7
That call and say; "Come dance with me",
Cm7 Fm7
And murmur vague ob-scenities,
Dm7 G7 C, Cmaj7
At ugly girls like me; at seventeen.