

Various Artists "At Seventeen"

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I learned the truth at seventeen, that love was meant
for beauty queens
And high school girls with clear skinned smiles
Who married young and then retired, the valentines I
never knew
The Friday night charades of youth, were spent on one
more beautiful
At seventeen I learned the truth

And those of us with ravaged faces, lacking in the
social graces
Desperately remained at home, inventing lovers on the
phone
Who called to say, "Come dance with me"
And murmured vague obscenities, 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 deserve"
And the rich related hometown queen, marries into
what she needs
With 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

To those of us who knew 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
duckling 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

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