

AT SEVENTEEN

Words and Music by
JANIS IAN

Gtr. 1 capo V

Moderately fast ♩ = 122

Intro:

G(9) G Gmaj7 G6 G G(9) G Gmaj7

*Gtr. 1
(Acous.)

mf fingerstyle (hold throughout)

*Capo V to match record key.

Verse:

G6 G G(9) G Gmaj7

1. I learned _____ the truth at sev -
2. 3. See additional lyrics

Rhy. Fig. 1

G6 G Am11 Am7 E/A Am7

- en - teen _____ that love was meant for beau - ty queens _____

D7/F# **G(9)** **G** **Gmaj7**

and high - school girls with clear — skinned — smiles, — who mar - ried young and then —

TAB

1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0
2	0	2	2	0	2	2	2	2	0	0	0
x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
2	x	2	2	x	2	2	2	3	x	3	3

G6 **G** **G(9)** **G** **Gmaj7** **G6** **G**

re - tired — The val -

TAB

0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	2	2	0	2	x	0	0	0	4	0	0
3	3	3	3	3	x	3	3	3	3	3	3

end Rhy. Fig. 1

G(9) **G** **Gmaj7** **G6** **G** **Am11** **Am7** **E/A**

Gtr. 1 cont. simile

en - tines I nev - er knew — The Fri - day night cha - rades —

Am7 **D7/F#**

of youth — were spent on one more beau - ti - ful — At

G(9) **G** **Gmaj7** **G6** **G** **G(9)** **G** **Gmaj7** **G6** **G**

sev - en - teen I learned — the truth — And those —

Chorus:

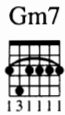
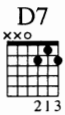


of us with rav - aged fac - es, lack - ing in the so -

2. 3. See additional lyrics

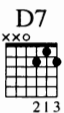
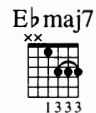
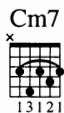
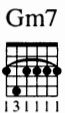
Gtr. 1

TAB: 3 3 3 3 | 3 3 3 3 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 1



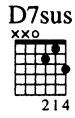
- cial grac - es, des - p'rate-ly re - mained at home in -

TAB: 1 1 X 1 1 1 1 | 0 0 0 0 0 0 | 3 3 3 3 3 3 | 3 3 3 3 3 3



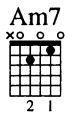
vent - ing lov - ers on the phone who called to say, "Come dance -

TAB: 3 3 3 3 | 3 3 3 3 | 3 3 3 3 | 3 3 3 3 | 3 3 3 3 | 3 3 3 3



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

TAB: 2 2 3 5 | 3 3 3 3 3 3 | 4 4 4 4 4 4



To Coda ⊕

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

TAB: (1) 3 0 0 0 0 | 1 0 0 0 0 0 | 1 1 1 1 1 1 | 2 2 2 2 2 2 | 1 2 1 2 1 2 | 1 2 0 2

1. 2. A

TAB: 2 1 1 1 2 0 | 2 0 0 0 0 0 | 2 1 1 2 0 0 | 2 2 2 2 2 2

Instrumental Solos:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 1st 8 bars

w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1) simile

Gtr. 1

*Multiple gtrs. arranged for one gtr.

D.S. § al Coda

\oplus
Coda

Outro:

Gtr. 1

D7/F#

G(9)

G

Gmaj7

G6

G

Gmaj7^{type2}

Verse 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
With a guarantee of company
And haven for the elderly.

Chorus 2:

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.

Verse 3:

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.

Chorus 3:

We all play the game, and when we dare
We 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.