At 17

Sitti Navarro

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 nights,
Charades of youth
Were spent on those 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 and 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.

The rich relationed home-town 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 know the pain
Of valentines that never came,
And those whose name 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

Dadadadada... dadada... dada...

Lyrics submitted by Jimmy Legaspi.

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