

I was born in Birmingham
But soon I would escape
With education incomplete
But two songs on a tape

When my girlfriend was expelled
We took the London coach
Her sister gave her daffodils
Her mother an old brooch

And she smiled
And she smiled and she smiled
She was so beautiful, 17
She was so beautiful, 17

We didn't have much money then
No Hi-Fi or TV
So, we made love, I'd sing her songs
And she would read to me

But we were young
I didn't know what love was all about
And when I slept with her best friend
Of course she threw me out

And we cried
And we cried and we cried
She was so beautiful, 17
She was so beautiful, 17

I was looking for a deal
Looking for a hit
The affectations of success
The airs that goes with it

While she was looking for a man
Who didn't need a maid
She modeled for an agency
Who made sure she got paid

And she smiled
And she smiled and she smiled
She was so beautiful, 17
She was so beautiful, 17
She was so beautiful, 17

I was an empty headed libertine
17, 17, 17, 17, 17, 17, 17