

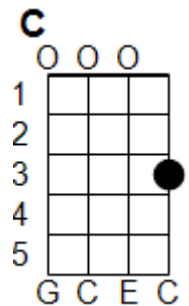
# You Never Can Tell

[G7]

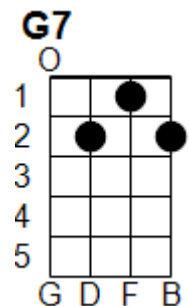
[C] It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well.  
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi[G7]selle.  
And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell,  
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can [C] tell.

Chuck Berry

They furnished off an apartment with a two room Roebuck sale.  
The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger [G7] ale.  
But when Pierre found work, the little money comin' worked out well.  
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can [C] tell.



They had a hi-fi phono, oh boy, did they let it blast.  
Seven hundred little records, all rock, rhythm and [G7] jazz.  
But when the sun went down, the rapid tempo of the music fell.  
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can [C] tell.



They bought a souped-up jitney, was a cherry red '53.  
They drove it down to Orleans to celebrate their anniver[G7]sary.  
It was there that Pierre was married to the lovely mademoiselle.  
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes-to-show you never can [C] tell.

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