

C est la Vie, You Never Can Tell

<sup>1</sup>  
It was a teenage wedding  
And the old folks wished them well  
You could see that Pierre  
Did truly love the mademoiselle<sup>5'</sup>

And now the young monsieur and Madame  
Have rung the chapel bell  
Cest la vie say the old folks  
It goes to show you never can tell<sup>1</sup>

They furnished off an apartment  
With a two room Roebuck sale  
The coolerator was crammed  
with TV dinners and gingerale<sup>5'</sup>

But when Pierre found work  
The little money coming worked out well  
Cest la vie say the old folks  
It goes to show you never can tell<sup>1</sup>

They had a hi fi phono  
Boy did they let it blast  
Seven hundred little records  
All rock rhythm and jazz<sup>5'</sup>

But when the sun went down  
The rapid tempo of the music fell  
Cest la vie say the old folks  
It goes to show you never can tell<sup>1</sup>

They bought a souped up jitney  
T'was a cherry red fifty three  
They drove it down to New Orleans  
To celebrate their anniversary<sup>5'</sup>

It was there that Pierre  
was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle  
Cest la vie say the old folks  
It goes to show you never can tell<sup>1</sup>

(Repeat First Verse)