

A

You Never Can Tell  
recorded by Emmylou Harris  
written by Chuck Berry

G/A  
It was a teenage wedding

And the old folks wish'd them well

You could see that Pierre  
D7/ E7  
Did truly love the mademoiselle

And now the young monsieur and Madame

Have rung the chapel bell

Cest la vie say the old folks  
G/A  
It goes to show you never can tell

They furnished off an apartment

With a two room Roebuck sale

The coolerator was crammed  
D7/ E7  
With TV dinners and gingerale

But when Pierre found work

The little money coming worked out well

Cest la vie say the old folks  
G/A  
It goes to show you never can tell

They had a hi fi phono

Boy did they let it blast

Seven hundred little records  
D7/ E7  
All rock rhythm and jazz

But when the sun went down

The rapid tempo of the music fell

Cest la vie say the old folks  
G/A  
It goes to show you never can tell

They bought a souped up jitney

T'was a cherry red fifty three

They drove it down to New Orleans  
D7/ E7  
To celebrate their anniversary

It was there that Pierre

Was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle

Cest la vie say the old folks  
G/A  
It goes to show you never can tell

Repeat #1