You Never Can Tell (C'est la vie)
by Chuck Berry (1964)

(sing g)

C  |  G  |  G7

It was a teenage -- wedding, and the old folks wished them -- well --

You could see that Pi-erre did truly love the mad'--moi--selle--

And now the young mon-sieur and madame have rung the chapel bell--

"C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell--

They furnished off an a--partment with a two room Roebuck sale--

The cooler-ator was crammed with TV dinners and gin---ger ale--

But when Pi-erre found work the little money comin' worked out-- well--

"C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell--

They had a hi---fi phono-- boy, did they let it-- blast--

Seven hundred little records-- all rock, rhythm and 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 tell--

They bought a souped-up jitney, was a cherry red 'Fif-ty-- Three--

They drove it down to Or--leans to cele-brate their anni-ver-sar-y----

It was there where Pi-erre was wedded to the lovely mad'--moi--selle--

"C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell--
They had a teenage— wedding, and the old folks wished them— well—
You could see that Pi-erre did truly love the mad’— moi— selle—
And now the young mon-sieur and madame have rung the chapel bell—
"C’est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell—