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

(sing g)

\[ \text{C} \mid \text{G} \mid \text{G7} \]

It was a teenage--- wedding, and the old folks wished them--- well---
You could see that Pi-erre did truly love the madem-oi--- 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 madem-oi--- selle---
"C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell---
It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well.
You could see that Pi-erre did truly love the madem-oiselle.
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.

San Jose Ukulele Club