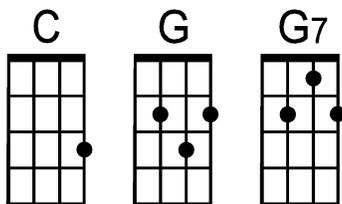


You Never Can Tell (C'est la vie)

by Chuck Berry (1964)



(sing g)

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—

Instrumental: . | C . . . | | |
 . | | | G . . . |
 . | | | G7 . . . |
 . | | | C . . . | G7 . .

. | C | | |
 It was a teenage— wedding, and the old folks wished them— well—

. | | | G . . . |
 You could see that Pi-erre did truly love the mad'-moi-selle—

. | | | G7 . . . |
 And now the young mon-sieur and madame have rung the chapel bell—

. | | | C . . . | G7 . .
 "C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell—

. | | | C . . . | C\ C\
 "C'est la vie" say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell—