

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

It was a teenage wedding
And the old folks wished `em well
You could see that Pierre
did truly love the mademoiselle
And now the young monsieur and madam
have rung the chapel bell
C'est la vie say the old folks - It goes to show you never can tell

They finished off an apartment
with a two-room Roebuck sale
The coolerator was jammed
with TV dinners and ginger ale
And when Pierre found work
the little money comin' worked out well – C'est la vie.....

They had a hi-fi phono
boy did they let it blast
Seven hundred little records
all blues, rock & rhythm, and jazz
But when the sun went down
the volume went down as well - C'est la vie.....

They bought a souped-up jitney
it was a cherry red `53
And drove it down to New Orleans
to celebrate their anniversary
It was there where Pierre
was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle - C'est la vie

Repeat 1