



E7 A

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

E7

You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi-selle

And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell

A

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

E7 A

They furnished off an apartment with a 2-room Roebuck sale

E7

The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger ale,

But when Pierre found work, the little money comin' worked out well

A

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

E7 A

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

E7

700 little records, all rock, rhythm and jazz

But when the sun went down, the rapid tempo of the music fell

A

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

E7 A They bought a souped-up jitney, was a cherry red '53
E7 And drove it down to Orleans to celebrate their anniversa-ry
It was there where Pierre was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle
A "C'est la vie," say the old folks, "it goes to show you never can tell"
Instrumental verse
E7 A They had a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi-selle
And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell
A "C'est la vie," say the old folks, "it goes to show you never can tell"
E7 A "C'est la vie," say the old folks, "it goes to show you never can tell"
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