

## Bruce Springsteen

### "You Can Never Tell"

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It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished  
them well  
You could see that Pierre did truly love the  
mademoiselle  
And now the young monsieur 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 apartment with a two room  
Roebuck sale  
The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and  
ginger ale  
But when Pierre 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, 'twas a cherry red '53  
They drove it down to Orleans to celebrate the  
anniversary  
It was there that Pierre was married to the lovely  
mademoiselle  
C'est la vie, say the old folks, it goes to show you never  
can tell

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