

Berry Chuck

"You Never Can 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 New Orleans to celebrate their
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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