

Bob Seger

"You Never Can Tell"

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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 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 blues, rock, rhythm, and jazz
But when the sun went down, the volume went down as well
C'est la vie say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell.

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 say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell.

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