

**Christopher Kavi Carbone****"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, 'was a cherry red '53,  
They drove it down New Orleans to celebrate their  
anniversary  
It was there where 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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