

Status Quo

"You Never Can Tell"

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(Berry)

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 folk, it goes to show you never
can tell

They furnished off an apartment with two rooms by
themselves

The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and
ginger ale

But when Pierre found work the little money coming
worked out well

C'est la vie, say the old folk, 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 rockin' rhythm and
jazz

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

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

They bought a souped up jittny, was a cherry red fifty
three

They drove it down to Orleans to celebrate their
anniversary

It was there where Pierre was wedded to the lovely
Mademoiselle

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