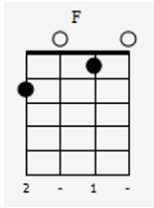
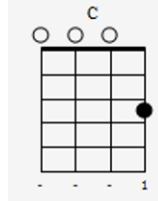


You Never Can Tell

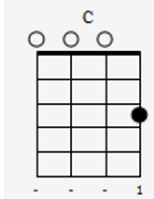
Chuck Berry



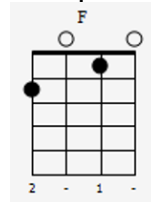
It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well



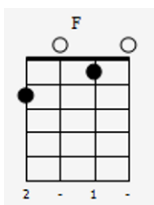
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoiselle



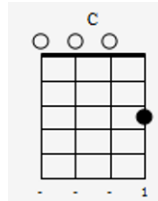
And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell,



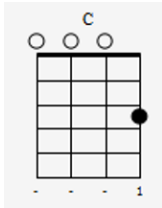
"C'est la vie", say the old folks, it goes to show you never can **tell**



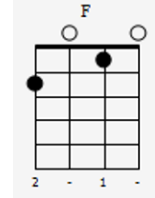
They furnished off an apartment with a two room Roebuck sale



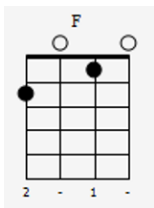
The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger ale



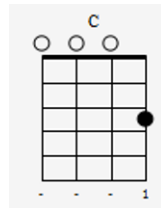
But when Pierre found work, the little money comin' worked out well



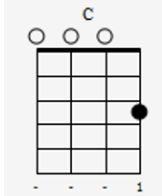
"C'est la vie", say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell



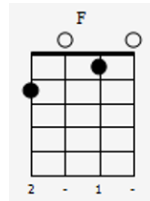
They had a hi-fi phono, boy, did they let it blast



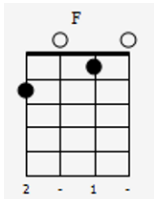
Seven hundred little records, all rock, rhythm and jazz



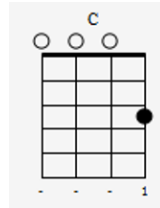
But when the sun went down, the rapid tempo of the music fell



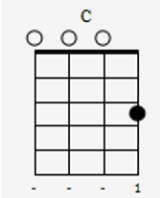
"C'est la vie", say the old folks, it goes to show you never can **tell**



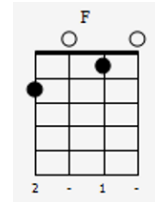
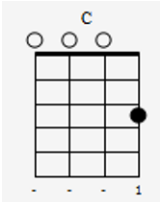
They bought a souped-up jitney, 'twas a cherry red '53,



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 **(last line twice)**