





Intro: |  |  |  |  4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

E7 **A**
It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well

E7
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoui-selle
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" **A**

E7 **A**
They furnished off an apartment with a 2-room Roebuck sale
E7
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" **A**

E7 **A**
They had a hi-fi phono, boy, did they let it blast
E7
700 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" **A**

E7 **A**
They bought a souped-up jitney, was a cherry red '53
E7
And drove it down to Orleans to celebrate their anniversa-ry
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" **A**

Instrumental verse

E7 **A**
They had a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well
E7
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoui-selle
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" **A**
"C'est la vie," say the old folks, "it goes to show you never can tell" **A**
E7
"C'est la vie," say the old folks, "it goes to show you never can tell" **A**