You Never Can Tell

Chuck Berry

\text{C} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G}^{7} \quad \text{C} \\
/ / / / \quad / / / / \quad / / / / \quad / / . .

\text{C}
It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well
\text{G}^{7}
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoiselle

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

\text{C}
“C’est la vie” say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell.

\text{C}
They furnished off an apartment with a two room Roebuck sale.
\text{G}^{7}
The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger ale.

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

\text{C}
“C’est la vie” say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

\text{C}
They had a hi fi phono; boy did they let it blast.
\text{G}^{7}
Seven hundred little records; all rock, rhythm, and jazz.

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

\text{C}
“C’est la vie” say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell.
C
They bought a souped up jitney, ’Twas a cherry red ‘fifty three’

G7
They drove it down to New Orleans, to celebrate their anniversary

C
It was there that Pierre was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle

C
“C’est la vie” say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

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

G7
You could see that Pierre, did truly love the mademoiselle

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

G7
“C’est la vie” say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

C
“C’est la vie” say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell