



It was a [C] teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well.
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi [G7]selle.
And now the young monsieur and madam have rung the chapel bell,
'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes to show you never can [C] tell.

They furnished [C] off an apartment with a two room Roebuck sale.
The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger [G7] 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 [C] tell.

They had a [C] hi-fi phono, oh boy, did they let it blast.
Seven hundred little records, all rock, rhythm and [G7] 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 [C] tell.

They bought a [C] souped-up jitney, 'twas a cherry red '53.
They drove it down New Orleans to celebrate their anniversa [G7]ry.
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 [C] tell.