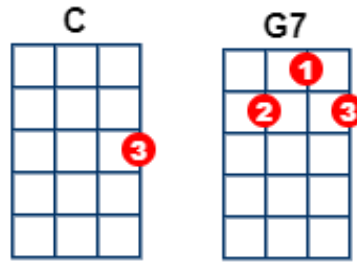


You Never Can Tell – Chuck Berry



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

They furnished [C] off an apartment with two rooms by themselves.
[C] The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger [G7] ale.
But when [G7] Pierre found work, the little money comin' worked out well.
[G7] '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.
[C] Seven hundred little records, all rock, rhythm and [G7] jazz.
But when the [G7] sun went down, the rapid tempo of the music fell.
[G7] '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.
[C] They drove it down New Orleans to celebrate their annivers-[G7]ary.
It was [G7] there that Pierre was married to the lovely mademoiselle.
[G7] C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes to show you never can [C] tell.

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