

You Never Can Tell

Written by: Chuck Berry



It was a [G] teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well.
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi[D7]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 [G] tell.

They furnished [G] off an apartment with a two room Roebuck sale.
The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger [D7] 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 [G] tell.

They had a [G] hi-fi phono, oh boy, did they let it blast.
Seven hundred little records, all rock, rhythm and [D7] 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 [G] tell.

They bought a [G] souped-up jitney, 'twas a cherry red '53.
They drove it down to Orleans to celebrate their anniversa[D7]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 [G] tell.

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