

C

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

G

You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoiselle

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

G7

C G

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

G

C

They furnished off an apartment with a two room Roebuck sale

G

The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger ale

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

G7

C G

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

They had a hi-fi phono, boy, did they let it blast

Seven hundred 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

They bought a souped-up jitney, 'twas a cherry red '53

And drove it down New Orleans to celebrate their anniversary

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

* Piano Solo *

REPEAT VERSE #1

* Piano Solo then fade *