

C'est La Vie (Chuck Berry)

F
It was a teen-aged wedding
And the old folks wished them well
You could see that Pierre
C
Truly loved the mademoiselle
And now the young Monsieur and Madame
Have rung the chapel bell
C'est La Vie, say the old folks

F
It goes to show you never can tell

F
They furnished off the apartment
With a two room tag-end sale
The coolerator was crammed
C
With TV dinners and Ginger Ale
But when Pierre found work
The little money come in, worked out well
C'est La Vie, say the old folks

F
It goes to show you never can tell

F
They had a hi-fi phono -
Boy, did they let it blast
700 little records

C
All rock and rhythm and jazz
But when the sun went down
The rapid tempo of the music fell
C'est La Vie say the old folks

F
It goes to show you never can tell

F
They bought a souped up chitney
Was cherry red fifty-three
Drove it down to Orleans
C
To celebrate their anniversary
It was there where Pierre
Was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle
C'est La Vie say the old folks

F
It goes to show you never can tell

(Repeat First Verse)

C
C'est La Vie, say the old folks
F
It goes to show you never can tell

