

## 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

