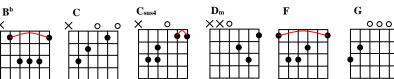
YOU NEVER CAN TELL (C'EST LA VIE) Author: Emmylou Harris $\mathbf{B}^{\mathbf{b}}$ Intro Verse 1 And the old folks wished them well It was a teenage wedding You could see that Pierre Did truly love the mademoiselle And now the young monsieur and madame Have rung the chapel bell "C'est la vie", say the old folks It goes to show you never can tell Verse 2 With a two room Roebuck sale They furnished off an apartment The coolerator was crammed With T.V. dinners and ginger ale But when Pierre found work The little money coming worked out well "C'est la vie", say the old folks It goes to show you never can tell Verse 3 They had a hi-fi phono Boy, did they let it blast Seven hundred little records All rocking 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 $\mathbf{B}^{\mathbf{b}}$ Solo Verse 4 They bought a souped-up jitney It was a cherry-red '53 They drove it down to New Orleans To celebrate their anniversary It was there that Pierre Was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle "C'est la vie", say the old folks It goes to show you never can tell Verse 5 Repeat Verse 1 $\mathbf{B}^{\mathbf{b}}$ Outro "C'est la vie", say the old folks It goes to show you never can tell F $\mathbf{B}^{\mathbf{b}}$ "C'est la vie", say the old folks It goes to show you never can tell



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