

With TV dinners and Ginger Ale

A

But when Pierre found work

A

The little money come in, worked out well

[Refrain]

A

C est La Vie say the old folks

D

It goes to show you never can tell

[Solo]

[Verse 3]

D

They had a hi-fi phono

D

Boy, did they let it blast

D

700 little records

A

All rock, rhythm and jazz

A

But when the sun went down

A

The rapid tempo of the music fell

[Refrain]

A

C est La Vie say the old folks

D

It goes to show you never can tell

[Verse 4]

D

They bought a souped up jitney

D

Was cherry red fifty-three

D

Drove it down to New Orleans

A

To celebrate their anniversary

A

It was there where Pierre was wedded

A

To the lovely mademoiselle

[Refrain]

A

C est La Vie say the old folks

D

It goes to show you never can tell

[Instrumental]

[Verse 5]

D

They had a teen-aged wedding

D

And the old folks wished them well

D

You could see that Pierre did

A

Truly love the mademoiselle

A

And now the young Monsieur and Madame

A

Have rung the chapel bell

[Outro]

A

C est La Vie say the old folks

D

It goes to show you never can tell