

# YOU NEVER CAN TELL

Chuck Berry

guitar intro

<sup>C</sup>  
It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well  
You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoiselle <sup>G</sup>  
And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell, <sup>C</sup>  
"C'est la vie", say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

<sup>C</sup>  
They furnished off an apartment with a two room Roebuck sale  
The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger ale, <sup>G</sup>  
But when Pierre found work, the little money comin' worked out well <sup>C</sup>  
"C'est la vie", say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

<sup>C</sup>  
They had a hi-fi phono, boy, did they let it blast <sup>G</sup>  
Seven hundred little records, all rock, rhythm and jazz  
But when the sun went down, the rapid tempo of the music fell <sup>C</sup>  
"C'est la vie", say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

<sup>C</sup>  
They bought a souped-up jitney, 'twas a cherry red '53, <sup>G</sup>  
They drove it down to Orleans to celebrate the anniversary  
It was there that Pierre was married to the lovely mademoiselle <sup>G</sup>  
"C'est la vie", say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

Piano Solo over verse

Repeat 1. verse

Piano Solo, fade out