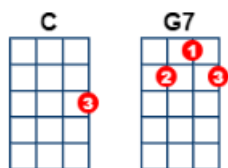


artist: Chuck Berry

writer: Chuck Berry



It was a [C] teenage wedding and the old folks wished them well.
 You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi[G7]selle.
 [G7] And now the young monsieur and madam have rung the chapel bell,
 'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes to show you never can [C] tell.

They furnished [C] off an apartment with a two room Roebuck sale.
 The Coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger [G7] ale.
 [G7] But when Pierre found work, the little money comin' worked out well.
 'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes to show you never can [C] tell.

They had a [C] hi-fi phono, oh boy, did they let it blast.
 Seven hundred little records, all rock, rhythm and [G7] jazz.
 [G7] 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 [C] tell.

They bought a [C] souped-up jitney, 'twas a cherry red '53.
 They drove it down New Orleans to celebrate their anniversa[G7]ry.
 [G7] 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 [C] tell.

Instrumental:

It was a [C] teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well.
 You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi[G7]selle.
 [G7] And now the young monsieur and madam have rung the chapel bell,
 'C'est la vie', say the old folks, it goes to show you never can [C] tell.

It was a [C] teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well.
 You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoi[G7]selle.
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Outro: Repeat Instrumental.... fading