Chely Wright, C'est La Vie'

It was a teenage wedding
And the old folks wished them well
You could see that Pierre
Did truly love the mademoiselle
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

They furnished off an apartment
With a two room Roebuck sale
The coolerator was crammed
With TV dinners and gingerale
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 tell

They had a Hi-Fi phono
And boy did they let it blast
Seven hundred little records
All rock 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

They bought a souped-up jitney
Was a cherry-red '53
Drove it down to 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
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