

# John Prine, You Never Can Tell

It was a teenage wedding  
And the old folks wished 'em well  
You could see that Pierre  
Did truly love the Mademoiselle.  
And the young Monsieur and Madame  
Have rung the chapel bell,  
&quot;C'est la vie,&quot;  
-Say the old folks  
It goes to show that you never can tell

They furnished off an apartment  
With a two room Roebuck sale  
The coolerator was filled  
With TV Dinners and ginger ale  
But when Pierre found work,  
The little money comin' worked out well  
&quot;C'est la vie,&quot;  
-Say the old folks  
It goes to show that you never can tell

They had a Hi-Fi phono  
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  
&quot;C'est la vie,&quot;  
-Say the old folks  
It goes to show that you never can tell

They bought a souped up jitney  
'Twas a cherry in fifty-three  
They drove it down to New Orleans  
To celebrate their anniversary.  
It was there where Pierre was wedded  
To the lovely Mademoiselle,  
&quot;C'est la vie,&quot;  
-Say the old folks  
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