

## (You Never Can Tell) C'est la Vie

Emmylou Harris

It was a teenage wedding  
And the old folks wished them well  
You could see that Pierre  
Did truly love the mademoiselle  
And 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 T.V. dimmers and ginger ale  
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  
Boy did they let it blast  
Seven hundred little records  
All rockin' 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  
T'was a cherry-red fifty nine  
They drove it down to New Orleans  
To celebrate their anniversary  
It was there that Pierre  
Was wedded to the lovely mad'moiselle  
"C'est la vie", say the old folks  
It goes to show you never can tell