

You Never Can Tell

Status Quo

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 folk, it goes to show you never can tell

They furnished off an apartment with two rooms by themselves
The coolerator was crammed with TV dinners and ginger ale
But when Pierre found work the little money coming worked out well
C'est la vie, say the old folk, 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 folk, it goes to show you never can tell

They bought a souped-up jitney, 'twas a cherry red '53
They drove it down to Orleans to celebrate their anniversary
It was there where Pierre was wedded to the lovely Mademoiselle
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