

(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 (dinners, not 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

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