

# You Never Can Tell

[John Prine](#)

It was a teenage wedding and the old folks wished 'em 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 that you never can tell  
They furnished off an apartment with a two room Roebuck sale  
The coolerator was filled with T.V. dinners 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 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  
  
C'est la vie, 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  
C'est la vie, say the old folks  
It goes to show that 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  
C'est la vie, say the old folks  
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