

# You Never Can Tell

[Aaron Neville](#)

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 go to show you never can tell  
They furnished off an apartment with a two  
room Roebuck sale  
The coolerator was crammed with TV 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 go to show you never can tell  
They had a Hi-Fi phono, boy, did they let it blast  
Seven hundred little records, all rock, and 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 go to show you never can tell  
They bought a souped-up Jitney, was a cherry  
red '53  
Drove down to New Orleans to celebrate the anniversary  
It was there where Pierre was married to the lovely Mademoiselle  
"C'est la vie", say the old folks, it go to show you never can tell

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