

C

They had a hi-fi phono, boy, did they let it blast

(C)

G7

Seven hundred little records, all rock, rhythm and jazz

(G7)

But when the sun went down, the rapid tempo of the music fell

(G7)

C G7

“C'est la vie,” say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

C

They bought a souped-up jitney, was a cherry red '53

(C)

G7

They drove it down to Orleans to celebrate the anniversa-ry

(G7)

It was there where Pierre was married to the lovely mademoiselle

(G7)

C G7

“C'est la vie,” say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

SOLO(S):

C

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(C)

G7

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G7

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C

G7

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C

It was a teenage wedding, and the old folks wished them well

(C)

G7

You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoui-selle

(G7)

And now the young monsieur and madame have rung the chapel bell

(G7)

C G7

"C'est la vie," say the old folks, it goes to show you never can tell

C

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(C)

G7

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(G7)

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(G7)

C

G7

/ **(FADE OUT)**