**C’est La Vie (Chuck Berry)**

**F**

It was a teen-aged wedding

And the old folks wished them well

You could see that Pierre

**C**

Truly loved the mademoiselle

And now the young Monsieur and Madame

Have rung the chapel bell

C'est La Vie, say the old folks

**F**

It goes to show you never can tell

**F**

They furnished off the apartment

With a two room tag-end sale

The coolerator was crammed

**C**

With TV dinners and Ginger Ale

But when Pierre found work

The little money come in, worked out well

C'est La Vie, say the old folks

**F**

It goes to show you never can tell

**F**

They had a hi-fi phono

Boy, did they let it blast

700 little records

**C**

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

**F**

It goes to show you never can tell

**F**

They bought a souped up chitney

Was cherry red fifty-three

Drove it down to Orleans

**C**

To celebrate their anniversary

It was there where Pierre was wedded

To the lovely mademoiselle

C'est La Vie say the old folks

**F**

It goes to show you never can tell

**(Repeat First Verse)**

**BARITONE**

C



F

**C**

C'est La Vie, say the old folks

**F**

It goes to show you never can tell

F



C