

C'est La Vie (Chuck Berry, early 1960s) (C)

C
 It was a teen-aged wedding
 And the old folks wished them well
 You could see that Pierre
 Truly loved the mademoiselle **G**
 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 **C**

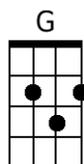
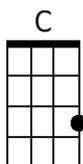
C
 They furnished off the apartment
 With a two room tag-end sale
 The coolerator was crammed
 With TV dinners and Ginger Ale **G**
 But when Pierre found work
 The little money come in, worked out well
 C'est La Vie, say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell. **C**

C
 They had a hi-fi phono
 Boy, did they let it blast
 700 little records
 All rock and rhythm and jazz **G**
 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 **C**
C
 They bought a souped up chitney
 Was cherry red fifty-three
 Drove it down to Orleans
 To celebrate their anniversary **G**
 It was there where Pierre was wedded
 To the lovely mademoiselle
 C'est La Vie say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell **C**

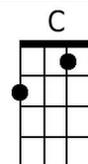
(Repeat First Verse)

G
 C'est La Vie, say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell **C**

GCEA



DGBE



C'est La Vie (Chuck Berry, early 1960s) (F)

F
 It was a teen-aged wedding
 And the old folks wished them well
 You could see that Pierre
 Truly loved the mademoiselle **C**
 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 **F**

F
 They furnished off the apartment
 With a two room tag-end sale
 The coolerator was crammed
 With TV dinners and Ginger Ale **C**
 But when Pierre found work
 The little money come in, worked out well
 C'est La Vie, say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell **F**

F
 They had a hi-fi phono
 Boy, did they let it blast
 700 little records
 All rock and rhythm and jazz **C**
 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 **F**
F
 They bought a souped up chitney
 Was cherry red fifty-three
 Drove it down to Orleans
 To celebrate their anniversary **C**
 It was there where Pierre was wedded
 To the lovely mademoiselle
 C'est La Vie say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell **F**

(Repeat First Verse)

C
 C'est La Vie, say the old folks
 It goes to show you never can tell **F**

