

It was a teenage wedding  
And the old folks wished them well  
You could see that Pierre  
Did truly love the mademoiselle  
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

They furnished off an apartment  
With a two room Roebuck sale  
The coolerator was crammed  
With TV dinners and gingerale  
But when Pierre found work  
The little money comin' worked out well  
"C'est la vie" say the old folks  
It goes to show you never can tell

They had a Hi-Fi phono  
And 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 you never can tell

They bought a souped-up jitney  
Was a cherry-red '53  
Drove it down to Orleans  
To celebrate their anniversary  
It was there that Pierre  
Was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle  
"C'est la vie" say the old folks  
It goes to show you never can tell  
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