## You never can tell (Pulp Fiction BSO) by Chuck Berry

It was a teenage wedding And the old (1)\_ \_ wished them well You could see that Pierre Did truly love the mademoiselle And now the young monsieur and madam Have rung the chapel bell <em>C'est la vie</em> say the old folks, It goes to show you never can tell (2)\_ \_\_\_\_\_ furnished off an apartment With a two-room Roebuck sale The coolerator was (3)\_ With tv dinners and ginger ale And when Pierre found work, The little money comin` worked out well <em>C'est la vie</em> say the old folks It goes to show you never can tell They had a hi-fi phono, Boy, did (4)\_\_\_\_\_ let it blast Seven (5)\_\_\_\_\_ little records, All blues, rock, rhythm, and jazz But when the sun went down,

\_\_\_\_\_ of the music fell The rapid (6)\_\_\_ <em>C'est la vie</em> say the old folks, It goes to show you (7)\_\_\_\_\_ can tell (8) bought a souped-up jitney, It was a cherry red 53 And drove it (9)\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ to new orleans To celebrate their anniversary It was there where Pierre was wedded To the (10)\_\_\_\_\_ mademoiselle <em>C'est la vie</em> say the old folks, It goes to show you never can tell They had 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 madam Have rung the chapel bell <em>C'est la vie</em> say the old folks, It goes to show you never can tell



- 1. folks
- 2. They
- 3. crammed
- 4. they
- 5. hundred
- 6. tempo
- 7. never
- 8. They
- 9. down
- 10. lovely

## Fill in the gaps