

But when the sun went down,

Fill in the gaps

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

t was a (1) wedding	The rapid tempo of the music fell
And the old folks wished them well	C'est la vie say the old folks,
You could see (2) Pierre	It goes to (5) you never can tell
Did truly love the mademoiselle	They (6) a souped-up jitney,
And now the young monsieur and madam	It was a cherry red 53
Have rung the chapel bell	And (7) it down to new orleans
C'est la vie say the old folks,	To celebrate their anniversary
t goes to show you never can tell	It was (8) where Pierre was (9)
They furnished off an apartment	To the lovely mademoiselle
Nith a two-room (3) sale	C'est la vie say the old folks,
The coolerator was crammed	It goes to show you never can tell
Nith tv dinners and ginger ale	They had a teenage wedding
And when Pierre found work,	And the old folks wished (10) well
The little money comin` worked out well	You could see that Pierre
C'est la vie say the old (4)	Did truly love the mademoiselle
t goes to show you never can tell	And now the young monsieur and madam
They had a hi-fi phono,	Have rung the chapel bell
Boy, did they let it blast	C'est la vie say the old folks,
Seven hundred little records,	It goes to show you never can tell
All blues, rock, rhythm, and jazz	



- 1. teenage
- 2. that
- 3. Roebuck
- 4. folks
- 5. show
- 6. bought
- 7. drove
- 8. there
- 9. wedded
- 10. them

Fill in the gaps