

But when the sun went down,

Fill in the gaps

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

t was a teenage 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 that (1)	It goes to show you never can tell	
Did truly love the mademoiselle	They bought a souped-up jitney,	
And now the young monsieur and (2)	It was a (5) red 53	
Have rung the chapel bell	And drove it down to new orleans	
C'est la vie say the old folks,	To (6) their an	niversary
t goes to show you never can tell	It was there (7) Pierre w	as wedded
(3) furnished off an (4)	To the lovely mademoiselle	
Nith a two-room Roebuck sale	C'est la vie say the old foll	ks,
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 them well	
The little money comin` worked out well	You (8) see that Pierre	
C'est la vie say the old folks	Did truly love the mademoiselle	
t goes to show you never can tell	And now the young monsieur and (9)	
They had a hi-fi phono,	Have rung the chapel bell	
Boy, did they let it blast	C'est la vie say the old foll	ks,
Seven hundred little records,	It goes to show you never can tell	
All blues, rock, rhythm, and jazz		



- 1. Pierre
- 2. madam
- 3. They
- 4. apartment
- 5. cherry
- 6. celebrate
- 7. where
- 8. could
- 9. madam

Fill in the gaps

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