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

It was 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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ to show you never can tell They furnished off an apartment With a two-room Roebuck sale The coolerator was crammed With tv (2)\_\_\_\_\_ and (3)\_\_\_\_ ale And (4)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (5)\_\_\_\_\_ can tell They had a hi-fi phono, Boy, did they let it blast Seven hundred little records, All blues, rock, rhythm, and jazz But when the sun went down,

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



- 1. goes
- 2. dinners
- 3. ginger
- 4. when
- 5. never
- 6. drove
- 7. never
- 8. madam

## Fill in the gaps