

Fill in the gaps

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

It 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 Pierre	It goes to show you never can tell
Did truly (1) the mademoiselle	They bought a souped-up jitney,
And now the (2) monsieur and madam	It was a cherry red 53
Have rung the chapel bell	And drove it down to new orleans
C'est la vie say the old folks,	To celebrate their anniversary
It goes to show you never can tell	It was there (7) (8) was wedded
They (3) off an apartment	
With a two-room Roebuck sale	To the (9) mademoiselle
The coolerator was crammed	C'est la vie say the old folks,
With tv dinners and ginger ale	It goes to show you (10) can tell
And when (4) found work,	They had a teenage wedding
The little money comin` (5) out well	And the old folks wished them well
C'est la vie say the old (6)	You could see that Pierre
It goes to show you never can tell	Did truly love the mademoiselle
They had a hi-fi phono,	And now the young monsieur and madam
Boy, did they let it blast	Have rung the chapel bell
Seven hundred little records,	C'est la vie say the old folks,
All blues, rock, rhythm, and jazz	It goes to show you never can tell
But when the sun went down,	



- 1. love
- 2. young
- 3. furnished
- 4. Pierre
- 5. worked
- 6. folks
- 7. where
- 8. Pierre
- 9. lovely
- 10. never

Fill in the gaps

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