

But when the sun went down,

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



- 1. love
- 2. young
- 3. monsieur
- 4. never
- 5. comin`
- 6. lovely
- 7. wedding
- 8. folks
- 9. young
- 10. rung

Fill in the gaps