

Fill in the gaps

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

It was a teenage wedding	The rapid (6) of the music fell
And the old (1) wished them well	C'est la vie say the old folks,
You (2) see that Pierre	It goes to show you (7) can tell
Did truly love the mademoiselle	They bought a souped-up jitney,
And now the young 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 (3) you never can tell	It was (8) where (9) was
They furnished off an apartment	wedded
With a two-room (4) sale	To the lovely mademoiselle
The coolerator was (5)	C'est la vie say the old folks,
With tv dinners and ginger ale	It goes to show you never can tell
And when Pierre found work,	They had a teenage wedding
The little money comin` worked out well	And the old (10) 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 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. folks
- 2. could
- 3. show
- 4. Roebuck
- 5. crammed
- 6. tempo
- 7. never
- 8. there
- 9. Pierre
- 10. folks

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