

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 young monsieur and (2)	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 (3) can tell	It was there where Pierre was (6)
They furnished off an apartment	To the lovely mademoiselle
With a two-room Roebuck sale	C'est la vie say the old folks,
The coolerator was crammed	It goes to show you never can tell
With tv dinners and ginger ale	They had a teenage wedding
And when Pierre found work,	And the old folks wished (7) well
The little money (4) worked out well	You could see that Pierre
C'est la vie say the old folks	Did (8) love the mademoiselle
It goes to show you never can tell	And now the young monsieur and madam
(5) had a hi-fi phono,	(9) rung the chapel bell
Boy, did they let it blast	C'est la vie say the old folks,
Seven hundred little records,	It goes to show you never can tell
All blues, rock, rhythm, and jazz	
But when the sun went down,	



- 1. love
- 2. madam
- 3. never
- 4. comin`
- 5. They
- 6. wedded
- 7. them
- 8. truly
- 9. Have

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