

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

It was a (1)\_ wedding And the old folks wished them well You could see that Pierre Did (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 goes to show you never can tell They furnished off an apartment With a two-room Roebuck sale The coolerator was crammed With tv dinners and ginger ale And when (3)\_\_\_\_\_ found work, The little money (4)\_\_\_\_\_ worked out well <em>C'est la vie</em> say the old (5)\_\_\_ It goes to show you never can tell (6)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (7)\_\_\_\_\_ to show you never can tell They bought a souped-up jitney, It was a cherry red 53 And drove 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 never can tell They had a teenage wedding And the old (8)\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ wished them well You could see that Pierre Did (9)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 goes to show you never can tell



- 1. teenage
- 2. truly
- 3. Pierre
- 4. comin`
- 5. folks
- 6. They
- 7. goes
- 8. folks
- 9. truly

## Fill in the gaps