

Ces't La Vie

Emmylou Harris

It was a teenage wedding
And the old folks wished them well
You could see that Pierre
Did truly love that mademoiselle
Now the young monsieur and madame
Have rung the Chapel bell
"C'est la vie", 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
But when Pierre found work
The little money comin' worked out well
"C'est la vie", say the old folks
It goes to show you never can tell
They had a hi-fi phono
Boy did they let it blast
Seven hundred little records
All rock, rhythm and jazz
When the sun went down
The rapid tempo of the music fell
"C'est la vie", say the old folks
It goes to show you never can tell
They bought a souped-up jitney
T'was a cherry-red fifty three
They drove it down to New Orleans
To celebrate the anniversary
It was there that Pierre
Was wedded to the lovely mademoiselle
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