

Que Sera, Sera

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When I was just a little girl
I asked my mother
 What will I be
 Will I be pretty
 Will I be rich
Here's what she said to me

 Que sera, sera
 Whatever will be, will be
 The future's not ours to see
 Que sera, sera
 What will be, will be

When I grew up and fell in love
I asked my sweetheart
 What lies ahead
 Will we have rainbows
 Day after day
Here's what my sweetheart said

 Que sera, sera
 Whatever will be, will be
 The future's not ours to see
 Que sera, sera
 What will be, will be

Now I have Children of my own
They ask their mother
 What will I be
 Will I be handsome
 Will I be rich
I tell them tenderly

 Que sera, sera
 Whatever will be, will be
 The future's not ours to see
 Que sera, sera
 What will be, will be
 Que Sera, Sera

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