

Que Sera, Sera

Damien Rice & David Gray

When I was just a little boy
I asked my father, "How would it be?
Would I be able to play in the trees?
Cause they're cutting down forrest
And spreading diseases"
And here's what he 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 there be rainbows, day after day?
Will we become just another clich?
Having it all yeah and thrown it away?"
Here's what my seetheart 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 father "What will we be?
Will we be bitter? Filled with regret?
Will we be choking on our own shit?"
I tell them tenderly:
"Que Sera Sera
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Que Sera Sera"Que Sera Sera
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Que Sera Sera"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"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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