

# Que Sera Sera

[Corinne Bailey Rae](#)

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 meQue Sera, Sera, whatever will be, will be  
The future's not ours to see  
Que Sera, Que Sera, Que SeraWhen I grew old and I fell in love  
I asked my lover, what will I be?  
Will I be lonesome day after day?  
It's all he said to meQue Sera, Sera, whatever will be, will be  
Que Sera, Sera, what will be, will be  
whatever will be will  
the future's not ours to see  
Que Sera, Que Sera, Que SeraQue Sera, Sera, whatever will be, will be  
The future's not ours to see,  
Que Sera,seraNow I have children of my own  
They ask their mother, what will they be?  
Will they be handsome? Will they be rich?  
I tell them tenderlyQue Sera, Sera, Que Sera, Sera  
Que Sera, Sera, whatever will be, will be  
I say, whatever will be, will be  
Well, the future's not ours to see  
Que Sera, Que Sera, Que Sera

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