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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