

# QuÃ© SeraÃ¡, SeraÃ¡

## fhÃ¡;na

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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