

# QuÃ© SerÃ¡, SerÃ¡

## 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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