Que Sera, Sera (whatever Will Be, Will Be)

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 Sera, Que SeraWhen I grew up and fell in love
I asked my lover what lies ahead?
Will there be rainbows day after day?
Here's what my lover saidQue Sera, Sera
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Que Sera, Que Sera, Que Sera, Que SeraQue Sera, Sera
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Que Sera, Que Sera, Que Sera, Que Sera

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