

# Que Sera

Chris Rea

There's a feathered cloud in an open sky  
And the pale-tailed moon goes sailing by  
This old engine housing's streaked with rain  
And we're pushing down on them chains again  
Friend we're like the wind that blows  
Like the sea we come and go And I'm not trying to tell you  
How I think that it should be  
I know deep down inside  
We are yearning to be free  
And you're only gonna think of no 1  
So what am I to say  
No matter what you do  
We're always hurting anyway  
Forever our hearts will be  
Always running for what we see  
By the strings of this old guitar  
I swear, que sera And you're rolling down old runway ten  
And the present becomes the past and then  
Rotating through the driving rain  
And you're way above those clouds again  
And I'm not trying to tell you  
How I think that it should be  
I know deep down inside  
We are yearning to be free  
And you're only gonna think of no 1  
So what am I to say  
No matter what you do  
We're always hurting anyway Forever our hearts will be  
Always running for what we see  
By the strings of this old guitar  
I swear, que sera

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