

Que Sera, Sera

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