



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:

Chorus:

"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:

Chorus:

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:

Chorus: