

Que sera, sera

Que sera, sera, what ever will be, will be
The future 's not ours to see,
Que sera, sera, what will be, will be

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, what ever will be, will be
The future 's not ours to see,
Que sera, sera, what will be, will be

When I was just a child at school
I asked my teacher what should I try
Should I paint pictures should I sing songs
This was her wise reply

Que sera, sera, what ever 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 asked their mother what will I be
Will I be pretty, will I be rich ,
I tell them tenderly

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