

When I \_\_\_\_\_ just a little girl  
I asked my mother what will I be?  
\_\_\_\_\_ I be pretty? Will I be rich?  
\_\_\_\_\_ is what she said to me

Que sera, sera  
\_\_\_\_\_ will be, will be  
The \_\_\_\_\_ is not ours to see  
Que sera, sera  
What \_\_\_\_\_,

When I \_\_\_\_\_ and fell in love  
I asked my sweetheart what lies \_\_\_\_\_?  
Will we have rainbows \_\_\_\_\_?  
Here's what my sweetheart said

Que sera, sera  
Whatever \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_  
Will I be handsome? Will I be \_\_\_\_\_?  
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