



When I was just a little   
I asked my mother, what will I be  
Will I be pretty? Will I be  ?  
Here's what she said to me

Que sera, sera  
Whatever will be, will be  
The future's not ours to   
Que sera, sera  
What will be, will be

love

be

rich

When I grew up and fell in   
I asked my sweetheart what lies ahead?  
Will we have rainbows day after day?  
Here's what my sweetheart

girl

see

Que sera, sera  
Whatever will be, will be  
The future's not ours to see  
Que sera, sera  
What will be, will

tenderly

future

Now I have  of my own  
They ask their mother, what will I be  
Will I be handsome? Will I be rich?  
I tell them

said

children

Que sera, sera  
Whatever will be, will be  
The  's not ours to see

Que sera, sera  
What will be, will be  
Que sera, sera

