

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 was just a child in 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, 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

Myra