

Que Sera Sera

Connie Francis

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 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 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.

Now I have children of my own
They ask their mother what will I be
Will I be pretty, 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, Que sera