

QUE SERA SERA *(Jay Livingston)*

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 se-ra, sera Whatever will be, will be The future's not ours to see
 Que sera, se-ra 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 se-ra, sera Whatever will be, will be The future's not ours to see
 Que sera, se-ra 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 tender-ly

Que se-ra, sera Whatever will be, will be The future's not ours to see
 Que sera, se-ra What will be, will be What will be will be...

