

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus

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

Chorus