

Corinne Bailey Rae "Que Sera Sera"

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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, Que Sera, Que Sera

When I grew old and I fell in love
I asked my lover, what will I be?
Will I be lonesome day after day?
It's all he said to me

Que Sera, Sera, whatever will be, will be
Que Sera, Sera, what will be, will be
I say, whatever, whatever will be
Well, the future's not ours to see
Que Sera, Que Sera, Que Sera

Que Sera, Sera, whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see, no, no
Que Sera, Que Sera, Que Sera

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

Que Sera, Sera, Que Sera, Sera
Que Sera, Sera, whatever will be, will be
I say, whatever will be, will be
Well, the future's not ours, to see
Que Sera, Que Sera, Que Sera

Que Sera, Que Sera, Que Sera
Que Sera, Que Sera, Que Sera
Que Sera, Que Sera, Que Sera
Que Sera, Que Sera, Que Sera

Whatever will be, whatever will be
Whatever will be, whatever will be

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Whatever will be, whatever will be

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