David Gray "Que Sera Sera"

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When I was just a little boy
I asked my father, "How would it be?
Would I be able to play in the trees?
Cause they're cutting down forrest
And spreading diseases"
And here's what he 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 grew up and fell in love I asked my sweetheart "What lies ahead? Will there be rainbows, day after day? Will we become just another cliché? Having it all yeah and thrown it away?" Here's what my seetheart 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 father "What will we be? Will we be bitter? Filled with regret? Will we be choking on our own shit?" I tell them tenderly:

"Que Sera Sera Whatever will be, will be The future's not ours to see Que Sera Sera

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