

Whatever Will Be, Will Be (Que Sera, Sera)

Doris Day

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 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 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 handsome? 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, sera