

Que Sera Sera

Marcus Miller

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 (will be, will be)
The future's not ours, not ours to see
(yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah)
Que sera, que sera, que sera

When I grew up and fell in love
I asked my lover: "What will i be?
Will I have rainbows day after day?"
Here's what my lover said:

Que sera, sera (huh)
Whatever will be, will be (will be)
The future's not ours to see
(yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah)
Que sera, que sera, que sera

(Que sera)
I was holding on to the illusions of my mind
(Que sera)
I will worry about nothing
(Que sera)
But now I know, I have to let go and embrace the moment
(Que sera)

Yeah

Open up your mind and set yourself free (huh)
All you got to do (huh)
Is let it be, oho (huh)

Che sera, Che sera
Che sera, Che sera
Che sera

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 (will be, will be, huh)
The future's not ours to see (yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah)
Que sera, que sera, que sera
(Guitar solo)

(Que sera)
I was holding on to the illusions of my mind
(Que sera)

I will worry about nothing
(Que sera)
But now I know, I have to let go and embrace the moment
(Que sera)
Yeah

Open up your mind and set yourself free (huh)
All you got to do (huh)
Is let it be, oho (huh)

Che sera, Che sera
Che sera, Che sera