

# Que sera sera – Billiane

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



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych