artist:Doris Day writer:Jay Livingston and Ray Evans

Count: 1,2,3, 2,2,3 [C] [G] [C] (tap tap)

[NC] When I was [C] just a [Cmaj7] little [C6] girl [Cmaj7] I asked my mother, [C] What will I [Dm] be [Dm]? [G7] Will I be [G7] pretty? [Dm] Will I be [G7] rich? [Dm] Here's what she [G7] said to [C] me

[C7] _Que se-[F]ra, sera. Whatever will [C] be will be The future's not [G] ours to see, que se-[G7]ra se-[C]ra [C] (tap tap)

[NC] When I was [C] just a [Cmaj7] child in [C6] school,
[Cmaj7] I asked my teacher, [C] What should I [Dm] try [Dm]?
[G7] Should I paint [G7] pictures? [Dm] Should I sing [G7] songs?
[Dm] This was her [G7] wise [C] reply

[C7] _Que se-[F]ra, sera. Whatever will [C] be will be The future's not [G] ours to see... que se-[G7]ra se-[C]ra [C] (tap tap)

[NC] When I grew [C] up and [Cmaj7] fell in [C6] love, [Cmaj7] I asked my sweetheart, [C] What lies a-[Dm] head [Dm]? [G7] Will we have [G7] rainbows [Dm] day after [G7] day? [Dm] Here's what my [G7] sweetheart [C] said...

[C7] _Que se-[F]ra, sera. Whatever will [C] be will be The future's not [G] ours to see, que se-[G7]ra se-[C]ra [C] (tap tap)

[NC] Now I have [C] children [Cmaj7] of my [C6] own [Cmaj7] They ask their mother, [C] What will I [Dm] be [Dm] [G7] Will I be [G7] handsome? [Dm] Will I be [G7] rich? [Dm] I tell them [G7] tender-[C] ly

[C7] _Que se-[F]ra, sera. Whatever will [C] be will be The future's not [G] ours to see, que se-[G7]ra se-[C]ra [C] [G7]

[NC] What will [G7] be, will [C] be [C] [G7] [NC] What will [G7] be will [C] be [F] [C] [C7] [C7]

