

# Bohemian Rhapsody

Pink

Is this the real life?  
Is this just fantasy?  
Caught in a landslide  
No escape from reality  
Open your eyes  
Look up to the skies and see  
I'm just a poor boy,  
I need no sympathy  
Because I'm easy come, easy go  
A little high, little low  
Anyway the wind blows,  
Doesn't really matter to me, to me

Mama, just killed a man  
Put a gun against his head  
Pulled my trigger, now he's dead  
Mama, life had just begun  
But now I've gone and thrown it all away  
Mama, ooo  
Didn't mean to make you cry  
If I'm not back again this time tomorrow  
Carry on, carry on,  
As if nothing really matters

Too late, my time has come  
Sends shivers down my spine  
Body's aching all the time  
Goodbye everybody - I've got to go  
Gotta leave you all behind  
And face the truth  
Mama, ooo - I don't want to die  
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all

I see a little silhouetto of a man  
Scaramouch, scaramouch will you do the fandango  
Thunderbolt and lightning - very very frightening me  
Gallileo, gallileo,  
Gallileo, gallileo,  
Gallileo figaro - magnifico

But I'm just a poor boy, nobody loves me  
He's just a poor boy from a poor family  
Spare him his life from this monstrosity  
Easy come easy go - will you let me go  
Bismillah! No - we will not let you go -  
Let him go  
Bismillah! We will not let you go - let him go  
Bismillah! We will not let you go - let me go  
Will not let you go - let me go (never)  
Never let you go - let me go  
Never let me go - ooo  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no -  
Oh mama mia, mama mia, mama mia let me go  
Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me  
For me  
For me

So you think  
You can stop me and spit in my eye  
So you think you can love me  
And leave me to die  
Oh baby - can't do this to me baby  
Just gotta get out -  
Just gotta get right outta here

Ooh yeah, ooh yeah  
Nothing really matters  
Anyone can see  
Nothing really matters -  
Nothing really matters to me

Anyway the wind blows...