

# Bohemian Rhapsody

Bracia

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- (any way the wind blows)  
I don't want to die  
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all

I see a little silhouette of a man,  
Scaramouche, scaramouche will you do the fandango  
Thunderbolt and lightning-very very frightening me  
Galileo, galileo  
Galileo galileo  
Galileo figaro-magnifico  
But I'm just a poor boy and 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  
Will not let you go, let me go  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no  
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 stone 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

Nothing really matters,  
Anyone can see,

Nothing really matters, nothing really matters to me

Any way the wind blows....