

# Bohemian Rhapsody

Pentatonix

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, little high, little low  
Any way 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, ooh, 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, ooh, 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 fright'ning me  
(Galileo) Galileo, (Galileo) Galileo, Galileo figaro magnifico  
(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) Will not let you go  
(Let me go) Ah, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no  
(Oh mamma mia, mamma 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