

# Bohemian Rhapsody

Queen

1. 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.  
Anyway the wind blows doesn't really matter to me, to me.

R: 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.

2. Too late, my time has come, sends shivers down my spine,  
body's aching all the time.  
Goodbye, everybody, I've got to go, got to 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 frightening me.  
Gallileo, Gallileo, Gallileo, Figaro, Magnifico.  
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. Bismillah!  
We will not let you go. Bismillah! We will not let you go.

Will not let you go. Will not let you go.  
Ahhhhhhhhhh  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.  
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.

