

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY



QUEEN

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
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, Ooooooh
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, "magnífico"
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-
Oh, oh, oh, no, no, 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 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 out of here
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
Nothing really matters
Anyone can see
Nothing really matters
Nothing really matters to me
Anyway the wind blows