

Queen Bohemian Rhapsody

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! 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! (Anyway the wind blows) I don't wanna die I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all

I see a little silhouetto of a man Scaramouche! Scaramouche! Will you do the fandango? Thunderbolt and lightning Very, very frightening me! Galileo! Galileo! Galileo! Galileo! Galileo, 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! (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! Never, never, never let me go! No, no, no, no, no, no, no!

Oh, mamma mia, mamma mia! Mamma 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!

Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!

Nothing really matters Anyone can see Nothing really matters Nothing really matters to me

Anyway the wind blows