

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 nothin' 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
Got to 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 silhouette of a man.
Scaramouche, Scaramouche
Will you do the fandango?
Thunderbolt and lightning
Very, very frightening me.
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
Never let me go
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Oh 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.
Anyway the wind blows.