



TECHNISCHE
UNIVERSITÄT
WIEN
Vienna University of Technology

DIPLOMARBEIT

**Investigation of mysterious invisible
planes, in the aspect of people with
special needs like engineers and drug
addicts... yeah, espacially drug addicts**

Ausgeführt am Atominstitut
der Technischen Universität Wien

Unter der Anleitung von
Gerald Badurek

durch

Wonderwoman

Wiedner Hauptstrasse 8-10, Turm C,
1. Stock, Raum 123A/124A

Abstract

No Abstract given yet...

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1 Bohemian Rhapsody¹

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, ooo
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, ooo - (any way the wind blows)
I don't want to die
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all

I see a little silhouette-o of a man

¹Mercury 1975

Scaramouche, scaramouche, will you do the Fandango

Tuhnderbolt and lightning – very, very frightening me
Gallileo, Gallileo,
Gallileo, Gallileo,
Gallileo, 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! Never!
Never let you go! – Let me go!
Never let me go! – ooo

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 stop 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

Ooh yeah, ooh yeah
Nothing really matters
Anyone can see
Nothing really matters
Nothing really matters to me

Any way the wind blows...

Bibliography

Freddy Mercury. Bohemian rhapsody, 1975.

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