## 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 silhouetto of a man. Scaramouche, Scaramouche Will you do the fandango? Thunderbolt and lightening 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.

## Bohemian Rhapsody



















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