## **Bohemian Rhapsody**

## Auteur: Queen — (sans accords)

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capo 2
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,
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 ooooh,
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 ooooh (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 silhouetto of a man,
Scaramouche, scaramouche, will you do the Fandango
Thunderbolt and lightning, very very frightening me
N.C.
Galileo, Galileo
N.C.
Galileo, Galileo
N.C.
Galileo, Figaro - Magnifico
I'm just a poor boy, no-body loves me.
He's just a poor boy from a poor fami-ly.
Spare him his life from this monstrosity.
Easy come, easy go, will you let me go? Bismillah!
No, we will not let you go. Bismillah!
We will not let you go. Bismillah! We will not let you go.
Will not let you go. Will not let you go. Ahhhhhhhhh
No, no, no, no, no, no. Oh, mama mia, mama mia
Mama mia, let me go. Beelzebub has a devil put aside 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,
Any way the wind blows ...
G x-x-5-4-3-x
D/F\# x-x-4-2-3-x
Ddim/F x-x-3-1-3-x
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