

# Bohemian Rhapsody - Queen

(generale)

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  
(oooooh, poor boy) 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 ooooooh, 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 ooooooh, like the wind blows  
I don't want to 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, galileo  
Galileo figaro magnifico - o - o - o - o  
But 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 him go)  
Will not let you go (let me go)  
Will not let you go (let me go)  
You let me go - o - o - o... no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!  
O 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 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....

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