

# 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

Any way the wind blows doesn't really  
matter to me, to me

Mama, 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, ooh (any way 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 lightning, very, very  
frightening me

(Galileo) Galileo, (Galileo) Galileo,  
Galileo Figaro, magnifico

But 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  
(Bis-mil-lah)

No, we will not let you go (let him go)  
(Bis-mil-lah)

We will not let you go (let him go)  
(Bis-mil-lah)

We will not let you go (let me go)

Will not let you go (let me go)

Never, never, never, never let me go

No, no, no, no, no, no, no

Oh, mamma mia, mamma mia

Mamma 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

Ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh, yeah, ooh, yeah

Nothing really matters, anyone can see

Nothing really matters

Nothing really matters to me

Any way the wind blows