## **Bohemian Rhapsody**

## **Rockabye Baby!**

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

A 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, 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 (anyway 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

Scaramouch, scaramouch will you do the fandango

Thunderbolt and lightning very very frightening me

Gallileo, Gallileo,

Gallileo, Gallileo,

Gallileo Figaro - magnificoBut 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 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

Oh mama mia, mama mia, mama mia let me go Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me For me

For meSo 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 hereOoh yeah, ooh yeah
Nothing really matters
Anyone can see
Nothing really matters to meAnyway the wind blows

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