Bohemian Rhapsody

Queen

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 sympathyBecause I'm easy come, easy go A little high, little low Anyway the wind blows Doesn't really matter to me, to meMama, 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, ooh Didn't mean to make you cry If I'm not back again this time tomorrow Carry on, carry on as if nothing really mattersToo late, my time has come Sends shivers down my spine Body's aching all the time Goodbye everybody, I've got to goGotta leave you all behind and face the truth Mama, ooh (anyway the wind blows) I don't want to die I sometimes wish I'd never been born at allI see a little silhouette of a man Scaramouch, scaramouch will you do the fandango Thunderbolt and lightning, very, very frightening me Gallileo, Gallileo, Gallileo, Gallileo, Gallileo Figaro magnifico 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 goBismillah, 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 goWill not let you go, let me go (never) Never let you go, let me go Never let me go, ooh No, no, no, no, no, noOh 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 Nothing really matters to me Anyway the wind blows

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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