Bohemian Rhapsody

Queen & Adam Lambert

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, 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

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