1. Buddy you're a boy make a big noise playin' in the
   street gonna be a big man some day you got mud on yo' face you big disgrace

kickin' your can all over the place singin' We will we will

rock you we will we will you you.
we will we will you. you. we will we will you. you. we will we will you. you.
WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS

Words
by FREDDIE MERCURY

Moderately Slow

\[ \text{Cm} \quad \text{Bb/C} \]

\[ \text{I've paid my dues,} \quad \text{time after} \]
\[ \text{bows and my curtain} \]

\[ \text{Cm} \quad \text{Bb/C} \]

\[ \text{time, calls.} \quad \text{I've done my} \]
\[ \text{You brought me} \]

\[ \text{Cm} \quad \text{Bb/C} \]

\[ \text{sentence} \quad \text{fame and fortune and ev'rything that} \]
\[ \text{goes but committed no} \]
\[ \text{with it, I thank you} \]
crime.

all.

But it's been no bed of roses.

I've made a few no pleasure cruise.

I've had my share of sand-kicked in my

I consider it a challenge before the whole human
face but I've come through. And I need to go
race and I ain't gon na lose.

on, and on, and on, and on.

We are the champions, my friend.
And we'll keep on fighting till the end.
We are the champions.

We are the champions. No time for losers 'cause
we are the champions of the world.

I've taken my of the champions.
KILLER QUEEN
Words and Music by
FREDDIE MERCURY

Medium rock

Cm

She keeps Mo-et and Chandon void compli-cations, she

mf

Bb

Cm

in her pre-tty cab-i-net, "Let them eat cake," says.
never kept the same ad-dress. In con-ver-sa-tion she

Bb

E♭

B♭/D

Just like Ma-rie An-toin-et-te. A built-in reme-dy for
spoke just like a bar-on-ess. Met a man from Chi-na, went
Khrushchev and Kennedy, any time an invitation
down to Geisha Minah, Then again incidentally if you're

you can decline. that way inclined. Perfume came Caviar and cigarettes.

well versed in etiquette, extraordinarily nice She's a
cars she couldn't care less. fastidious and precise.
Kill-er Queen, gun pow-der, gel-a-tine, du-na-mite with a la-ser beam,
guar-an-feed to blow your mind, an-y-time, ooh.

Recom-mended at the price, in-sat-ia-ble an ap-pe-tite.
wanna try.

2. To a
Drop of a hat she's as willing as playful as a pussy-cat, Then momentarily out of action, temporarily out of gas; To absolutely drive you
She's a wild, wild one.

what a drag.
RADIO GA GA
Words and Music
by ROGER TAYLOR

Medium tempo

I'd sit alone and gave them all, those
watch the shows, we

watch your light, my only friend through wars of worlds,
old-time stars, on videos for
watch the stars, through

teen-age nights. And everything
ved-ed by Mars. You made 'em laugh;
hours and hours. We hardly need

You to
had to know, I heard it on my
made 'em cry. You made us feel like
use our ears. How music changes

You we could fly.
through the years

So don't become some
Let's hope you never
background noise, a backdrop for the leave, old friend. Like all good things, on

girls and boys who just don't know or just don't care, and you we depend. So stick around, 'cause we might miss you when

just complain when you're not there. You had your time; you we grow tired of all this visual.
had your pow'r. You've yet to have your finest hour.

All we hear is radio ga ga radio goo goo, radio ga ga.
All we hear is radio ga ga radio blah blah.

Radio, what's new?
Radio, someone

still loves you.
Coda

Dm   C   C sys2  C

Someone still loves

F

D.S. (instrumental) and fade

you.
SAVE ME
Words and Music
by BRIAN MAY

1. It started off so well,
slate will soon be clean
they said we
I'll e-

made a perfect pair
raise the memories,
I clothed myself in your glor-

y and your love, how I loved you, how I cried.
The body new, was it all wasted all that love?
years of care and loyalty were nothing but a sham, it
hang my head and I advertise a soul for sale or
seems rent I yours be lie we lived a lie I'll love
have no heart I'm cold in-side, I have
night I cry, I still be lieve the lie. I'll love

Chorus

you no real in-tent. Save me, save me,
you 'til I die. 'til I die.
let me face my life alone.

Save me, save me,

oh.

I'm naked and I'm far from home.
Slowly

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.

1. Mama
2. Too late, just my

Killed a man, time has come

Put a gun against his head, pulled my body's
trigger, now he's dead.
aching all the time.

Mama, Good-bye, ever-bod-y, life had I've

just begun,
got to go,

But now I've gone and thrown it all a-
Gotta leave you all behind and face the

way.
truth.

Mama, ooh,
Mama. Ooh

Didn't
mean to make you cry, if I don't want to die, I'm not back again this time to sometimes wish I'd never been born at

morrow, carry on, carry on, as if nothing really matters.

all.

Émëðëtáó, Solo
I see a little silhouette of a man. Scaramouche. Scaramouche, will you do the Fandango.
Chorus: Thunder-bold and light ning, ver y, ver y fright'ning


ro Mag-ni-fi - co. I'm just a poor boy and

no-bod-y loves-me. He's just a poor boy from a poor fam - i - ly.
Spare him his life from this monstrosity.

Chorus:

Easy come, easy go, will you let me go. Bismillah! No, we

No, no, no, no, mi Let him go! Bismillah! We will not let you go. Let me go.

Bismillah! We will not let you go. Let me go.
will not let you go. Let me go.  
Ah.  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.  
Oh mama mia mama mia. Mama mia, let me go.  

El zebub has a devil put aside 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.

Any way the wind blows.