WE WILL ROCK YOU
Words and Music
by BRIAN MAY

Moderato
Repeat 4 times
Cla Hand

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 ARE THE CHAMPIONS
Words
by FREDDIE MERCURY

Moderately Slow

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

\text{\textit{I've paid my dues,}}
\text{\textit{time after time,}}
\text{\textit{calls.}}

\text{\textit{brows}}
\text{\textit{calls.}}

\text{\textit{and my curtain}}

\text{\textit{calls.}}

\text{\textit{I've done my}}
\text{\textit{I thank you}}

\text{\textit{You brought me}}
\text{\textit{sentences}}
\text{\textit{fame and fortune and everything that goes}}
\text{\textit{but committed no}}
\text{\textit{with it,}}
crime.
all.

I've made a few.
no pleasure cruise.

I've had my share of sand - kicked in my
challenge before the whole human
face but I've come through. And I need to go
race and I ain't gonna 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.

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 Moet and Chandon void complications, she

mf

in her pretty cabinet, "Let them eat cake," says.

never kert the same address. In conversation she

Bb

Cm

Eb

Bb/D

Just like Marie Antoinette. A built-in remeedy for

spoke just like a baroness. Met a man from China, went


Khrushchev and Kennedy, And 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.
extravagant and precise.
Kill-er Queen, gun pow-der, gel-a-tine, du-na-mite with a la-ser beam,

guar-an-tee'd to blow your mind,
an-y-time, ooh.

Re-com-mend-ed at the price, in-sa-tia-ble an ap-pe-tite.
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... what a drag... Repeat ad lib. for fade
I'd sit alone and gave them all, those
watch the shows, we

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

through videos for

teen-age nights. And everything
ved-ed by Mars. You made 'em laugh;
hours and hours. We hardly need you to
had to know, made 'em cry. You made us feel like
made use our ears. How music changes

[1.] Bb F Bb F
radio. You we could fly.

[2.] Gm/F F F
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.

Radio
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.
We

Coda

Dm

C

C₃₄us₂

C

Some - - - one
still
loves

F

D.S. ¾ (instrumental) and fade

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

made a perfect pair, I dressed myself with memories, to start again with some.

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 I hang my head and I advertise a soul for sale or
seems rent The 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
you 'til I die. Save me, save me,
real in-tent. you 'til I die.
save me  I can't face this life alone

Save me, save me, save me. I'm naked and I'm far from home.

1. D

2. Am

D. x al Coda

2. The home.
D  C  Bm7  D  G

let me face my life alone.

Save me, save me,

D/C  G/B  Gm/Bb

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

C  G  D

Fine
BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY
Words and Music
by FREDDIE MERCURY

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,

Anyway 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 sends gun against his head, pulled my

bod-y's
mean to make you cry, if I don't want to die, if 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.

[2.]
Eb Bb/D Cm Am Fm
I see a little silhouette of a man. Scar-a-mouche. Scar-a-mouche, will you do the Fandango.
Chorus: Thunderbold and lightning, very, very frightening

me. Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, figaro Magnifico.

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

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.

Oh ma-ma mi-a ma-ma mi-a. Ma-ma mi a, let me go. Be-
el-ze-bub 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,
ba-by, Just got-ta get out, just gotta get right out-ta here.

Nothing re-al-ly mat-ters. An-y-one can see.
Nothing really matters.
Nothing really matters to me.

Anyway the wind blows.