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
Mama, just killed a man,
my time has come.
Mama, life had just begun,
I've got to go.

But gotta

Trigger, now he's dead,
aching all the time.
Mama, Good-bye, ev'rybody,
leave you all behind and face the truth.

Mama, ooh.
Mama, ooh.
Didn’t mean to make you cry, If I’m not back again this time to-
I don’t want to die. I sometimes wish I’d never been born at

mor-row, car-ry on, car-ry on as if noth-ing rea-ly mat-
ters.

all.

Instrumental Solo
Slowly, a tempo

Nothing really matters. Anyone can see, Nothing really matters.

Nothing really matters to me.

Anyway the wind blows.
mouche, Scar-a-mouche, will you do the Fan-dan-go. Thunder-bolt and light-ning, ver-y, ver-y fright-ning
No chord


Solo: I'm just a poor boy and

(let ring-..............)

no-body loves me. He's just a poor boy from a poor fam-i-ly.

Spare him his life from this mon-stros-i-ty.
Solo: Easy come, easy go, will you let me go. Bis - mil - lah! Chorus: No, we will not let you go. Let him go! Bis - mil - lah! We will not let you go. Let him go! Bis - mil - lah! We will not let you go. Let me go. Will not let you go. Let me go. Will not let you go. Let me go. Will not let you go. Let me go. Will not let you go. Ah. No, no, no, no.
no, no, no. Oh mamma mia, mamma mia. Mamma mia, let me go. Be-

el - ze - bub has a dev - il put a - side for me. for me. for

me.

Instrumental Solo

So you think you can stone me and spit in my
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

die... Instrumental Solo poco a poco ritard. e dim.