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.

Mama, 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
Didn't mean to make you cry,
If I'm not back again this time tomorrow,
Carry on, carry on
As if nothin' really matters.

Too late, my time has come
Sends shivers down my spine,
Body's aching all the time.
Goodbye everybody I've got to go
Got to leave you all behind
And face the truth.

Mama, ooh
Anyway the wind blows
I don't wanna die,
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all.

I see a little silhouetto of a man.
Scaramouche, Scaramouche
Will you do the fandango?
Thunderbolt and lightning
Very, very frightening me.
Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, Figaro.
Magnifico.

I'm just a poor boy, 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 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 go
Will not let you go
Never let me go
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Oh mama mia,
Mama mia let me go.
Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me,
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.
Anyway the wind blows.
Bohemian Rhapsody

Words & Music by Freddie Mercury

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\[\text{Vx.} \quad \text{Pno.} \quad \text{Dr.}\]

- Cape from reality. Open your eyes, look up to the skies and see.

\[\text{B. Vx.} \quad \text{Pno.}\]

- Cape from reality. Open your eyes, look up to the skies and see.

\[\text{Vx.} \quad \text{Pno.}\]

I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy...

\[\text{B. Vx.} \quad \text{Pno.}\]

Ooh, poor boy... because I'm easy come, easy go, little high, little low.

\[\text{Vx.} \quad \text{Pno.}\]

Anyway the wind blows, doesn't really matter to me.

\[\text{B. Vx.} \quad \text{Pno.}\]

Ooh the wind blows, doesn't really matter to me.
Ma-ma, just killed a man, put a

gun against his head, pulled my trigger, now he's dead. Ma-ma, life had just begun, but

now I've gone and thrown it all away. Ma-ma, ooh, didn't
mean to make you cry, if I'm not back again this time tomorrow, carry on, carry on as if nothin' really matters.

Too late, my time has come, sends shivers down my spine, body's ach-ing all the time...
sometimes wish I'd never been born at all.

Ooh... ooh... ooh... ooh... ooh... ooh...
I see a little silhouette of a man.

Sca-ra-mouche, Sca-ra-mouche, will you do the fancy-dance?

Gali-le-o, Gali-le-o,
very, very fright'ning me.
Gali-le-o, Gali-le-o.

Thunder-bolt and light'ning, very, very fright'ning me.
Vx.

- le - o, Ga - li - le - o Fig - ga - ro.

I'm just a poor boy,

B. Vx.

1

Ga - li - le - o Fig - ga - ro.

B. Vx.

2

Mag - ni - fi - co.

B. Vx.

3

Oh.

B. Vx.

4

Oh.

B. Vx.

5

Oh.

Oh.

B. Vx.

He's just a poor boy from a poor fa - mi - ly, spare him his life from this

Pno.

R.H.

He's just a poor boy from a poor fa - mi - ly, spare him his life from this

B.

B.

Tab.

Dr.
Easy come, easy go, will you let me go?

monstrosity.

Bis.

Let him go.

No we will not let you go.

Bismillah.

Bismillah.
Vx.

B. Vx. 3

B. Vx. 4

B. Vx. 5

Ps.

B.

Bz.

Tab.

Dr.

Let him go.

Let me go.

Let me go.

Will not let you go.

We will not let you go.

Will not let you go.

Bam

Oh. Oh.

Oh. Oh.

Oh. Oh.

Oh. Oh.

Never, never, never let me go.

Oh ma-ma

No no no no no no no.
Mama mia let me go. Beelzebub has a devil put aside 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 got-ta get out,
just got-ta get right out - ta here.

Just got-ta get out,
just got-ta get right out - ta here.
Nothing really matters, anyone can see, nothing really matters,
no-thing rea-ly mat-ters to me...

A-ny-way the wind blows.