WE WILL ROCK YOU
Words and Music
by BRIAN MAY

Moderato
Repeat 4 time
Cla Hand

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

kick in your can - all over the place sing-in' We will we will

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

Words
by FREDDIE MERCURY

Moderately Slow

I've paid my dues,
and my curtain time after
bows
time, calls.

I've done my
You brought me

fame and fortune and ev'-ry-thing that goes
but committed no with it,

sent-ence

I thank you
Crime.
All.

But it's been no bed of roses.

Takes,
es,

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

She keeps Mo - et and Chandon void com - plica - tions, she

in her pretty cabinet, "Let them eat cake," says.
never kert the same ad - dress. In con - ver - sa - tion she

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

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

well versed in etiquette, extraordinarily nice. She's a cars she couldn't care less. fastidious and precise.
Killer Queen, gun powder, gelatine, dynamite with a laser beam,
guaranteed to blow your mind, any-time, ooh.

Recommended at the price, insatiable appetite.
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
Medium tempo

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,
on videos for

teen-age nights. And every-thing
vaded 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
I heard it on my
use our ears. How music changes

1. Bb  F  
radio. You we could fly.

2. Bb  F  
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.

Radio
All we hear is

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

Radio, what's new? Radio, someone

still loves you.
Coda  Dm  C  Csus2  C

Someone still loves

F

D.S. (instrumental) and fade

you.
SAVE ME
Words and Music
by BRIAN MAY

Slowly

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

made a perfect pair
raise the 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?

The
years of care and loyalty were nothing but a sham, it seems the borrowed soul for sale or rent.

The lie I have no heart I'm cold inside, I'll love night I cry, I still believe the lie.

you 'til I die.

Save me, save me,

G C G D A/C#
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.8 al Coda
let me face my life alone.

Save me, save me,

oh.

I'm naked and I'm far from home.
BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY
Words and Music
by FREDDIE MERCURY

Slowly

\[\text{Bb6, C7, Bb6, C7, F7, Cm7, F7, Bb, Cm7, B, Gm, Bb7, Eb, Cm, F7, I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy, Because I'm}\]

mf 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,

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
Nothing really matters. Nothing really matters to me.

Anyway the wind blows.
easy come, easy go,
Little high, little low,

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

1. Mama, just my
2. Too late,

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, ev'-rubod-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  

Did-n't
mean to make you cry, 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.
I see a little silhouette of a man. Scar-a-mouche. Scar-a-mouche, 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.

ño, no, no. Oh ma-ma mi-a ma-ma mi-a. Ma-ma mi a, let me go. Be-
el-ze-bub has a dev-il put a-side 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.