BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY
Words and Music
by FREDDIE MERCURY

Slowly

Bb6

C7

Bb6

C7

mf Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?

F7 Cm7 F7

Bb Cm7 B

Caught in a landslide, No escape from reality.

Gm

Bb7

Eb

Open your eyes. Look up to the skies and see,

Cm

F7

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
2. Too late,
just my

killed a man,
time has come
Put a
Sends gun against his head, pulled my
shivers down my spine, body's
trigger, now he's dead.  
aching all the time.  
Ma - ma,  
Good-bye, ev'-ru-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.  
Ma - ma,  ooh,  
Ma - ma.  Ooh  Did-n't
I mean to make you cry, 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.
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.

Eas-y come, eas-y go, will you let me go. Bis-mil-lah! No, we

No, no, no, no, mi Let him go! Bis-mil-lah! We will not let you go. Let me go.

Bis-mil-lah! We will not let you go. Let me go.
will not let you go. Let me go. Ah.

No, no, no, no, no, no. Oh, mama, mama, mama, mama. Mama, mama, 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, ba-by, can't do this to me,
baby, Just got ta get out, just got ta get right out ta here.

Nothing really matters. Anyone can see.
She keeps Mo- et and Chan- don
void com- pli- ca- tions, she

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

Just like Ma- rie An- toin- ette. A built in reme- dy for
spoke just like a bar- on- ess. Met a man from Chi na, went
Khru-shchev and Ken-ney, And any time an in-vi-ta-tion
down to Gei-sha Mi-nah, Then again in-ci-den-tal-ly if you're

you can de-cline. That way in-clined. Per-fume came Cavi-ar and cig-a-rettes.

well versed in et-i-quette, ex-tror-di-nar-i-ly nice She's a
cars she could-not care less. fas-tid-jous and pre-cise.
Kill-er Queen, gun pow-der, gel-a-tine, du-na-mite with a la-ser beam,

guar-an-teed to blow your mind, any-time, ooh.

Rec-o-mmend-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
wild, wild, She's a
what a drag.

Repeat ad lib. for fade
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,
old-time stars,
watch the stars,

my only friend
through wars of worlds,
on videos

teen-age nights.
ved-ed by Mars.
hours and hours.

And ev'-ry-thing
You made 'em laugh;
We hardly need

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

1.

radio.
You we could fly.
through the years

Gm/F

So don't become some
Let's hope you never
back-ground noise, a back-drop 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 de-pend. So stick a-round, ’cause we might miss you when

just com-plain when you’re not there. You had your time; you we grow tired of all this vis-ual.
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

D.S. (no repeats) al Coda

C
C
C
Dm
C
C

Some

to

four

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 e-

made a perfect pair, I clothed myself in your glor-
raise the memories, To start again with some-

y and your lofe, how I loved you, how I cried.

The body new, was it all wasted all that love?

G D/F# Em7 G

C Am C D

G C G D

G C G D
years of care and loyalty were nothing but a sham, it
hang my head and I advertise a soul for sale or

seems rent
The yours be lie we lived a lie I'll love
I 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,
no real in-tent. you 'til I die.
save me  I can't face this life alone

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

1. D  2. Am  D. al Coda
let me face my life alone.

Save me, save me,

oh. I'm naked and I'm far from home.
WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS
Words by FREDDIE MERCURY

Moderately Slow

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

You brought me

sentences fame and fortune and every thing that goes with it, I thank you
Crime. all.

But it's been no bed of ros-

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 hu-

man
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.

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

I've taken my
of the champions.
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 will we will you. you. we will we will you. you. we will we will you. you.

A

D A

D A

Asus4 D

A

Asus4

A

Play 3 times