

Bohemian Rhapsody / by Freddie Mercury, 1974

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,
A 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, oooh, didn't mean to make you cry -
If I'm not back again this time tomorrow -
Carry on, carry on, as if nothing 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 -
Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth -
Mama oooh - I don't want to die,
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all.

I see a little silhouette of a man,
Scaramouch, scaramouch will you do the Fandango -
Thunderbolt and lightning - very, very frightening me -
Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, Galileo figaro - Manifico -
But 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 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 him go
Will not let you go - let me go
Will not let you go - let me go
No, no, no, no, no, no, no -
Mama mia, 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 split 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.

Operatic Vocals: Roger Tayler, Brian May and Freddie Mercury