Freddie Mercury
"Bohemian Rhapsody"

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Is this the real life, is this just fantasy
Caught in a landside, 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 IÂ'm easy come, easy go, little high, little low
Anyway the wind blows
DoesnÂ'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, didnÂ't mean to make you cry
If IÂ'm not back again this time tomorrow
Carry on, carry on, cos it doesnÂ't really matter

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, ooh I don't wanna die
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all

I see a little silhouetto of a man
Scaramouch, Scaramouch will you do the Fandango
Thunderbolt and lightning, very, very frightening me
Galileo, Galileo, 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 met 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 (let me go)
Will not let you go, let me go
No, no, no, no, no, no, no

Oh mama mia, mama mia, mama mia, let me go
Beelzebub has the devil put aside for me, for me, for me

So you think you can stone me and spin 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 out of here

Nothing really matters, anyone can see
Nothing really matters, nothing really matters to me
Any way the wind blows