Braids, The
''Bohemian Raphsody''

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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
Any way the wind blows,
Doesn't really matter to me,
To me

Mamma , 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, ooooh
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,
send 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..(anyway the wind blows)
I don't wanna die
sometimes wish i've never been born at all

I see a little silhouetto of a man

Scatamose! Scatamose!

will you do the fandango?
Thunderbolt and lightning
very very frightening me

Gallileo,
Gallileo,
Gallileo,
Gallileo,
Gallileo Figaro
MAGNIFICOOOO

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 - let me go
will not let you go - let me go
Never let me go - ooo
No, no, no, no, no, no, no -

Oh mama mia, mama mia, mama mia let me go

Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me
for meee
for meeee
for meeeeee

So you think you can stop me and spit in my eye
So you think you can love me and leave me to die
Oooh, baby
Can't do this to me baby
Just gotta get out
just gotta get right out of here

(Ooh yeah, ooh yeah)

Nothing really matters
Anyone can see
Nothing really matters
nothing really matters
to me...
Any way the wind blows.