

Bohemian Rhapsody – Queen

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
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, o o o o
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
It's 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, o o o o
I don't want to die

I sometimes wish
I'd never been born at all
I see a little silhouette of a man
Scaramouche, scaramouche,
Will you do the fandango?
Thunderbolts and lightning
very very frightening me
Galileo, galileo,
Galileo, galileo,
Galileo figaro
Magnifico o o
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
It's the law! No
We will not let you go
Let him go
It's the law! No!
We will not let you go
We will not let you go
We will not let you go
o o o
No, no, no, no, no, no, no
Mama mia,
Mama mia let me go
Beelzebub has the devil put aside
For me for me
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
Nothing really matters
Anyone can see
Nothing really matters,
nothing really matters to me
Anyway the wind blows



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych