

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,
Any way 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, ooh, 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, ev'rybody, I've got to go,
Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth
Mama, ooh, I don't want to die,
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all
I see a little silhouetto of a man,
Scaramouche, Scaramouche,
will you do the Fandango
Thunderbolt and lightning,
very, very fright'ning me
(Galileo) Galileo (Galileo) Galileo, Galileo figaro
Magnifico 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 me go) Will not let you go
(Let me go) Will not let you go (Let me go) Ah
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 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
Any way the wind blows



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych