

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, 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
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
Ooh
Ooh, yeah, ooh, yeah
Nothing really matters
Anyone can see

Nothing really matters
Nothing really matters to me
Anyway the wind blows



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych