

# Bohemian Rhapsody (Instrumental) – 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, 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  
Good bye, everybody, I've got to go  
Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth

Mama, ooh (anyway the winds blow), I don't wanna 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  
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?

Bis-mil-lah !

No, we will not let you go (Let him go)

Bis-mil-lah !

We will not let you go (Let him go)

Bis-mil-lah !

We will not let you go (Let me go)

We'll not let you go (Let me go)

We'll not let you go (Let me go)

Ah

No, no, no, no, no, no, no (Oh mamma mia, mamma mia)

Mamma 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

Anyway the wind blows



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych