

Bohemian Rhapsody (Piano - shortened) – 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 (Any way the wind blows)
I don't wanna die
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all

(Ooh)
(Ooh, yeah, ooh, yeah)
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