

# 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  
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(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