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 symphaty 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, o o o o 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 It's 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, o o o o I don't want to 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? Thunderbolts and lighting very very frightening me Galileo, galileo, Galileo, galileo, Galileo figaro Magnifico o o I'm just a poor boy 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 It's the law! No We will not let you go Let him go It's the law! No! We will not let you go We will not let you go We will not let you go 000 No, no, no, no, no, no Mama mia, Mama mia let me go Beelzebub has the devil put aside For me 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