BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

Slowly

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.

1. Mama, just killed a man,
   my time has come.
   Put a gun against his head, pulled my trigger, now he's dead.
   Aching all the time. Mama, life had just begun.
   Good-bye, everybody, I've got to go.

2. Too late, my time has come.
   Sends shivers down my spine, body's ach- ing all the time.
   Mama, ooh, ooh.
   Leave you all behind and face the truth.
   Mama, ooh, ooh.
Didn't mean to make you cry, I don't want to die.
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at
morrow, carry on, carry on as if nothing really matters.
L'isesso tempo \( \| = \| \)  

I see a little silhouette of a man. Scar-a-

mouche, Scar-a-mouche, will you do the Fan-dang-o. Thunder-bolt and light-n ing, ver y, ver y fright-n ing

Chorus:
A

No chord


Solo: I'm just a poor boy and

no body loves me. He's just a poor boy from a poor family.

Spare him his life from this monstrous.
no, no, no. Oh mamma mia, mamma mia. Mamma mia, let me go. Be-
el - ze - bub has a devil put aside for me. for me, for me.

So you think you can stone me and spit in my
So you think you can love me and leave me to die.
Oh baby, can't do this to me.
Baby, just got ta get out, just got ta get right outta here.

Instrumental Solo
poco a poco ritard. e dim.