

# Pentatonix, Bohemian Rhapsody (2)

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 me go)  
Bis-mil-lah !  
We will not let you go. (Let me go)  
Will not let you go. (Let me go)  
Will 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.  
Belzebub 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.