

The Ten Tenors, Bohemian Rhapsody

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
A little high, a 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, oooh, 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, oooh - (anyway the wind blows)
I don't want to die
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all

I see a little silhouette of a man
Scaramouch, scaramouch
Will you do the fandango
Thunderbolt and lightning-
very very frightening me
Gallileo, Gallileo, Gallileo, Gallileo
Gallileo Figaro - magnifico

But 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
Bismillah! No - we will not let you go-
let him go
Bismillah! We will not let you go -Let him go!
Bismillah! We will not let you go -Let me go!
Will not let you go - let me go
Never let me go, oooh
No, no, no, no, no, no, no-
Oh mama mia, mama mia
mama mia let me go
Beezlebub 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

Ooh yeah, ooh yeah, nothing really matters
Anyone can see, nothing really matters-

nothing really matters to me

Anyway the wind blows ...