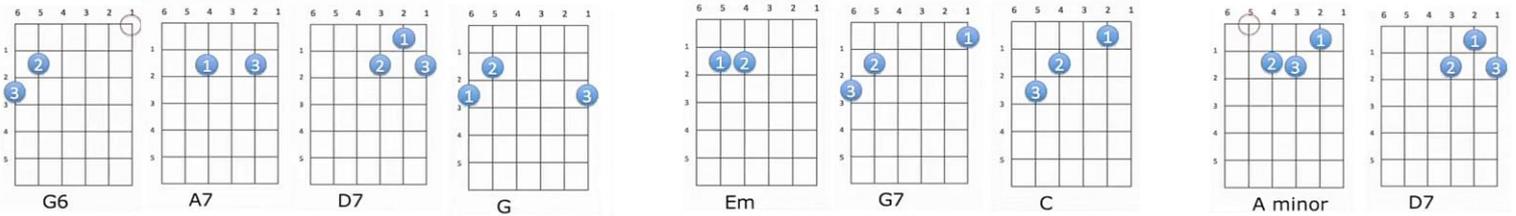


BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

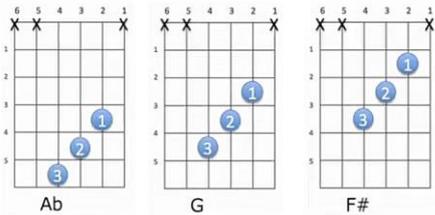
CAPO III

(Queen)

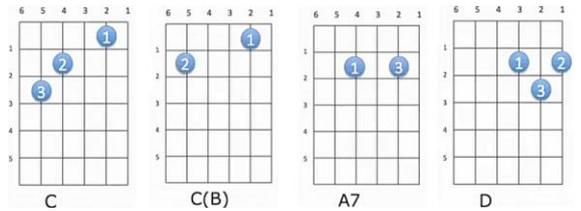


Is this the real life ? Is this just fantasy ?
Caught in a landslide / No escape from reality
Open your eyes / Look up / to the skies / and see

I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy

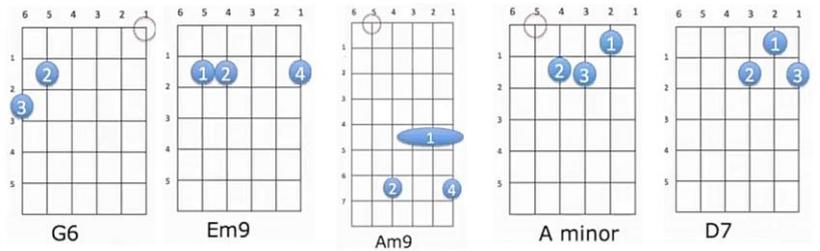


Because I'm
Easy come, easy go
Little high, little low



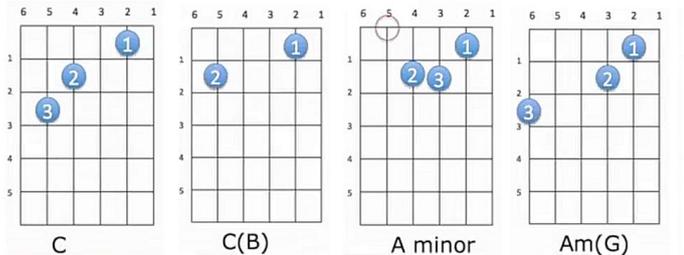
Anyway the wind blows, doesn't really matter to me, to me

Mama, just killed a man
 Put a gun / against his head
 Pulled my trigger, now he's dead

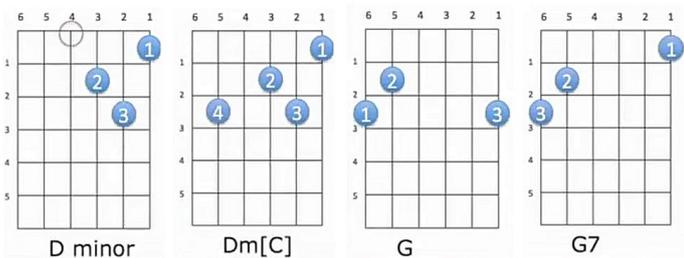


Mama, life had just begun
 But now / I've gone and / thrown it / all away

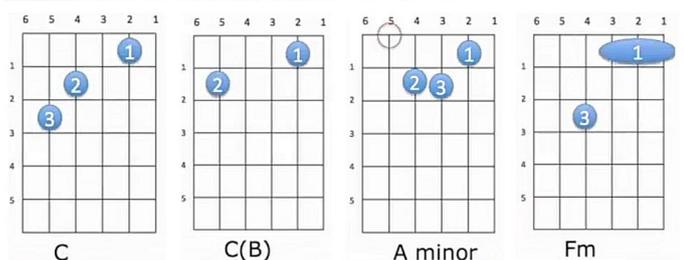
Mama, oh oh
 Did [n't] mean / to make you cry
 If I'm not back again / this time /
Tomorrow
 Carry on, carry on, as if / nothing / really matters



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, oh oh
I don't wanna die
 Sometimes wish / I'd never been born / at all



... as if / nothing / really matters...

