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Emi
1. Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?
  D A D
                        G
  Caught in a landslide, no escape from reality.
               G
  Open your eyes, look up to the skies and see.
  I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy, because I'm
  As G F# G As G F# G
  easy come, easy go, little high, little low.
  C G Ami# D
  Anyway the wind blows doesn't really matter to me, to me.
         Emi
                          Ami
R: Mama just killed a man, put a gun against his head,
          Ami
  pulled my trigger, now he's dead.
  G Emi Ami
  Mama, life had just begun, but now I've gone and
  thrown it all away.
  C G Ami Dmi
  Mama, ooooh didn't mean to make you cry.
G G G Ami
  If I'm not back again this time tomorrow, carry on, carry on
      Fmi C G
  as if nothing really matters to me...to me
             Emi
                               Ami
2. Too late, my time has come, sends shivers down my spine,
  body's aching all the time.
  Goodbye, everybody, I've got to go, got to leave you all
  behind and face the truth.
  C G Ami Dmi
                I don't want to die,
  Mama, ooh....
  I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all.
     G Ami
  carry on, carry on
       Fmi
                    С
  as if nothing really matters to me...to me.
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