

Bohemian Rhapsody

William Shatner

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, 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, ooo
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, ooo
I don't want to die
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all

I see a little silhouetto of a man
Scaramouch, scaramouch will you do the fandango?
Thunderbolt and lightning very very frightening me

Gallileo, (Gallileo,)
Gallileo, (Gallileo,)
Gallileo 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
Bismillah! No we will not let you go - let me go
Bismillah! We will not let you go - let me go
Bismillah! We will not let you go let me go
Will not let you go let me go (never)
Never let you go let me go
Never let me go ooo

Oh mama mia, mama mia, mama mia let me go
Beelzebub 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, don't do this to me baby
Just gotta get out, just gotta out, 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