

Bohemian Rhapsody

Panic! At the Disco

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, oh
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, oh, I don't want to die
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all I see a little silhouetto of a man
Scaramouche, scaramouche will you do the fandango
Thunderbolt and lightning, very, very frightening 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?
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
Never let you go, let me go Never let me go, oh
No, no, no, no, no, no, no
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, can't do this to me baby
Just gotta get out
Just gotta get right outta here
Oh, oh yeah, oh yeah
Nothing really matters
Anyone can see
Nothing really matters
Nothing really matters to me
Anyway the wind blows

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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