Bohemian Rhapsody

Pentatonix

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 sympathyBecause I'm easy come, easy go, little high, little low Any way the wind blows doesn't really matter to me, to meMama, 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 awayMama, oh, didn't mean to make you cry (Any way the wind blows)

If I'm not back again this time tomorrow

Carry on, carry on as if nothing really mattersToo 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 (Any way the wind blows)

I sometimes wish I'd never been born at allI see a little silhouetto of a man

Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the Fandango?

Thunderbolt and lightning, very, very fright'ning me

Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, Galileo figaro magnifico I'm just a poor boy, nobody loves me He's just a poor boy from a poor family

Spare him his life from this monstrosityEasy 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)

Will not let you go (Let me go)Ah, no, no, no, no, no, no, no

Oh mamma mia, mamma 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! Nothing really matters, anyone can see

Nothing really matters

Nothing really matters to me

Any way the wind blows

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

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