

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 sympathy Because I'm easy come, easy go, little high, little low
Any way 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 (Any way the
wind blows)
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 (Any way the wind blows)
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 fright'ning me
Galileo, 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 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)
Will not let you go (Let me go) Ah, no, 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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