

English day song - 905 grade - Teacher: Alejandro Céspedes.

Queen - Bohemian Rhapsody

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
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! Ooh!
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! Ooh!
(Anyway the wind blows)
I don't wanna die
I sometimes wish I'd never been born
at all
I see a little silhouette 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!
Never, never, never let me go!
No, no, no, no, no, no, no!
Oh, mamma mia, mamma mia!
Mamma 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, yeah!
Oh, yeah!
Nothing really matters
Anyone can see
Nothing really matters
Nothing really matters to me

Anyway the wind blows