

# Bohemian Rhapsody - 1/1

**Interprété par Queen.**

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, a little low,  
anyway the wind blows doesn't really matter 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-oo, 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-oo, I don't wanna die,  
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all.  
I see a little silhouette of a man.  
Scaramouch, scaramouch, will you do the fandango?  
Thunderbolt and lightning, very very frightening me.  
Galileo-Galileo, Galileo-Galileo, Galileo-Figaro, magnífico.  
But 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 him go?  
Bismillah! No, we will not let him go (Let him go!)  
Bismillah! No, we will not let him go (Let him go!)  
Will not let him go (Let me go!)  
Will not let him go (Let me go!)  
No, no, no, no, no,  
Mama mía, mama mía, mama mía let me go,  
Beelzebub has a devil put aside 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 get right outta here.  
Ooo-oo Nothing really matters, anyone can see.  
Nothing really matters,  
Nothing really matters to me.  
Anyway the wind blows.