

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

Words and Music by
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Bb6 C7 Bb6 C7
Is this the real life? Is this just fan-ta-sy?

F7 Cm7 F7
Caught in a land-slide No es-

Bb Cm7 Bb Gm
cape from re-al-i-ty. O-pen your eyes_ Look

Bb7 Eb
up to the skies_ and see.

Cm F7
I'm just a poor boy I need no sym-pa-

B Bb A Bb
thy Be-cause I'm eas-y come eas-y go

B Bb A Bb Eb (D bass)
Lit-tle high lit-tle low An-y-way the wind blows

C#dim F(C bass) F
does-n't real-ly mat-ter to me to_

Bb Bb
me. 1 Ma-ma_ just

Gm Cm
killed a man Put a gun a- gainst his

F
head pulled my trig-ger now he's dead.

Bb Gm
Ma-ma_ life had just be-gun But

Cm7 Bb Eb(Ebbass) F Fm
now I've gone and thrown it all a way.

Eb Bb(D bass) Cm
Ma-ma_ ooh_ Did-n't

Fm Bb
mean to make you cry, If I'm not back a -

1 Eb Bb(D bass)
gain this time to - mor-row car-ry on car-ry

Cm Abm Eb Ab Eb
on as if noth-ing real-ly mat-ters.

Ebdim Fm7 Bb 2 Eb/D#Bbm
all.

(♩=♩)
A D A Adim A
I see a lit-tle sil-hou-

D A Adim A D A D A
et-to of a man Scar-a-mouche Scaramouche will you

Adim A D A (Ab bass) Ab
do the Fan-dan-go? Thun-der-bolt and light-ning

C (Gbass) E A No chord
ver-y ver-y fright-'ning me. Gal-li-le-o. Gal-li-

le-o. Gal-li-le-o. Gal-li-le-o Gal-li-

le-o fig-a-ro Mag-ni-fi-co.

B Bb A Bb
I'm just a poor boy and

B Bb A Bb Ab Eb Ebdim Eb
no-bod-y loves me. [He's just a poor boy Choir

from a poor fam-i ly. Spare him his life from this
 mon-stros-i-ty.] *Solo:* Eas-y come
 eas-y go will you let me go? Bis -
Choir
 mil lah? No we will not let you go. Let him go!
 Bis-mil - lah? We will not let you go. Let him go!
 Bis-mil-lah! 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 ma-ma
 mi-a ma-ma mi-a Ma-ma mi-a let me go. Be
 el - ze-bub has a dev-il put a-side for
 me for me for me. *Eb (Bb bass)*
Solo: 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 ba - by ____
 can't do this to me ba - by ____
 Just got-ta get out just got-ta get right out - ta
 here. ____
 Noth-ing real-ly mat-ters
 An-y-one can see Noth-ing real-ly mat-ters
 Noth-ing real-ly mat-ters to me ____
 An-y way the wind blows.

2. 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 I don't want to die
 I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all