

Is this the real **1** \_\_\_\_\_?  
 Is this just **2** \_\_\_\_\_?  
 Caught in a landslide  
 No escape **3** \_\_\_\_\_ reality  
 Open **4** \_\_\_\_\_ eyes  
 Look up to the sky and **5** \_\_\_\_\_  
 I'm just a **6** \_\_\_\_\_ boy, I **7** \_\_\_\_\_ no  
 sympathy.  
**8** \_\_\_\_\_ I'm easy come, easy go  
 A little high, little **9** \_\_\_\_\_  
 Anyway the wind blows, doesn't really **10** \_\_\_\_\_ to me,  
 to me  
 Mama, just **11** \_\_\_\_\_ a man  
**12** \_\_\_\_\_ a gun against his head  
 Pulled **13** \_\_\_\_\_ trigger, now he's dead  
 Mama, **14** \_\_\_\_\_ had just **15** \_\_\_\_\_  
  
 But now I've gone and thrown it all **16** \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mama, oooh  
 Didn't mean to **17** \_\_\_\_\_ you cry  
**18** \_\_\_\_\_ I'm not back **19** \_\_\_\_\_ this time  
 tomorrow  
 Carry on, carry on, as if **20** \_\_\_\_\_ really matters  
 Too **21** \_\_\_\_\_, my time has come  
 Sends shivers down my **22** \_\_\_\_\_  
 Body's **23** \_\_\_\_\_ all the time  
 Goodbye **24** \_\_\_\_\_ I've got **25** \_\_\_\_\_ go  
 Gotta **26** \_\_\_\_\_ you all **27** \_\_\_\_\_ and face the  
**28** \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mama, oooh (anyway the wind blows)  
 I don't **29** \_\_\_\_\_ die  
 I **30** \_\_\_\_\_ wish I'd never been born at all

\_\_\_\_\_He's just a poor boy from a poor family Spare him his life from this monstrosity.

\_\_\_\_\_Scaramouch, scaramouch will you do the fandango

\_\_\_\_\_Gallileo, Gallileo, Gallileo, Gallileo, Gallileo Figaro - magnifico

\_\_\_\_\_I'm just a poor boy and nobody loves me

\_\_\_\_\_I see a little silhouette of a man

\_\_\_\_\_Easy come easy go will you let me go

\_\_\_\_\_Thunderbolt and lightning very very frightening me

***Bismillah! No we will not let you go - let him go x3***

***Will not let you go let me go (never) x3***

***No, no, no, no, no, no, no***

***Oh mama mia, mama mia, mama mia let me go***

***Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me, for me, for me***

\_\_\_\_\_So you think you can stop me and spit in my eye

\_\_\_\_\_Nothing really matters, nothing really matters to me

\_\_\_\_\_Ooh yeah, ooh yeah

\_\_\_\_\_Just gotta get out just gotta get right outta here

\_\_\_\_\_Nothing really matters, anyone can see

\_\_\_\_\_So you think you can love me and leave me to die

\_\_\_\_\_Anyway the wind blows

\_\_\_\_\_Oh baby can't do this to me baby