"Bohemian Rhapsody"

Is this the real life?
Is this just fantasy?
Caught in a
No escape from reality

Open your eyes
Look up to the skies and see
I'm just a poor boy, I need no
Because I'm easy come, easy go
Little high, little low
Any way the wind
Doesn't really matter to me, to me

Mama, just killed a man
Put a gun against his head
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

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

Mama, ooh (Any way the wind blows)
I don't wanna die
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 frightening me
(Galileo) Galileo
(Galileo) Galileo
Galileo Figaro
Magnifico-o-o-o-o

I'm just a poor boy, nobody loves me

LIVEWORKSHEETS