

Bohemian Rhapsody

Music by Freddie Mercury

G⁶ A⁷ G⁶ A⁷ D⁷ Am⁷ D⁷ G Am⁷ G

Slowly

Is this the real life? Is this just fanta-sy? Caught in a land-slide. No es - cape from re - al-i-ty.

Em G⁷ C Am D⁷

Open your eyes. Look up to the skies and see. I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy. Because I'm

G# G F# G G# G F# G C G A#dim D

eas-y come, eas-y go. Lit-tle high, lit-tle low. An-y way the wind blows does-n't real-ly mat-ters to

D G G Em Am

me, to_ me. Ma-ma_ just killed a man. Put a gun a-against his head, pulled my Too late,_ my time has come. Sends shivers down my spine, bod - y's

D G Em Am⁷ G#aug C

trig-ger, now he's dead. Ma-ma,_ life had just be-gun. But now I've gone and thrown it all a-ach-ing all the time. Good-bye,_ I've got to go. Gotta leave you all be - hind and face the

D Dm C G Am Dm G

way. Mama,_ ooh.____ Didn't mean to make you cry. If I'm not back a - gain this time to-truth. Mama,_ ooh.____ I don't want to die. I sometimes wish I'd never been born at

1 C G Am Fm C FC Cdim Dm⁷ G 2 C G

morrow, carry on, carry on as if nothing really matters... all.

L'istesso tempo e=q

Am Dm G⁷ C Em Am Dm Bb Bb Gm F# B F# F#dim F#

I see a lit-tle silhou-

2 B F# F#dim F# B F# B F# F#dim F# B F# Bb F

46

et-to of a man. Scaramouche. Scaramouche, will you do the Fan fan-go. Thunderbolt and lightning,

A C# F#

50

very very fright-ning me. Galli - le-o. Galli - le-o, Galli-le-o fig-a - ro Magni-fi-

G# G F# G G# G F# G F C Cdim C

55

co. I'm just a poor boy and no-bod-y loves me. He's just a poor boy

F C Cdim C F C D G F C D#dim Dm7 G# G F# G

59

from a poor fam-i - ly. Spare him his life from this mon-strosi - ty. Eas - y come, easy go,

G# G F# G C G# C G C

64

will you let me go. Bis-mim-lah! No, we will not let you go. Bis-mil-lah! We will not let you go.

G Eb7

69

Bis-mil-lah! We will not let you go. Will not let you go. Will not let you go. Ah._____

G#m F# B Bb Eb G C C G C F B Em G

74

No, no, no, no, no, no, no. Mama mi-a let me go. Be - el - zebub has a devil put aside for me, for

C D7 G7 C G C

81

me, for me. So you think you can stone me and spit in my

90 G B \flat G⁷ C G C F Dm G 3

eye. So you think you can love me and leave me to die. Oh. ba - by,

97 Dm G Dm⁷ G Dm⁷ G C G⁷

can't do this to me, ba - by. Just gotta get out, just gotta get right outta here.

105 C G Am E Am E⁷ Am G⁷ C B Em F C Am Em Am Em Am Fm

Slowly, a tempo

Nothing really matters. Anyone can see. Nothing really matters.

113 G¹¹ C F C Cdim G Gm A⁷ A⁷ DG D Fdim Em⁷ D

Nothing really matters to me. An - y way the wind blows.