

# Bohemian Rhapsody

Music by Freddie Mercury

$C^6$ 
 $D^7$ 
 $C^6$ 
 $D^7$ 
 $G^7$ 
 $Dm^7$ 
 $G^7$ 
 $C$ 
 $Dm^7$ 
 $C$

Slowly

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

$Am$ 
 $C^7$ 
 $F$ 
 $Dm$ 
 $G^7$

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

$C^\#$ 
 $C$ 
 $B$ 
 $C$ 
 $C^\#$ 
 $C$ 
 $B$ 
 $C$ 
 $F$ 
 $C$ 
 $D^\#\dim$ 
 $G$ 
 $G$

easy come, easy go. Little high, little low. Any way the wind blows doesn't really mat-ters to me, to\_

$C$ 
 $C$ 
 $Am$ 
 $Dm$ 
 $G$

me. Ma-ma\_ just killed a man. Put a gun a-against his head, pulled my trigger, now he's dead. Too late,\_ my time has come. Sends. shivers down my spine, bod - y's ach-ing all the time.

$C$ 
 $Am$ 
 $Dm^7$ 
 $C^\#\aug$ 
 $F$ 
 $G$ 
 $GmF$ 
 $C$ 
 $Dm$

Ma-ma,\_ life had just be-gun. But now I've gone and thrown it all a - way. Mama,\_ ooh.\_\_\_\_ Didn't Goodbye,\_ I've got to go. Gotta leave you all be - hind and face the truth. Mama,\_ ooh.\_\_\_\_

$Gm$ 
 $C$ 
 $F$ 
 $C$ 
 $Dm$ 
 $B^\#m$

mean to make you cry. If I'm not back a - gain this time to-morrow, carry on, carry on as if nothing really I don't want to die. I sometimes wish I'd never been born at

$F$ 
 $B^\#F$ 
 $Fdim$ 
 $Gm^7$ 
 $C$ 
 $F$ 
 $C$ 
 $Dm$ 
 $Gm$ 
 $C^7$ 
 $F$ 
 $Am$ 
 $Dm$ 
 $Gm$ 
 $E^\flat$ 
 $E^\flat$ 
 $Cm$ 
 $B$

$E$ 
 $B$ 
 $Bdim$ 
 $B$ 
 $E$ 
 $B$ 
 $Bdim$ 
 $B$ 
 $E$ 
 $B$ 
 $E$ 
 $B$ 
 $Bdim$ 
 $B$ 
 $E$ 
 $B$

matters...  
 all.  
 I see a little silhou-et-to of a man. Scar a mouche. Scar a mouche, will you do the Fan-fan-go.

2 Eb Bb D F# B

49

Thunderbolt and lightning, very very fright'ning me. Galli - le-o. Galli - le-o, Galli-le-o fig-a-

C# C B C C# C B C Bb F Fdim F

54

ro Magni-fi - co. I'm just a poor boy and no-body loves me. He's just a poor boy

Bb F Fdim F Bb F G C Bb F G#dim Gm7 C# C B C

59

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

C# C B C F C# F C F

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.

C Ab7

69

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

C#mB E Eb Ab C F F C F Bb E Am C

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

F G7 C7 F C F

81

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

C Eb C7 F C F Bb Gm C

90

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

97 Gm C Gm<sup>7</sup> C Gm<sup>7</sup> C F C<sup>7</sup> 3

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

105 F C Dm A Dm A<sup>7</sup> Dm C<sup>7</sup> F E Am B $\flat$  F Dm Am Dm Am Dm B $\flat$ m

Slowly, a tempo

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

113 C<sup>11</sup> F B $\flat$  F Fdim C C<sup>7-9</sup> Cm D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G C G B $\flat$ dim Am<sup>7</sup> G

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