

Queen - Bohemian Rhapsody

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Tom: G
                                                               if I'm not back again this time
                                                                   D A
                                                               tomorrow,Carry on, carry on
Is this the real life?
                                                              as if nothing really matters.
Is this just fantasy?
Caught in a landslide
                                                              Too late,
                                                                 Gbm
No escape from reality.
                                                              my time has come
                                                              Sends shivers down my spine,
Open your eyes
                                                               body's achin' all the time,
Look up to the skies and see
                                                              Goodbye everybody,
I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy
                                                                  Gbm
                                                               I've got to go,
           Bb A Ab A Bb
Because it easy come, easy go, little high, little low
                                                                                   n
                                                               Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth.
Any way the wind blows, doesn't realy matter to me
                                                                  Bm
                                                              Mama, Ooooh ...
                                                                Em
Mama, just killed a man
                                                               I don't want to die,
     Bm
put a gun against his head,
                                                               I sometimes wish I'd never been
            Bm7
pulled my trigger, now he's dead
                                                               born at all.
              Gbm
Mama life had just begun,
                                                               (deixe as notas soarem)
                     Bm7
but now I've gone and thrown it
                                                                    Bm
                                                              Mama, Ooooh ...
    F7
all away
                                                               I don't want to die,
Mama, Ooooh ...
                                                               I sometimes wish I'd never been
      Fm
didn't mean to make you cry,
                                                              born at all.
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Acordes

