## **Bohemian Rhapsody**

## INTRO:

Bb Bb C7 C7 Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy? Cm7 F7 Cm7 Bb F7 Bb Caught in a land-slide no escape from reali—ty Gm Bb7 Eb Open your eyes look up to the skies and see, Cm F7 I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy because I'm Bb Α Bb B Bb B Bb Α easy come, easy go, little high, little low, Eb Bb Db F Bb Any way the wind blows doesn't really matter to me, to me.

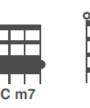
## VERSE:

Bb Gm Cm Mama, just killed a man, put a gun against his head, Pulled my trigger, now he's dead. Gm Cm7 Bb Mama, life had just begun, but now I've gone and Eb F B Fm thrown it all away. Eb Bb Cm Fm didn't mean to make you cry, Mama, ooh Bb Eb Bb Cm If I'm not back again this time tomorrow, carry on, carry on Abm Eb Ab Eb Eb Fm7 Bb as if nothing really matters.









Gm



Db















