Bohemian Rhapsody by Queen

Thunderbolt and lightning, very very frightening me

Fill in the gaps

| Is (1) the real life? | | Galileo - Galileo | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|---|-------------------------|----------|
| Is this just fantasy? | | Galileo - Galileo | | |
| Caught in a landslide, | | Galileo - Figaro | | |
| No escape from reality. | | Magnifico - ooh, ooh, ooh! | | |
| Open your eyes, | | I'm just a poor boy, nobody (5) me | | |
| Look up to the skies and see. | | He's (6) | _ a poor boy from a (7) | _ family |
| I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy | | Spare him his life from this monstrosity | | |
| Because I'm easy come, easy go, little high, little low, | | Easy come, easy go, | | |
| Any way the (2) | _ blows, doesn't really matter to me, | Will you let me go? | | |
| To me | | Bismillah! No! We will not let you go! - Let him go! | | |
| Mama, just killed a man, | | Bismillah! We (8) not let you go! - Let him go! | | |
| Put a gun against his head, | | Bismillah! We will not let you go! - Let me go! | | |
| Pulled my trigger, now he's dead | | Will not let you go! - Let me go! | | |
| Mama, (3) had just begun, | | Will not let you go! - Let me go, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh! | | |
| But now I've gone and thrown it all away | | No, no, no, no, no, no! | | |
| Mama, ooh, | | Mama Mia, Mama Mia, Mama Mia, let me go | | |
| Didn't mean to make you cry. | | Beelzebub has a | (9) put (10) | for |
| If I'm not back again this time tomorrow, | | me, for me, for me! | | |
| Carry on, carry on, as if nothing really matters. | | So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye? | | |
| Too late, my time has come, | | So you think you can love me and leave me to die? | | |
| Sends (4) | down my spine | Ooh baby, can't do this to me baby | | |
| Body's aching all the time, | | Just gotta get out, just gotta get right out of here | | |
| Goodbye everybody, I've got to go | | Ooh yeah | | |
| Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth | | Ooh yeah | | |
| Mama, ooh, (any way the wind blows) | | Nothing really matters, | | |
| I don't want to die, | | Anyone can see, | | |
| I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all | | Nothing really matters, | | |
| I see a little silhouetto of a man, | | Nothing really matters to me | | |
| Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the Fandango? | | Any way the wind blows | | |



- 1. this
- 2. wind
- 3. life
- 4. shivers
- 5. loves
- 6. just
- 7. poor
- 8. will
- 9. devil
- 10. aside

Fill in the gaps