Bohemian Rhapsody

Freddie Mercury

Alto Saxophone

Slowly

C6

Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?

G7 Dm7 G7 C Dm C Am

Caught in a landslide. No escape from reality. Open your eyes. Look

C7 F Dm

up to the skies and see. I'm just a poor boy,

G7 C# C B C

I need no sympathy. Because I'm easy come, easy go.

C# C B C F C Ddim G G

Little high, little low. Any way the wind blows doesn't really matter to me, to

C C Am

me. Mama just killed a man. Put a

Dm G C

gun against his head, pulled my trigger, now he's dead. Mama, life had

Am Dm7 C# F G Gm

just begun. But now I've gone and thrown it all away.

F C Dm Gm

Mama, ooh. Didn't mean to make you cry. If

Mama, ooh. I don't want to die. I
I'm not back again this time to-morrow, carry on, carry
sometimes wish I'd never been born at

on as if nothing really matters.

I see a little silhouette of a man. Scar-a-

very very fright'ning me. Gal-li-le-o. Gal-li-le-o, Gal-li-le-o fig-a-

ro Magnifico. I'm just a poor boy and

no-body loves me. He's just a poor boy from a poor fam-

Spare him his life from this mon-stros-i-ty. Eas-y come, eas-y go.

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

will not let you go. Bis-mil-lah! We will not let you go.
A. Sax.

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Will not let you go.} & \quad \text{Will not let you go.} \\
\text{Ah.} & \quad \text{No, no, no, no, no.}
\end{align*} \]

A. Sax.

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Ma-ma mi-a let me go. Be - el - ze-bub has a} \\
\text{dev - il put a-side for me, for me, for me.}
\end{align*} \]

A. Sax.

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye.}
\end{align*} \]

A. Sax.

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{So you think you can love me and leave me to die. Oh. ba - by.}
\end{align*} \]

A. Sax.

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{can't do this to me, ba - by. Just got - ta get out, just got - ta get right out - ta}
\end{align*} \]

A. Sax.

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{here} & \quad \text{Noth-ing real-ly mat-ters.}
\end{align*} \]

A. Sax.

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{An-y-one can see. Noth-ing real-ly mat-ters. Noth-ing real-ly mat-ters to me.}
\end{align*} \]

A. Sax.