

Is this the real life?

Is this just fantasy?

Caught in a landslide,

No escape from reality

Open your eyes,

Look up to the skies and see,

I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy,

Because I'm easy come, easy go,

Little high, little low,

Any way the wind blows doesn't really matter to

Me, to me

Mamaaa,

Just killed a man,

Put a gun against his head, pulled my trigger,

Now he's dead

Mamaaa, life had just begun,

But now I've gone and thrown it all away

Mama, oooh,

Didn't mean to make you cry,

If I'm not back again this time tomorrow,

Carry on, carry on as if nothing really matters

Too late, my time has come,

Sends shivers down my spine, body's aching all

The time

Goodbye, everybody, I've got to go,

Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth

Mama, oooh

I don't want to die,

I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all.

I see a little silhouette of a man,
Scaramouch, Scaramouch, will you do the Fandango!
Thunderbolts and lightning, very, very frightening me

Galileo, Galileo

Galileo, Galileo

Galileo, Figaro - magnifico

I'm just a poor boy nobody loves me

He's just a poor boy from a poor family,

Spare him his life from this monstrosity

Easy come, easy go, will you let me go

Bismillah! No, we will not let you go

(Let him go!) Bismillah! We will not let you go

(Let him go!) Bismillah! We will not let you go

(Let me go) Will not let you go

(Let me go) (Never) Never let you go

(Let me go) (Never) let you go (Let me go) Ah

No, no, no, no, no, no, no

Oh mama mia, mama mia, mama mia, let me go

Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me, for me,

For meee

So you think you can stop me and spit in my eye

So you think you can love me and leave me to die

Oh, baby, can't do this to me, baby,

Just gotta get out, just gotta get right outta here

Nothing really matters, Anyone can see,

Nothing really matters,

Nothing really matters to me

Any way the wind blows...