WE WILL ROCK YOU

Words and Music
by BRIAN MAY

**Moderato**

Repeat 4 time
Cla Hand

1. Buddy you're a boy make a big noise playin' in the

street gonna be a big man some day you got mud on yo' face you big disgrace

kickin' your can all over the place singin' We will we will

rock you we will we will you you.
we will you.
we will you.
we will you.
we will you.
we will you.
we will you.
we will you.
we will you.
we will you.
we will you.
WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS

Words
by FREDDIE MERCURY

Moderately Slow

\[ \begin{align*}
I've \text{ paid my dues,} & \quad \text{and my curtain} \\
& \quad \text{time after time,}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
bows & \quad \text{calls.}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
I've \text{ done my} & \quad \text{You brought me}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
sentence & \quad \text{but committed no}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
fame \quad \text{goes} & \quad \text{with it,}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{and fortune and every thing that} & \quad \text{I thank you}
\end{align*} \]
I've had my share of sand-kicked in my
consider it a challenge before the whole human
face but I've come through. And I need to go
race and I ain't gonna lose.

on, and on, and on, and on.

We are the champions my friend.
And we'll keep on fighting till the end.
We are the champions.

We are the champions. No time for losers 'cause
we are the champions

of the world.

I've taken my

of the champions.
KILLER QUEEN
Words and Music by
FREDDIE MERCURY

Medium rock

She keeps Moët and Chandon void complications, she

in her pretty cabinet, "Let them eat cake," says.
never kert the same address. In conversation she

Just like Marie Antoinette. A built-in remedy for
spoke just like a baroness. Met a man from China, went
Khrushchev and Kennedy, and any time an invitation
down to Geisha Minah, Then again incidentally if you're
you can decline.
that way inclined.
Perfume came Caviar and cigarettes.
naturally from Paris, for
well versed in etiquette, extraordinarily nice She's a
cars she couldn't care less, fastidious and precise.
Killer Queen, gun powder, gelatine, dynamite with a laser beam,
guaranteed to blow your mind, any time, ooh.
Recommended at the price, insatiable appetite.
Drop of a hat she's as willing as playful as a pussy-cat, Then momentarily out of action, temporarily out of gas; To absolutely drive you
wild, wild.
She's a

what a drag.

Repeat ad lib. for fade
I'd sit alone and gave them all, those
watch the shows, we

watch your light, old-
watch the stars, my on-

through wars of worlds, on vid-

for

teen-age nights. And ev-
veded by Mars. You made 'em laugh;
hours and hours. We hard-

ly need you to
had to know, I heard it on my
made 'em cry. You made us feel like
use our ears. How music changes

radio.

You we could fly.

through the years

So don't become some
Let's hope you never
background noise, a backdrop for the leave, old friend. Like all good things, on

girls and boys who just don't know or just don't care, and you we depend. So stick around, 'cause we might miss you when

just complain when you're not there. You had your time; you we grow tired of all this visual.
had your pow'r. You've yet to have your finest hour.

Radio
All we hear is

radio ga ga radio goo goo, radio ga ga.
All we hear is radio, radio, radio, radio, blah, blah.

Radio, what's new? Radio, someone

still loves you.
We

Coda

Dm

C

C\,sус2

C

Some - one

still

loves

F

D.S. \( \times \) (instrumental) and fade

you.
SAVE ME
Words and Music
by BRIAN MAY

Slowly

G

D/F#

Em7

G

It started off so well, they said we
slate will soon be clean I'll e-

C

Am

C

D

made a perfect pair raise the memories, I clothed myself in your glori-

G

C

G

D

y and your love, how I loved you, how I cried. The
bo-dy new, was it all wasted all that love?

The
years of care and loyalty were nothing but a sham, it
hang my head and I advertise a soul for sale or

seems The yours be lie we lived a lie I'll love
rent I have no heart I'm cold inside, I have
night I cry, I still believe the lie. I'll love

you 'til I die. Save me, save me,
you real intent.
you 'til I die.
Save me, I can't face this life alone.

Save me, save me, save me. I'm naked and I'm far from home.

1. D
2. Am

[D.8 al Coda]

2. The home.
let me face my life alone.
Save me, save me,

oh.
I'm naked and I'm far from home.

Fine
BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY
Words and Music
by FREDDIE MERCURY

Slowly

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,
tome.

1. Mama
2. Too late,
just

Killed a man,
time has come
Put a gun against his head, pulled my

Sends shivers down my spine, bod-y's
trigger, now he's dead.  
ach-ing all the time.  
Mama,  
Good-bye, ev'-ru-bod-y, life had I've

just be-gun,  
got to go,  
But now I've gone and thrown it all a-
Gotta leave you all behind and face the

way.  
truth.  
Mama,  
Mama.  
ooh.  
Ooh  
Did-n't
mean to make you cry, if I don't want to die,

I'm not back again this time to

sometimes wish I'd never been born at

morrow, carry on, carry on, as if nothing really matters.
I see a little silhouette of a man. Scaramouche. Scaramouche, will you do the Fandango.
Chorus: Thunderbold and lightning, very, very fright'ning


ro Magnifi-co. I'm just a poor boy and

no-bod-y loves-me. He's just a poor boy from a poor fam-i-ly.
Spare him his life from this monstrosity.

Chorus:
Eas-y come, eas-y go, will you let me go. Bis-mil-lah! No, we

No, no, no, no, mi Let him go! Bis-mil-lah! We will not let you go. Let me go.

Bis-mil-lah! We will not let you go. Let me go.
will not let you go. Let me go. Ah.

No, no, no, no,

ño, no, no. Oh ma-ma mi-a ma-ma mi-a. Ma-ma mi a, let me go. Be-

el-ze-bub has a devil put aside for me. for

me.
So you think you can stone 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.