contents

Death On Two Legs (Dedicated to..... 8
Lazing On A Sunday Afternoon 14
I'm In Love With My Car 16
You're My Best Friend 20
'39 24
Sweet Lady 28
Seaside Rendezvous 34
The Prophet's Song 38
Love Of My Life 44
Good Company 48
Bohemian Rhapsody 55

lyrics appear on pages 32, 33 & 54
FREDDIE MERCURY, lead vocals, occasional keyboards; composer and lyricist. Born September 5, 1946, in Zanzibar, educated in India. Freddie studied at Ealing School of Art and became a graphic designer and illustrator before forming Queen with Roger and Brian.
ROGER TAYLOR, drums, vocals; composer and lyricist. Born in Norfolk, Roger is 24 and a Leo. Studying at Dental College in London, he hated the routine and turned to music instead. Roger has played drums since the age of 12. Meeting Freddie Mercury while working in a clothing store, and Brian May while playing with Smile, Roger is a founding member of Queen.
BRIAN MAY, guitar, vocals; composer and lyricist. 24 and a Cancer, Brian has a B.Sc. in Physics and taught at a comprehensive school prior to Queen. He was also an astronomer for four years. Brian built his guitar with wood taken from a century-old fireplace. May first met Roger in Smile, in 1968, setting the stage for Queen's later formation.
Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

With a beat

Bm

Bm

G

F#

You suck my blood like a leech, You break the law and you breach. Screw my brain till it hurts... You've tak - en
you want more.

With your pig-headed rules,

With your narrow-minded cronies who are

guided old mule

fools of the first division.

Death On Two Legs.

You're tearing me apart.

Death On Two Legs.
You've never had a heart of your own.

Kill joy, Bad guy, Big talking. Small fry. You're just an old bar-row-boy. Have you found a new toy to replace me? Can you face me? But now you can kiss my ass good-bye. Feel good, Are you satisfied? Do you
Em Bm

feel like suicide? Is your conscience all right, Does it

(Spoken: I think you should)

D F#7

No chord

plague you at night? Do you feel good, feel good? You talk like a big

Bm

business tycoon, You're just a hot air balloon. So no one gives you a damn, You're just an

Gm F#

o-ver-grown school-boy. Let me tan your hide.

A
Dog with disease, you're the king of the "sleaze." Put your money where your mouth is, Mr. Deed.

Know all, was the fin on your back, part of the deal? (Shark!)

Death on two legs, you're tearing me apart.

Death on two legs, you've never had a
(You never did) of your own. Insane, you should be put

inside, You're a sewer rat decaying in a

cess-pool of pride. Should be made unemployed, then make your-

self null and void. Make me feel good, I feel good.
Lazing On A Sunday Afternoon

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

Moderately, with a \( \frac{3}{4} \) feel

I go out to work on Monday morning,

Tuesday I go off to honey-moon.

I'll be back again before it's time for sunny-down.

I'll be Laz-ing On A Sun-day Af-ter-noon.

Bicycle on ev'-ry Wednes-day even-ing,

Thursday I go waltz-ing to the
I come from London town, I'm just an ordinary guy,

Fridays I go painting in the Louvre. I'm bound to be proposing on a

Saturday night, I'll be lazing on a Sunday, lazing on a Sunday,

Lazing On A Sunday Afternoon.
Im In Love With My Car

Words and Music by ROGER MEADOWS-TAYLOR

Slowly (in 2)

The machine of a dream.

Such a clean machine,

With the pistons a-pumpin',

And the hub-caps all gleam.

When I'm holding your wheel,
All I hear is your gear, When my hand's on your grease gun,

Oh, it's like a disease, son. I'm in love with my car,

Gotta feel for my automobile. Get a grip on my boy racer roll-bar,

Such a thrill when your radials squeal.
Told my girl I'll have to forget her,
Rather buy me a new carburetor,

So she made tracks sayin' this is the end now,
Cars don't talk back, they're just four-wheeled friends now.

When I'm holding your wheel,
All I hear is your gear,
When I'm cruisin' in overdrive,
Don't have to listen to no
run of the mill talk jive.
I'm In Love With My Car...

Got-ta feel for my au-to-mo-bile.
String back gloves in my au-to-mo-love.

Fade out

2378
You're My Best Friend

Words and Music by JOHN DEACON

With a beat

Dm7 (C bass)  C  (C bass)

1. Ooh, you make me live. Whatever this world can
   give to me. I got you, you're all I see.

2. Ooh, you make me live. Whenever this world is
cruel to me. You got you to help me forgive.

Dm7 (C bass)  C  Dm7 (C bass)  C

Ooh, you make me live now, honey. Ooh, you make me live.
Ooh, you're the best friend that I've ever had.
Ooh, you're the first one when things turn out bad.

You know I'll never be lonely, You're my sunshine.
I've been with you such a long time, You're my only one.

And I love the things, I really love you. Oh, you're my best friend.
Ooh, you make me live. Ooh, I've been wandering round. But I still come back to you.

In rain or shine you've stood by me, girl. I'm happy at home.

You're My Best Friend.
Bright Country beat

Words and Music by BRIAN MAY

1. In the year of Thirty-nine-
   as - sem - bled here the vol-un-teers,
   the vol-un-teers came assembled here the volunteers,
   In the days when

2. (In the) year of Thirty-nine-
   came a ship in from the blue,
   The vol-un-teers came

lands were few,
   Here the ship sailed out
   home that day,
   And they bring good news.

in - to the blue and sunny morn,
   The sweetest

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sight
heav-
ily
seen.
And the
night
fol-
lowed
day.

And the
story
tell-
ers
say
That the
score
brave
grey,
Lit-
tle
dar-
lin'
we'll
away.
But my
love,
this

That the
score
brave
grey,
Lit-
tle
dar-
lin'
we'll
away.
But my
love,
this

sailed a-
cross the
milky
seas,
though I'm
older
than
a
year,
Your
moth-
er's
eyes
nev-
er
feared,

neve-

2378
25
E

D

A

E

neve r
cry to
cried. 

Don't you

F

D

F

D

A

A

hear my
call
though you're man- 
years a-
way,-

Don't you

A

C#7

F#m

(E bass)

D

A

Bm

E

To Coda

E

hearme
call ing
you,

Write your

A

let ters in the sand for the day I take your hand, In the

2378

26
1. A
(C\#bass) D E A
land that our grand-
chil-
dren knew.

2. In the

2. A
(C\#bass) D E A
land that our grand-
chil-
dren knew.

Don't you

Coda E A C#7 F#m A (E bass) D A
All your let-
ters in the sand can-
not heal me like your

Bm F#m E A
hand, For my life still a-
head, Pit-
y me.

2378
Sweet Lady

Words and Music by BRIAN MAY

Rock Waltz

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1. You call me up and treat me like a dog.
2. (You) call me up and feed me all the lines.

You've called me up and tear me up inside.

You've got me on a lead.

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shout around. You don't believe that I'm alone.
hold me down, I'm just a fool to make you a home.

Ooh, you don't believe me. And you say:

Play 1st time only

Instrumental Solo

Sweet Lady. Sweet Lady.
Sweet Lady...

Stay sweet.

You say...

2. You

My Sweet
Lady, Though it seems like we wait forever.

Stay sweet, baby, Believe and we've got every thing we need.

Sweet Lady...
Death On Two Legs

Dedicated to......

Mercury
You suck my blood like a leech
You break the law and you breach
Screw my brain till it hurts
You've taken all my money - you still want more,

Misguided old mule
With your pigtweed rules
With your narrow-minded cronies who are fools of the first division -

Death on two legs -
You're tearing me apart,
Death on two legs
You never had a heart of your own -

Kill joy, Bad guy,
Big talking, Small fry
You're just an old borrow-boy
Have you found a new toy to replace me,
Can you face me -

But now you can kiss my ass goodbye
Feel good, are you satisfied
Do you feel like suicide (I think you should)
Is your conscience all right
Does it plague you at night,
Do you feel good - Feel good!

Talk like a big business tycoon,
But you're just a hot-air balloon,
So no one gives you a damn,
You're just an overgrown school-boy
Let me tan your hide.

A dog with disease,
King of the 'sleaze'
Put your money where your mouth is Mr. Know all,
Was the fin on your back part of the deal... (shank!)

Death on two legs
You're tearing me apart
Death on two legs -
You never had a heart of your own,
(You never did, right from the start)

Insane, you should be put inside,
You're a sewer-rot decaying in a cesspool of pride
Should be made unemployed
Then make yourself null-and-void,
Make me feel good
I feel good.

Lazing On A Sunday Afternoon

Mercury
I go out to work on Monday morning
Tuesday I go off to honeymoon
I'll be back again before it's time for sunny-down,
I'll be lazing on a Sunday Afternoon
Bicycling on every Wednesday evening
Thursday I go waltzing to the Zoo
I come from London town, I'm just an ordinary guy,
Fridays I go painting in the Louvre
I'm bound to be proposing on a Saturday night
(There she goes again)
I'll be lazing on a Sunday
Lazing on a Sunday
Lazing on a Sunday Afternoon.

I'm In Love With My Car

Taylor
(Dedicated to Johnathan Harris, boy racer to the end)
The machine of a dream, such a clean machine,
With the pistons a pumpin', and the hubcaps all gleam.
When I'm holding your wheel,
All I hear is your gear,
When my hands on your grease gun,
Oh it's like a disease san,
I'm in love with my car, gotta feel for my automobile,
Get a grip on my boy racer rollbar,
Such a thrill when your radials squeal.

Told my girl I just had to forget her,
Rusher buy me a new carburetor,
So she made tracks sayin' this is the end now,
Cars don't talk back they're just four wheeled friends now,

When I'm holding your wheel,
All I hear is your gear,
When I'm cruisin' in overdrive,
Don't have to listen to no run of the mill talk jive,

I'm in love with my car, gotta feel for my automobile,
I'm in love with my car, string back gloves in my automolove!

You're My Best Friend

Deacon
Ooo, you make me live
whatever this world can give to me
It's you, you're all I see
Ooo, you make me live now honey
Ooo, you make me live

You're the best friend
that I ever had
I've been with you such a long time
You're my sunshine
And I want you to know
That my feelings are true
I really love you
You're my best friend

Ooo, you make me live

I've been wandering round
But I still come back to you
In rain or shine
You've stood by me girl
I'm happy, happy at home
You're my best friend.

Ooo, you make me live

whenever this world is cruel to me
I got you, to help me forgive
Ooo, you make me live now honey
Ooo, you make me live.

You're the first one
When things turn out bad
You know I'll never be lonely
You're my only one
And I love
The things that you do
You're my best friend

Ooo, you make me live.

I'm happy, happy at home
You're my best friend
You're my best friend
Ooo, you make me live
You, you're my best friend.
**Love Of My Life**

Mercury

Love of my life – you’ve hurt me,
You’ve broken my heart and now you leave me,
Love of my life can’t you see,
Bring it back, bring it back,
Don’t take it away from me, because you don’t know –
what it means to me.

Love of my life don’t leave me,
You’ve taken my love, now desert me,
Love of my life can’t you see,
Bring it back, bring it back,
Don’t take it away from me because you don’t know –
what it means to me.

You won’t remember –
When this is blown over
And everything’s all by the way –
When I get older
I will be there at your side to remind you
how I still love you – still love you.

Back – hurry back,
Please bring it back home to me,
because you don’t know what it means to me –
Love of my life
Love of my life . . .

**Sweet Lady**

May

You call me up and treat me like a dog
You call me up and tear me up inside
You’ve got me on a lead
You bring me down
You shout around
You don’t believe that I’m alone.

Sweet Lady
Sweet Lady
Sweet Lady . . . Stay sweet.

You say
"You call me up and feed me all the lines
"You call me sweet like I’m some kind of cheese
"Waiting on the shelf
"You eat me up
"You hold me down
"I’m just a fool to make you a home

"And you say
"Sweet Lady
"Sweet Lady
"Sweet Lady . . . Stay sweet"

My Sweet lady
Though it seems like we wait forever
Stay sweet baby
Believe and we’ve got everything we need

**Good Company**

May

Take care of what you’ve got
My father said to me
As he puffed his pipe and Baby B.
He dandled on his knee
Don’t fool with fools who’ll turn away
Keep all Good Company
On Hao On Hao
Take care of those you call your own
And keep Good Company

Soon I grew and happy too
My very good friends and me
We’d play all day with Sally J.
The girl from number four
And very soon I begged her won’t you
Keep me Company
On Hao On Hao
Come marry me for evermore we’ll
Be Good Company.

Now marriage is an institution sure
My wife and I our needs and nothing more
All my friends by a year
By and by disappeared
But we’re safe enough behind our door.

I flourished in my humble trade
My reputation grew
The work devoured my waking hours
But when my time was through
Reward of all my efforts my own
Limited Company

I hardly noticed Sally as we
Parted Company
All through the years in the end it appears
There was never really anyone but me
Now I’m old I puff my pipe
But no – one’s there to see
I ponder on the lesson of
My life’s insanity
Take care of those you call your own
And Keep Good Company.

**Seaside Rendezvous**

Mercury

Seaside – whenever you stroll along with me
I’m merely contemplating what you feel inside
Meanwhile I ask you to be my Clementine –
You say you’d have to tell your daddy if you can –
I love you madly –
Let my imagination run away with you gladly –
A brand new angle – highly commendable –
Seaside Rendezvous –

I feel so romantic – can we do it again
Can we do it again sometime,
Fantastic, c’est la vie mesdames et messieurs,
And at the peak of the season,
The Mediterranean –
this time of year, it’s so fashionable,
I feel like dancing – in the rain,
All I need is a volunteer –
Dancing – what a damn jolly good idea –
it’s such a jollification – as a matter of fact,
so très charmant my dear –

Underneath the moonlight –
together we’ll sail across the sea –
reminiscing every night
Meantime – I ask you to be my valentine
You say you do if you did but you daresn’t
I’ll be your Valentine –
We’ll ride upon an omnibus and then the casino –
get a new facial – so sensational –
Seaside Rendezvous – so desirable –
Seaside Rendezvous –

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Seaside Rendezvous

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

Moderately bright

I'm merely contemplating what you feel inside.
Reminiscing every night.

1. Seaside, whenever you stroll along with me,
2. Instrumental Solo
   moonlight, together we'll sail across the sea,

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Meanwhile, I ask you to be my Clementine.

Mean time, I ask you to be my Valentine.

You say you will if you could, but you can't.

You say you'd have to tell your daddy if you can, I'll be your

love you madly, Let my imagination run away.

Valentine, We'll ride upon an omnibus and then

with you gladly. A brand new angle, highly commendable

the casino. Get a new facial, start a sensational
To Coda

Sea-side Rendez-vous.

2. (Sung:) I feel so romantic, Can we

Sea-side Rendez-vous.

do it again,

Can we do it again.__

Can I have a volunteer time.

(Ooh,)

[Just keep right on...]

Fantast-tic, c'est Danc-ing, what a

la vie, mes-dames et mes-sieurs.

And at the
damn jolly good idea.

It's such a

2378

36
peak of the season, as the Mediterranean so jollification, as a matter of fact so

très this time of year it's so fashionable.

So adorable. Seaside Rendezvous.

Ooh-hoo! Seaside Rendezvous. Give us a kiss!
The Prophet's Song

Words and Music by BRIAN MAY

Slowly

Oh, oh, people of the earth, Listen to the warning, The seer he said. Be-
Ah, ah, children of the land, Quick-en to the new life, Take my hand. You

I dreamed I saw on a moon-lit stair
He told of death as a bone white haze

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Spreading his hands on the multitude there.

Taking the lost and the unloved babe.

Late, too late all the wretches run, These

ice cold hearts of charity bare.

kings of beasts now counting their days.

I watched as fear took the old man's gaze, From mother's love is the son estranged,

Hopes of the young in troubled graves. "I see no day," I heard him say. So

Married his own, his precious gain. The earth will shake, in two will break, And

grey is the face of every mortal. Oh, people of the earth!

dead all around will be our dowry. Oh, people of the earth!
"Listen to the warning," the Prophet he said, For soon the cold of night will fall.

Those who hear and mark my words,

Summoned by your own hand...

Listen to the good plan...

Oh,

And two by two my human zoo, They'll be running for to come, running for to come, out of the rain.

Oh,

Flee for your life,
who heed me not, let all your treasure make you.

Fear for your life, deceive you not, the fires of hell will take you, should death await you.

Ah, people, can you hear me? People, can you hear me? People, can you hear me?
And now I know, and now I know, and now I know, and now I know, and now I know that you can hear me. And

now I know, and now I know. God gave you grace to purge this place, And

peace all around may be your fortune. Ah, children of the land

Love is still the answer, take my hand, The vision fades, a voice I hear:
"Listen to the Mad-man!"

But still I fear and still I dare not

laugh at the Mad-man!

Fade out
Love Of My Life

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

Moderately slow

C

Am

Dm

G7

C

C7

F

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back, bring it back, don't take it away from me because you don't know what it means to me.

Instrumental Solo

me.

Instrumental Solo
Am
You'll remember when this is blown over and

Bb
everything's all by the way. When I grow older,

Am
I will be there at your side to remind you how I still love you,

C
I still love you.

Instrumental Solo
Back, hurry back, Please bring it back home_ to me be-cause you don’t

Know_ what it means to me. Love Of My Life._

Poco a poco ritard.

Love Of My Life._ Ooh, ooh, ooh.
Good Company

Words and Music by BRIAN MAY

Moderately bright

Take good care of what you've got, my father said to me,

Soon I grew and happy too, my very good friends and me,

As he puffed his pipe and Baby B., he

We'd play all day with Sally J.,

Don't fool with fools who'll

And very soon I

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Keep all Good Company.
We'll be Good Company.

Take Care of those you call your own.
And keep Good Company.

Marry me forever more.
We'll be Good Company.
marriage is an institution sure,
wife and I, our needs and nothing more.
friends by a year By and by disappeared... But we're
safe enough behind our door.

flourished in my humble trade, my reputation grew.

work devoured my waking hours, but when my time was through, reward of all my efforts my own Limited Company.
All through the years, in the

I hardly noticed Sally as we parted company.

All through the years, in the
end it appears There was never really anyone but me.

a tempo (as before)

Now I'm old I puff my pipe, but no one's there to see. I ponder on the lesson of my life's insanity. Take care of those you call your own, And keep Good Company.
Bohemian Rhapsody

Mercury
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, need no sympathy -
Because I'm easy come, easy go,
A little high, little low,
Anyway the wind blows, doesn't really matter to me,

Mama, just killed a man,
Put a gun against his head,
Pulled my trigger, now he's dead,
Mama, life had just begun,
But now it's gone and it's all away -
Mama, ooo -
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, ooo -
I don't want to die,
Sometimes wish I'd never been born at all -

I see a little silhouetto of a man,
Scaramouch, scaramouch will you do the Fandango -
Thunderbolt and lightning - very very frightening me -
Gallileo, Gallileo,
Gallileo, Gallileo
Gallileo Figaro - Magnifico -
But he's just a poor boy and 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 him go -
Will not let you go - let me go -
Will not let you go - let me go -
No, no, no, no, no, no -
Mama mia, mama mia, mama mia let me go -
Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me, 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,
Anyway the wind blows . . .

The Prophets Song

The Volunteers came home that day
And they bring good news of a world so newly born
Though their hearts so heavily weigh
For the earth is old and grey, to a new home we'll away
But my love this cannot be
For so many years love have gone though I'm older but a year
Your mother's eyes in your eyes cry to me.

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you
Write your letters in the sand
For the day I take your hand
In the land that our grandchildren knew.

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Bohemian Rhapsody

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

Slowly

Bb\6 Cm7 Bb Gm Bb7

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

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

Eas - y come, eas - y go. Lit - tle high, lit - tle low. An - y way the wind blows
1. Mama, just killed a man, Put a gun against his head, pulled my
2. Too late, my time has come, Sends shivers down my spine, body's

trigger, now he's dead. Mama, Good-bye, every-body, life had just begun, But
tching all the time. Mama, I've got to go, had to

now I've gone and thrown it all away. Mama, I leave you all behind and face the truth.

Ma-ma, ooh,
Ma-ma, ooh,
Did—n’t mean to make you cry,
I don’t want to die,
If I’m not back a—gain this time to—
mor—row, car—ry on, car—ry on as if noth—ing rea—lly mat—ters._

all.

Instrumental Solo
I see a little silhouette of a man, Scar-a-

mouche, Scar-a-mouche, will you do the Fan-dan-go. Thun-der-bolt and light-ning, ver-y, ver-y fright-ning
No chord


ro Mag - ni - fi - co. Solo: I'm just a poor boy and

(let ring----) mf

no - bod - y loves me. Chorus: He's just a poor boy from a poor fam - i - ly,

Spare him his life from this mon - stros - i - ty.
Solo: Easy come, easy go, will you let me go, Bis - mil - lah! Chorus: No, we
will not let you go. Let him go! Bis - mil - lah! We will not let you go. Let him go!
Bis - mil - lah! We will not let you go. Let me go. Will not let you go. Let me go.
No, no, no, no,
So you think you can stone me and spit in my
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.

Instrumental Solo poco a poco ritard. e dim.
Slowly, a tempo

Gm

"Nothing really matters, anyone can see, nothing really matters,"

Eb

Bb

F

"Nothing really matters to me."

F

Cm

Gm

Cm

G7

Cm

Bb7

Eb

D

Gm

Ab

F

Cm

Gm

Cm

Gm

Cm

Ab m

4 fr.

Bb11

Bb

(Bb bass)

Eb

(Eb bass)

Ab

Eb

Eb dim

(Bb bass)

Bb

(Bb bass)

Gm7

F

C7

C7-9

C7

F

Bb

F

Ab dim

An - y way the wind blows.

poco a poco ritard. e dim.

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