WE WILL ROCK YOU
Words and Music
by BRIAN MAY

Moderato
Repeat 4 time
Clap Hand

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

mf

street gon-na be a big man some day you got mud on yo' face you big dis-grace

kick in' your can all over the place sing-in' We will we will

C

1, 2. C

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

Words
by FREDDIE MERCURY

Moderately Slow

I've paid my dues,
bows time after
time, calls.
I've done my
You brought me

fame and fortune and ev'rything that goes but committed no

I thank you
crime.  
all. 

But it's been no bed of roses.

takes,  
es.  

I've made a few no pleasure cruise.

I've had my share of sand-kicked in my

I 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 Mo - et and Chan - don void com - pli - ca - tions, she

in her pret - ty cab - i - net, "Let them eat cake," says. nev - er kert the same ad - dress. In con - ver - sa - tion she

Just like Ma - rie An - toin-et - te. A built - in - rem - e - dy for
spoke just like a bar - on - ess. Met a man from Chi - na, - went
Khrushchev and Kennedy, and any time an invitation
down to Geisha Minna, Then again incidentally if you're

you can decline. that way inclined. Per-fume came Cav-i-ar and cig-a-rettes.

well versed in et-i-quette, ex-tror-di-nar-i-ly nice She's a
cars she could-n't care less. fas-tid-jous and pre-cise.
Kill-er Queen, gun pow-der, gel-a-tine, du-na-mite with a la-ser beam,
guar-an-teed to blow your mind, an-y-time, ooh.

Recom-mend-ed at the price, in-sat-ta-ble an ap-pe-tite.
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
She's a wild, wild, 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-time stars, watch the stars, my only friend through wars of worlds, on videos in for teen-age nights. And ev'rything you made 'em laugh; we hardly need to
had to know, made 'em cry. 
made use of our ears. 
I heard it on my
You made us feel like
How music changes

1. B♭ F 
   radio. You we could fly.

2. B♭ F 
   through the years

Gm/F F F 
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, radio, radio.

Radio, what's new? Radio, someone

still loves you.
We

\[\text{Coda} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Csus2} \quad \text{C} \]

Someone still loves

\[\text{F} \]

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

you.
SAVE ME
Words and Music
by BRIAN MAY

Slowly

G

D/F#

Em7

G

1. It started off so well, they said we
satan will soon be clean

C

Am

C

D

made a perfect pair
raise the memories,

G

C

G

D

y and your love, how I loved you, how I cried.

The body new, was it all wasted all that love?

To start again with some
years of care and loyalty were nothing but a sham, it seems

hang my head and I advertise a soul for sale or rent

The yours believe we lived a lie I'll love

I have no heart I'm cold inside, I have

night I cry, I still believe the lie. I'll love

G C G Chorus

you 'til I die. Save me, save me,

no 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. 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.
BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY
Words and Music
by FREDDIE MERCURY

Slowly

\( Bb6 \) \( C7 \) \( Bb6 \) \( C7 \)

\( mf \) Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?

\( F7 \) \( Cm7 \) \( F7 \)

Caught in a landslide, No escape from reality.

\( Gm \)

\( Bb7 \) \( Eb \)

O - pen your eyes. Look up to the skies and see,

\( Cm \) \( F7 \)

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.

1. Mama
2. Too late, just my

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

bod- y's
Trigger, now he's dead.
Mama,
Good-bye, everyone, life had just begun,
But now I've gone and thrown it all away.
Mama, truth.
Mama, ooh, Ooh

Did-n't
mean to make you cry, I don't want to die, If 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.

[Chorus]

Nothing's gonna change my mind, I've always had a mind of my own.
I'm gonna get away from you, I'm gonna make it on my own.

[Verse 2]

Eb Bb/D Cm Abm Eb Ab Eb

[Chorus]

Nothing's gonna change my mind, I've always had a mind of my own.
I'm gonna get away from you, I'm gonna make it on my own.

[Outro]

all. ❄️ 🎵Solo ❄️
I see a little silhouette of a man. Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the Fandango.
Chorus: Thunder-bolt and lightning, very, very fright'ning


ro Mag-ni-fi-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:

Easy come, easy go, will you let me go. Bismillah! No, we

No, no, no, no, mi Let him go! Bismillah! We will not let you go. Let me go.

Bismillah! We will not let you go. Let me go. 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 dev-il put a-side 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.