Bohemian Polka

"Weird Al" Yankovic

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 'Cause I'm easy come, easy go

Little high, little low

Anyway the wind blows, doesn't really matter to me

To meMama, just killed a man

Put a gun against his head

Pulled my trigger, now he's dead

Mama, life had just begun

But now I've gone and thrown it 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 mattersToo 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

I sometimes wish I'd never been born at allI see a little silhouetto of a mam Scaramouch, scaramouch, will you do the Fandango

Thunderbolt and lightning - very, very frightening me

Galileo, Galileo

Galileo, Galileo

Galileo figaro - Magnifico... Hey! Hey! Hey!

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 him go

Will not let you go - let him go

Will not let you go - let him go

No, no, 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 meSo 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 hereNothing really matters

Anyone can see

Nothing really matters

Nothing really matters to me Anyway the wind blows - Hey!

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