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 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 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 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
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all

I 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 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 - Hey!

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