Is this the real life?
Is this just fantasy?

Caught in a landslide, no escape from reality.
Caught in a landslide, no escape from reality.

Open your eyes, look up to the skies and see.
Open your eyes, look up to the skies and see.

Con pedale
Cm  Fm  Fm/E  Fm/Db  Dm7 5  Bb  Bb7

didn’t mean to make you cry, if I’m not back again this time tomorrow, carry on as if nothing really matters.
Too late, my time has come, sends shivers down my spine, body's aching all the time.

Good-bye everybody, I've got to go, gotta leave you all behind and face the truth.

Mama, ooh,
I don't wanna die,

(anyway the wind blows.)

I sometimes wish I'd never been born

Guitar Solo
I see a little silhouette of a man. (Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the Fandango?) Thunderbolts and light 'ning.
very, very frightening me.) (Galileo, Galileo, (Galileo, Galileo, Galileo Figaro. Magnifico.)

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._ (Bis - mil - lah! We will not let you go.) Let me go.

WILL not let you go. Let me go.)

Neve - r, neve - r, neve - r, neve - r let me go.

Will not let me go._

Oh

Oh ma - ma mi - a, ma - ma mi - a. (Ma - ma

No no no no no no no no.

R.H.  

N.C.
mila let me go. Belzebub has a devil put aside 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.
No-thing rea-ly mat-ters,

a-ny-one can see, no-thing rea-ly mat-ters, no-thing rea-ly mat-ters to

me.
Anyway the wind blows.