

Words/Music: Freddie Mercury, 1975

lit-tle high, lit-tle low.


time has come,
sends shiv-ers down my spine, bod-y's
a-ching all the time.



I'm just a poor boy, no-bod-y loves-me. He's just a poor boy from a poor fam-i-1y!


Spare him his life from this mon - stro-si- ty!


el - ze-bub has a dev-il put a-side for me, $\qquad$ for me, for me! $\qquad$



me. $\qquad$ An-y way the wind blows.

