QUEEN GOLD
NEWS OF THE WORLD/JAZZ

× ALL DEAD, ALL DEAD ........................................... 46
BICYCLE RACE ..................................................... 18
BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY ........................................ 4
× DEAD ON TIME .................................................. 66
DON'T STOP ME NOW ............................................ 106
× DREAMER'S BALL ............................................... 150
FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS ........................................... 24
× FATHER TO SON .................................................. 153
× FIGHT FROM THE INSIDE ..................................... 31
× FUN IT ............................................................ 111
× GET DOWN, MAKE LOVE ...................................... 90
× GOOD OLD-FASHIONED LOVER BOY ..................... 168
× IF YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM ..................................... 39
× I'M IN LOVE WITH MY CAR ................................... 146
× IN ONLY SEVEN DAYS ......................................... 28
× IT'S LATE .......................................................... 50
× JEALOUSY .......................................................... 132
KILLER QUEEN ..................................................... 56
× LAZING ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON .................... 42
× LEAVING HOME AIN'T EASY ............................... 116
× LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU ...................................... 95
× MORE OF THAT JAZZ ............................................. 120
× MUSTAPHA ........................................................ 61
× MY MELANCHOLY BLUES ..................................... 124
× (The) NIGHT COMES DOWN ................................ 44
× (The) PROPHET'S SONG ...................................... 100
SEVEN SEAS OF RHYE .......................................... 34
× SHEER HEART ATTACK ........................................ 158
× SLEEPING ON THE BOARDWALK ......................... 164
SOMEBOY TO LOVE ............................................. 76
× SPREAD YOUR WINGS ......................................... 136
TIE YOUR MOTHER DOWN ..................................... 140
WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS .................................... 13
WE WILL ROCK YOU ............................................. 16
× WHITE MAN ........................................................ 128
× WHO NEEDS YOU ................................................. 84
× YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND ................................... 72

Editor: Tom Debrecht
Production: Frank J. Hendkinson
Printer: Central Litho (Miami)

© 1979 EMI Music Publishing Ltd.
BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

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, 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 just killed a man, Put a gun against his head, pulled my
2. Too late, my time has come, Sends shivers down my spine, body's

trigger, now he's dead. Mama, life had just begun, But
aching all the time. Good-bye, everybody, I've got to go, Gotta

now I've gone and thrown it all away. Mama, ooh, Mama, ooh,
Did-n't mean to make you cry,
I don't want to die,
If I'm not back again this time to-
morrow, carry on, carry on as if nothing really matters.

all.

Bohemian Rhapsody 9 - 3
L'istesso tempo ($\frac{3}{4} = \frac{3}{4}$)

I see a little silhouette of a man, Scar-a-
mouche, Scar-a-mouche, will you do the Fan-dan-gō. Thunderbolt and lightning, very, very fright'ning

Chorus:
A
No chord


B Bb A Bb
ro Mag- ni- fi- co...

Solo: I'm just a poor boy and (let ring-

B Bb A Bb Ab Ab 5
no- bod- y loves me. He's just a poor boy from a poor fam- i- ly.

Ab 4 fr. Eb
Spare him his life from this mon- stros- i- ty.
Solo: 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 me go. Will not let you go. Let me go.


No, no, no, no,
no, 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, 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...

Instrumental Solo

poco a poco ritard. e dim.
Nothing really matters. Anyone can see, Nothing really matters,

Nothing really matters to me.

Anyway the wind blows.
WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS

Words and Music by
FREDIE MERCURY

Moderately Slow \( \text{d} = 62 \)

\begin{align*}
&\text{I've paid my dues,} \\
&\text{and time after time.} \\
&\text{I've done my sentence} \\
&\text{You brought me fame and fortune and everything that goes with it,} \\
&\text{I thank you all.} \\
&\text{But it's been no bed of roses.}
\end{align*}

Copyright © 1977 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights assigned for the U.S.A. and Canada to Beechwood Music Corp., 5255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
International Copyright Secured
Made in U.S.A.
All Rights Reserved
Well, we've made a few
no pleasure cruise.

I've had my share of sand kicked in my face but I've come through
I consider it a challenge before the whole human race and I ain't gonna lose.

And I need to go 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.

D.S. al Coda I

D.S. al Coda II

I've taken my of the champions
WE WILL ROCK YOU

Words and Music by BRIAN MAY

Moderate
Repeat 4 times
Clap Hands

Hand clap smile throughout song
N. C.
Piano part optional

1. Bud-ly you're a boy make a big noise play-in' in the
2. Bud-ly you're a young man, hard man shout-in' in the
3. Bud-ly you're an old man, poor man plead-in' with your

street gon-na be a big man some day you got
street gon-na take on the world some day you got
eyes gon-na make you some peace some day you got
mud on yo' face you big dis-grace
mud on your face you big dis-grace, Some-

kick-in' your can all o-ver the place sing-in'!
wav-in' your ban-ner all o-ver the place sing-in'
body bet-ter put you back in-to your place sing-in'!

We will we will rock you... we will we will rock you...

We Will Rock You - 2 - 1

Copyright © 1977 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights assigned for the U.S.A. and Canada to Beechwood Music Corporation, 6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
This arrangement Copyright © 1978 by Beechwood Music Corporation
International Copyright Secured
Made in U.S.A.
All Rights Reserved
We will we will rock you
We will we will rock you
We will we will rock you.
BICYCLE RACE

Medium Rock Tempo

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

Bicycle, bicycle, bicycle I want to ride my_

Choir

bicycle, bicycle, bicycle Solo I

Choir

want to ride my bicycle, I want to ride my bike.

Copyright © 1978 by Queen Music Ltd.  
All rights for the United States and Canada controlled by Beechwood Music Corp.,  
5255 Suntel Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028  Used by Permission  
International Copyright Secured  Made in U.S.A.  All Rights Reserved.
I want to ride my bicycle, I want to ride it

where I like. You say black, I say white, you say bark, I say bite. You say shark, I say can, you say John, I say Wayne. Hot dog

I say hey-man, Jaws was never my scene and I don't like Star Wars. You say Rolls, I say 'cool, it, man' I don't wanna be the president of America. You say smile
I say Royce, you say car, give me a choice. You say Lord, I say Christ, I don't believe in Peter Pan, I say cheese, Cart-er, I say please.__ Income tax, I say Jesus, I don't wanna be a candidate for

Frankenstei or Superman. All I wanna do is bi-cycle, bi-cycle, bi-cycle, bi-cycle, bi-cycle, I want to ride my bi-cycle, bi-cycle, bi-cycle, bi-cycle, bi-cycle. I want to ride my bi-cycle, I

Bicycle Race - 6-5
Bbm  Ab  Eb  Fret

want to ride my bike. I want to ride my bicycle, I

Bbm  Gm7  C7

want to ride my bicycle races are coming your way, so for-

F  Bb  Gm7  C7

get all your duties, oh, yeh. Fat bottomed girls, they'll be riding today, so look

F  Bb

out for those beauties, oh yeh. On your marks, get set, go.
Bi-cycle race, bi-cycle race, bi-cycle race.

Bi-cycle, bi-cycle, bi-cycle, I want to ride my bi-cycle, bi-cycle,

Solo

Choir

bi-cycle, bi-cycle, bi-cycle, I want a bi-cycle race.

rit.
	en.

Ring assorted bicycle bells
You say coke
want to ride it where I like.
FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS

Words and Music by BRIAN MAY

Are you gon-na take me home to-night? Ah, down_ be_ side ___ that red fire-light;

Are you gon-na let it all__ hang out? Fat bot-tomed girls, ___ you make ___ the rock-in'world go

Heavy Rock Beat

(Shout:) Hey! ___

(Sing:) I was

Copyright © 1978 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights for the United States and Canada controlled by Beechwood Music Corp.,
6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028 Used by Permission
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved
just a skin-ny lad nev-er knew no good from bad. But I knew

2. sing-ing with my band a cross the wire, a cross the land, I seen

3. mort-a-ges and homes, and the stiff-ness in your bones. Ain't no

life be-fore I left my nurs-er-y, Leave-alone with big fat Fan-ny, she was
ev-ry blue-eyed floo-zy on the way. But their beau-ty and their style went kind of
beau-ty queens in this lo-cal-i-ty. (Tell you) Oh, but I still get my plea-ure still

such a naugh-ty nan-ny. Heap big wom-an you made a bad boy out of me,
smooth after a-while. Take me to them dirt-y la-dies ev-ry-time,
got my great-est trea-sure. Heap big wom-an you gon-na make a big man out of me.
(Shout:) Hey, Hey.
(Sing:) 2. I've been
(Shout:) Come on
(Shout:) Now get this.

drums fill

chorus:

(Sing) Oh,
(Sing) Oh,
won't you take me home to-night?
you gon-na take me home to-night. (please)

Oh,
don't (your red fire-light.)
Oh,
and you

Fat Bottomed Girls - 4. 3
give it all you got fat bottomed girls. you make the rock-in' world go 'round.

Fat bottomed girls you make the rock-in' world go 'round.

(Shout:) Hey, listen here. (Sing:) Now your

round.

(Shout:) Get on your bikes and ride.

(From 3rd time ad lib) Fat bottomed girls.
IN ONLY SEVEN DAYS

Words and Music by John Deacon

Monday, the start of my holiday.
Freedom for just one week.
Feels good to get away.
Ooh.

Copyright © 1978 by Queen Music Ltd.
This arrangement Copyright © 1979 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights for the United States and Canada controlled by Beechwood Music Corp., 6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., 90028
International Copyright Secured
Made in U.S.A.
All Rights Reserved
Wednesday, I didn't see her, I hoped that
Sat - ur - day, just twenty-four hours, Oh no, I'm
she'd be back tomorrow.
go - in' back home on Sunday.
And then on

Thursday, my luck had changed. She stood there all alone. I went and

asked her name. I never thought that this could happen to me, in
Only seven days. It would take a hundred or more for memories to fade.

2. Tuesday, I saw her down on the beach,
   I stood and watched a while,
   And she looked and smiled at me.

3. Instrumental

4. I wish Friday could last forever,
   I held her close to me,
   I couldn't bear to leave her there.

In Only Seven Days - 3 - 3
FIGHT FROM THE INSIDE

Moderate Hard Rock

1. Hey, you boy, hey you.
2. Hey, you boy, hey you.

Hey
Hey

You think you're gonna set things to rights,
You think that out in the streets is all free,
You're just another
You're just another
picture on a teenage wall. You're just another fool.

You're just another sucker, ready for a fall! You gotta fight from the inside, attack from the rear.

Fight from the inside. You can't win with your hands tied, fight from the inside.
Ooo

Aah

Fight from the inside,

right down the line, right down the line, right down the line,
SEVEN SEAS OF RHYE

Moderate 4

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

All rights for the U.S.A. and Canada assigned to GLENWOOD MUSIC CORPORATION, Hollywood, California
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved
skies; I command your very souls, you unbe-

I will destroy any man who dares a-

liens, bring before me what is mine, at the Seven Seas of
buse my trust. I swear that you'll be mine, at the Seven Seas of

1. 

2. Can you

Sister, I live and lie for you, Mister.

Seven Seas Of Rhye · 5 - 2
do and I'll die; You are mine, I possess you, be-
long to you for-ev-er..

Repeat ad lib

Seven Seas Of Rhye - 5 - 3
Storm the master marathon, I'll fly through by flash and thunder fire and I'll survive, I'll survive, then I'll defy the laws of nature and come out alive.

Begone with you, you shod and shad...
sen - a - tors, Give out the good, leave out the bad evil cries;

chal - lenge the might - y ti - tan and his trou - ba - dours, And with a smile,

I'll take you to the Sev - en Seas of Rhye.

Repeat ad lib for fade
Moderate Hard Rock

1. Keep your chin up when you're feelin' lonely.
Don't let 'em get you down.

2. Keep your fingers off my money.
Don't try and pull me down.

3. (Instrumental)

Ain't no use in your sitting all alone,
You're takin' me out to wine and dine me,

hangin' around for someone to call.
in' to wind 'round and 'round,

Words and Music by JOHN DEACON

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM

Copyright © 1978 by Queen Music Ltd.
The arrangement Copyright © 1979 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights for the United States and Canada controlled by Beechwood Music Corp., 6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
International Copyright Secured
Made in U.S.A.
All Rights Reserved
A

Ooh, they won't come knock-in' at all.
spoken: (Ha! Ha!)

A

Don't run and hide,
Rumor has it that you could play dirty. I'll tell you what I'll do 'bout that.

Spoken: (So I said) "Give as good as you get."
Spoken: (I'm playing at the wrong game.)

Spoken: If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.
You've got to do it 'cause it makes you feel good. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. You're never gonna help yourself.
LAZING ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Moderately, with a \( \text{♩} \) feel

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

I go out to work on Mon-day morn-ing,

Tuesday I go off to hon-ey-moon.

I'll be back a-gain be-fore it's
time for sun-ny-down.

I'll be Laz-ing On A Sun-day Af-ter-noon.

Bi-cy-cling on ev-ry Wednes-day ev-en-ing,

Thursday I go waltz-ing to the...
Zoo,
I come from London town, I'm just an ordinary guy,
freely

Fridays I go painting in the Louvre. I'm bound to be proposing on a
a tempo

Saturday night, I'll be lazing on a Sunday, lazing on a Sunday,

Lazing On A Sunday Afternoon.

Lazing On A Sunday Afternoon - 2.2
THE NIGHT COMES DOWN

Words and Music by BRIAN MAY

Moderately slow & \textit{Ad lib}

1. When I was young, it came to me, And I could see the sun break'in';

2. Once I could laugh with every one, Once I could see the good in me;

Lucy was high and so was I dazzling,
The black and the white distinctly color,

The Night Comes Down - 2 - 1

All rights for the U.S.A. and Canada assigned to GLENWOOD MUSIC CORPORATION, Hollywood, California
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved
hold-ing the world in-side.
hold-ing the world in-side.

Once I be-lieved in ev-ry-one, ev-ry-one and any-
Now all the world is grey to me, no-bod-y can

one can see.
see.(You gotta believe it.)

Oh, the night comes down and I get a-fraid of los-ing my way.

Oh, the night comes down, Oh, and it's dark a-again.

and it's dark a-again, and it's dark a-again.

Repeat ad lib for fade

The Night Comes Down - 2 - 2
ALL DEAD, ALL DEAD

Words and Music by
BRIAN MAY

Rubato
Fmaj7
Bb
Fmaj7
Gm7
y
Am
Gm
A7

She

Dm
A7
Dm

came without a far-thing, a babe without a name. So
much a-do my lover, so man-ya games we played, through

C
F
Gm
A7

much a-do 'bout noth-ing is what she'd try to say. So
ev-ry fleet-ed sum-mer, through ev-ry prec-i-ous day. All dead.

All Dead, All Dead - 4 - 1

Copyright © 1977 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights assigned for the U.S.A. and Canada to Beechwood Music Corp., 6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
This arrangement Copyright © 1978 by Beechwood Music Corp.
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved
Moderato

all dead — all the dreams — we had. — And I
all dead — at the rain — bow's end — And
all dead, — but I should not grieve. — In

wonder why I still live on. — All dead, — all
dead — a- lone. —
still I hear her own sweet song. — All dead, — all
time, it comes to ev'-ry-one. — All dead, — all
dead — take me back.

I'm spared, — My sweet-er half in-stead. All dead, — and gone.
again, — You know my lit-tle friend's all dead, — and gone.
I breathe, — of course I don't be-lieve you're

To Coda II

To Coda
All dead.

Coda 1

N.C.
ways are always with me, I wander all the while, but

please, you must forgive me, I am old but still a child. All dead,

dead, and gone. All dead and gone.

All Dead, All Dead . 4 . 4
IT'S LATE

Words and Music by BRIAN MAY

Moderate Hard Rock

You say you love me—and I hardly know your name.

And if I say I love you in the candlelight, there's
no one but my self to blame. But there's something inside that's
turning my mind away. Oh how I could love you,

if I could let you stay. Oh you make me

love you. don't tell me that we're through.
It's late— and I'm bleeding deep inside, it's late— is it just—

my sickly pride? Too late— even now— the feeling seems to slip away— so late—

though I'm crying I can't help— but hear you say, it's late— it's late— it's late—

but not— too late—

The way you
I've been so long, you've been so long, we've been so long try'n to work it out._ I ain't got long, you ain't got long._

we've got-ta know what this life is all a-bout._

Play 3 times

ad lib solo

It's Late - 6 - 4
Too late, much too late...

CODA

it's late - it's late - it's late - it's late -

it's late - it's late.

Oh it's all too late.
2. The way you love me
   is the sweetest love around.
   But after all this time, the more I'm trying,
   The more I seem to let you down.
   Now you tell me you're leaving, and I
   just can't believe it's true.
   Oh you know that I can love you
   though you know I can't be true.
   Oh you make me love you,
   don't tell me that we're through.
   It's late and it's driving me so mad.
   It's late, but don't try to tell me that
   It's too late save our love you can't turn out the light.
   So late, I've been wrong but I'll learn to be right.
   It's late, it's late, it's late, but not too late.

3. You're starting at me
   with suspicion in your eye.
   You say what game you're playing, what's this
   that you're saying, I know that I can't reply.
   If I take you to-night is it making my life a lie.
   Oh you make me wonder, did I live my life alright.
   It's late, but it's time to set me free.
   It's late, oh yes I know but there's no way it has to be
   Too late, so let the fire take our bodies this night
   So late, so let the waters take our guilt in the tide.
KILLER QUEEN

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

Medium rock

She keeps Moët and Chandon void complications, she

in her pretty cabinet, "Let them eat cake," she says,

never kept the same address, In conversation she

Just like Marie Antoinette. A built-in remedy for

spoke just like a baroness. Met a man from China, went

Khushchev and Kennedy, And any time an invitation

down to Geisha Minniah, Then again incidentally if you're
you that way inclined...
Per-fume came Cavi-ar and cig-a-rettes, for

well versed in et-i-quette, ex-tror-di-nar-i-ly nice.
She's a

Killer Queen, gun pow-der, gel-a-tine, dy-nam-ite with a la-ser beam.

guar-an-teed to blow your mind any time, ooh.
hat she's as willing as playful as a pussy cat, Then
MUSTAPHA

Words and Music by
FREDDIE MERCURY

Rubato

A - bra-him, A - bra-him,

A - bra-him

Al-lah, Al-lah, Al-lah, Al-

lah will pray for you. (Spoken) Hey!

Bright

N.C.
Mustapha, Mustapha, Mustapha, A-brahim.

Mustapha, Mustapha, Mustapha, Mustapha, A-brahim.

Mustapha, A-brahim.

Mustapha, A-brahim, Allah, Allah, Allah will pray for you.
Mustapha, Abraham.

Al-lah, Al-lah Al-lah will pray for you. Mustapha,

(Spoken) Hey! Mustapha,

Mustapha, Abraham

Mustapha, Abraham.
Mustapha, Mustapha,
DEAD ON TIME

Rubato

Words and Music by
BRIAN MAY

Bright

1. Fool, always

2. Fool, got no

jump-in', never hap-py where you

bus-ness hang-in' 'round and tell-in'

lies.

Copyright © 1978 by Queen Music Ltd.

This arrangement Copyright © 1979 by Queen Music Ltd.

All rights for the United States and Canada controlled by Beechwood Music Corp., 6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

International Copyright Secured

Made in U.S.A.

All Rights Reserved
bus'ness, make your liv'ing where you can,
reasons, but you got no com'promise.

Hurry down the highway,
Stamp'lin' on the ceil'in',

hurry down the road,
hammer-ing on the walls,

Hurry past the people star'in',
gotta get out,
gotta get out,
gotta get.

Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry.
Oh, you know I'm go-in' cra-zy.

Leave on time, leave on time.

Dead On Time • 6 • 2
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Never got your tick-et, but you leave on time.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Leave on time, leave on time.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leave on time, leave on time... Gon-na</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gon-na get your tick-et, but you leave on time.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leave on time, leave on time... You're</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Put it in your pocket, but you never can tell.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Runnin' in the red, but you never can tell.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Leave on time, leave on time. { Shake that rattle, gotta leave on time. }

But you Fight your battle, but you leave on time. Can't take it with you, when you leave on time.

To Coda

Got to

Never got a minute, no you never got a minute, no you never, never got oh, no matter.
N.C.

Ad lib solo

play 3 times

Dead On Time - 6 - 5
N.C.  
*play 5 times*

keep your self alive, gotta leave on time.  
leave on time, leave on time, dead on time.  
(Spoken) You're dead!
YOU’RE MY BEST FRIEND

Words and Music by JOHN DEACON

With a beat

1. Ooh, you make me live
   Whatever this world can
give to me

cruel to me

2. Ooh, you make me live
   Whenever this world is
It's you, you're all I see

to help me forgive

Ooh, you make me live now, honey

Ooh, you make me live now, honey

Ooh, you make me live

You’re My Best Friend - 4 - 1

Copyright © 1975 by B. FELDMAN & CO., LTD., trading as TRIDENT MUSIC, London, England
All rights for the U.S.A. and Canada assigned to GLENWOOD MUSIC CORPORATION, Hollywood, California
International Copyright Secured
Made in U.S.A.
All Rights Reserved
You're the best friend that I ever had. I've been with you such a long time, You're my sunshine, and I want you to know that my feelings are true. I really love the things that you do. Oh, You're My Best Friend.
Ooh.

Friend.

Ooh, you make me live.

Ooh, You're My Best Friend.
SOMEBODY TO LOVE

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

Freely

Can any-bod-y find me Some-bod-y To

Moderately (in 4)

Love?

Each

morning I get up, I die a lit-tle, can’t bare-ly stand on my feet. Take a

Copyright © 1976 EMI MUSIC PUBLISHING LTD. and QUEEN MUSIC LTD.
All rights for the U.S.A. and Canada assigned to BEECHWOOD MUSIC CORPORATION, Hollywood, California
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved
self in the mirror and cry, yeah, yeah.
look in the mirror and cry, Lord, what you're doing to me. I have
spent all my years in believing you, but I just can't get no relief, Lord,

Some-body, some-body.
Some-body, some-body. Can any-body find me. Some-body To

Love? I work
He works hard
every day of my life. I work till I ache my bones. At the end of the day.
I take home my hard earned pay all on my own. I get down on my knees and I start to pray 'til the tears run down from my eyes, Lord,
Somebody, somebody, Can anybody find me. Somebody, To
Ab 4 fr.

He wants help every day.

Love?

try and I try and I try. But ev'rybody wants to put me down, they

say I'm goin' crazy. They say I got a lot of water in my brain, got

no common sense. I got no body left to believe. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
Ab 4 fr. Cm/G Fm

Ab 4 fr. Bb7 Eb7

Ab 4 fr. Cm/G Fm

Instrumental Solo

Bb7 Eb7 Db Ab 4 fr. Bb7 Eb

Bb7/D Eb Db

Ab 4 fr.

Ooh, some-bod-y, some-bod-y, Can an-y-bod-y find me

Some-

Ab 4 fr. Ab/G Fm Dbmaj7

An-y-bod-y find me some-one to

bod-y To Love?

Got no

Somebody To Love - 8 · 5
You just keep losing and feel, I got no rhythm, just keep losing my beat. I'm

He's al-right, he's al-right.

O.K., I'm al-right, Ain't gon-na face no de-feat, I just

gotta get out of this pris-on cell, One day I'm gon-na be free, Lord.

No Chords

Find me some-body to love, Find me some-body to love, Find me some-body to love,

mp quasi voices a cappella

Somebody To Love - 8.6
Find me some-bod-y to love. Find me some-bod-y to love.

Find me some-bod-y to love. Find me some-bod-y to love.
poco a poco cresc.

Find me some-bod-y to love. Some-bod-y, some-bod-y, some-bod-y, some-bod-y.
some-bod-y, Find me some-bod-y, find me some-bod-y to love. Can 

Freely

No Chords

A tempo

Find me Some-bod-y To Love! Find me

Some-bod-y To Love! Find me, find me, find me, find me.

Somebody To Love - 8 - 8
WHEN I MET YOU, YOU

you come at seven, Always trying to keep me hanging round,
were always charming, couldn't sleep at night till you were mine.

You little spoilt thing, girl, you kept me waiting never contemplating my point.
You were oh so so sophisticated never interested in what.
I'd say. I had to swallow my pride.

I'm a fool, for I believed your lies.
So naive, you took me for a ride.

But now, I've seen through your disguise.
Who needs, well I don't need,
who.needs.you?

Oh, I believed in you. Went on my knees to you. How I trusted you. But you turned me down. But it's dog eat dog in
this rat race, and it leaves you bleeding lying flat on your face, reaching out, reaching out for a helping hand. Where is that helping hand?
How I was pushed around. Don't let it get you down...
You walked all over me. But don't you ever give
Taking one step forward, slipping two steps back... There's an empty feeling that you can't forget. Reaching out for a helping hand. Who needs you?
GET DOWN, MAKE LOVE

Moderate
N. C.

Get down make love, get down make love — get down make love,

get down make love.

You take my bod- y, — I give you heat.

You say you're hun- gry — I give you meat.

I suck your mind

Copyright © 1977 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights assigned for the U.S.A. and Canada to Beechwood Music Corp., 6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
This arrangement Copyright © 1978 by Beechwood Music Corp.
International Copyright Secured
Made in U.S.A.
All Rights Reserved
you blow my head. Make love

in-side your bed ev'-ry-bod-y. Get down make love,

get down make love, get down make love, get down, make love.

Get Down Make Love - 5 - 2
Ev'ry time I get hot you wanna cool down. Ev'ry time I get high you say you wanna come down. You say it's enough, in fact it's too much. Ev'ry time I get a get down, get down make love. (Get down) I can squeeze
(Make love) you can shake me.  (Get down) I can feel when you break me.

(Make love) Come on so heavy, (Get down) when you take me.

(Make love) You make love, you make love, you make love, you make love.  (Get down)

(Make love) You can make ev'-ry-bod-y get down, make love get down make love.
Ev'ry time I get high, you wanna come down. Ev'ry time I get hot, you say you wanna cool down. You say it's enough, in fact it's too much ev'ry time I wanna get down.

Play 39 times

Electronic Effects

much. Ev'ry time I wanna get down, get down, get down, make love.
LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU

Moderate

Words and Music by
FREDDIE MERCURY

Copyright © 1978 by Queen Music Ltd.
This arrangement Copyright © 1979 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights for the United States and Canada controlled by Beechwood Music Corp., 6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
International Copyright Secured
Made in U.S.A.
All Rights Reserved
read-y for some en-ter-tain-ment? Are you read-y for a show? Gon-na rock you; gon-na roll you; get you danc-ing in the aisles.

Jazz you, raz-za-ma-tazz you with a lit-tle bit of style. Let me en-ter-tain you.
Let me entertain you.

(Spoken) I've come here to sell you my body. I can show you some good merchandise. I'll pull you and I'll pill you. I'll crue-la-da-ville you; and to thrill you, I'll use any device.

We'll give you crazy performance.
formance,
 menace,
 weil we’ll give you grounds for divorce.
 We give you rock a la carte.
 We'll give you breakfast at Tiffany’s.
 We’ll give you visitation added to a divorce.

To Coda

N.C.

Well, we
2. Well we found the right location
With a lot of pretty lives.
The sound and application, listen!
Hey, if you need a fix, if you want to hide,
Stiff'll see to that.
With Electra and E. M. I.;
We'll show you where it's at.
So c'mon.

3. If you want to see some action
You get nothing but the best
Be S and M or traction
We've got the pleasure chest.
Chicago down in New Orleans
We get you on the line,
If you dig the neon scene
We'll have a son of a bitch of a time.
THE PROPHET'S SONG

Slowly

Dm
(C bass)
Dm
C

Oh, oh, people of the earth,
Listen to the warning, The seer he said. Be-
Ah, ah, children of the land,
Quick'en to the new life, Take my hand. You

F
C
Bb
Dm
Bb maj7

ware the storm that gathers here,
Listen to the wise man.
fly and find the new green bough
Return like a white dove.

1st time only
Am
Am

I dreamed I saw on a moon-lit stair
He told of death as a bone white haze
Spreading his hands on the multitude there. A man who cried for a love gone stale, And
Taking the lost and the unloved babe. Late, too late all the wretches run. These

Ice cold hearts of charity bare. I watched as fear took the old man's gaze,
Kings of beasts now counting their days. From mother's love is the son estranged,

Hopes of the young in troubled graves. "I see no day," I heard him say. So
Married his own, his precious gain. The earth will shake, in two will break. And

grey is the face of every mortal. Oh, people of the earth!
Death all around will be our dowry. Oh, people of the earth!
"Listen to the warning," the Prophet said, For soon the cold of night will fall,

Cum-moned by your own hand... Listen to the good plan... Oh,

And two by two my human zoo, They'll be running for to come, running for to come, out of the

rain.

Oh.

Flee for your life.

The Prophet's Song - 6 - 3
No chord

Ah, people, can you hear me? People, can you hear me? People, can you hear me?
And now I know, and now I know, and now I know, and now I know that you can hear me. And now I know, and now I know. God gave you grace to purge this place. And peace all around may be your fortune. Ah, children of the land.

Love is still the answer, take my hand, The vision fades, a voice I hear.
"Listen to the Mad-man!"

But still I fear and still I dare not laugh at the Mad-man!

Fade out
DON'T STOP ME NOW

Words and Music by
FREDDIE MERCURY

Slowly

Tonight I'm gonna have myself a real good time. I feel a-

live, and the world turning inside

out, yeah, and floating around in ecstasy. So don't stop me

Copyright © 1978 by Queen Music Ltd.
This arrangement Copyright © 1979 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights for the United States and Canada controlled by Beechwood Music Corp., 6235 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
International Copyright Secured
Made in U.S.A.
All Rights Reserved
now. Don't stop me 'cause I'm havin' a good time,

having a good time. I'm shooting star leaping through the sky, like a
two. rocket ship on my way to Mars, on a col-
ger, defying the laws of gravity. I'm a

I am a satellite, I'm out of control, I am a

racing car, passing by like Lady Godiva. I'm gonna

sex machine, ready to reload, like an atom bomb, about to
go, go, go. There's no stoppin' me.

I'm burnin' through the sky, yeah. Two hundred degrees, that's why they call me Mister Fahrenheit. I'm travelling at the speed of light.

I wanna make a super-sonic man out of you.
Don't stop me now, I'm havin' such a good time,

Don't stop me now, if you wanna have a

good time, just give me a call.

Don't stop me ('Cause I'm

now, havin' a good time.)

Don't stop me (Yes I'm now, havin' a good time.)

I
don't want to stop at all.

I'm a

N.C.

Don't stop me, don't stop me, don't stop me.

Don't stop me, don't stop me, ooh, ooh, ooh, Don't stop me, don't stop me, have a

good time, good time. Don't stop me, don't stop me. Ah!

(spoken)
Moderate Funky
NC

Ev'rybody in the morn' in', should do a
good turn, all right. Ev'rybody, in the
night time, should have a good time, all night. Now we got a
move-ment, don't shun it, fun it. Can't you see, now you're
groove on mov- in' free? Get some fun, join our dy- nas- ty. Can't you
up O. K. Do your thing, do your thing your way. Get your
tell, when we get it down? You're the one, you're the
get your tricks with me. Get up and dance, (honey)
Hey, ev'ry-bod-y, ev'ry-bod-y gon-na have a good time to-night. Just shak-in' the soles of your feet.
Everyone, everyone gonna have a good time tonight.

That's the only soul you'll ever meet.

They say that moving the body's right, it's all
right.

That's the only one part of

be-in' a-live, all right, all right. Groove on

Coda N.C.

1. 7. Don't
2. Don't
(3.4.5.6.) Instrumental

Repeat 7 times to Fine

shun it,
shun it,

fun it, Fine
LEAVING HOME AIN'T EASY

Words and Music by BRIAN MAY

I take a step outside and I breathe the air, and I
through with ties I'm all tired of tears, I'm a
slam the door, and I'm on my way. I won't lay no blame. I won't
hap- py man. Don't it look that way? Shak-ing
dust from my shoes, there's a
call you names, 'cause I've made my break, and I won't look back. I've
road a-head, and there's
turned my back on those end-less games. I'm all no way back
home.

Oh, but I've got to say, leav-in' home ain't
Leaving Home Ain't Easy - 4 - 3

Easing. Oh, I never thought it would be easy. Leavin' on your own. Oh, is the main thing calling me.

Back, leavin' home ain't easy on the one you're leavin' home. Stay, my
love, my love, please stay. Stray, my

love, what's wrong my love? What's right, my love? Oh,

leave the only way. Leavin' home ain't
easy but may be the only way.
MORE OF THAT JAZZ

Words and Music by
ROGER TAYLOR

Moderate

\[ \text{E7} \rightarrow \text{C7} \]

Play 4 times

1. If you're feel-in', tired and only, un-inspired...

2. See additional lyrics

and lonely, if you're think-in' how the days seem long;

---

More Of That Jazz - 4 - 1

Copyright © 1978 by Queen Music Ltd.
This arrangement Copyright © 1979 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights for the United States and Canada controlled by Beechwood Music Corp., 6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
International Copyright Secured
Made in U.S.A.
All Rights Reserved
Give me no more, no more, of that jazz.

real team.

D.S.S. al 4th ending

Play 5 times

No more, no
2. All your given  
   Is what you've been given  
   A thousand times before.  
   It's just (more, ...)  

3. Only football gives us thrills!  
   Rock 'n' roll just pays the bills,  
   Only our team is the (real team,)  

4. Bring out the dogs, get on your feet,  
   Lie on the floor.  
   Kind-a-thinking I've heard that line before.  
   It's just (more, ...)

More Of That Jazz - 4 - 4
MY MELANCHOLY BLUES

Words and Music by
FREDDIE MERCURY

Molto Rubato
N.C.

Another party's over...

and I'm left cold sober. My baby left me for somebody new.

I don't want to talk about it, want to forget about it, wanna

Copyright © 1977 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights assigned for the U.S.A. and Canada to Beechwood Music Corp., 6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
This arrangement Copyright © 1978 by Beechwood Music Corp.
International Copyright Secured
Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved
Slowly

be intox i ca ted with that spe cial brew. So come and get me.

Let me get in that sink ing feel ing that says my heart is on an all time low. So don't ex pect me
to be have per fect ly. And when that sun ny smile
my guess is I'm in for a cloudy and overcast.

Don't try and stop me 'cos I'm heading for that stormy weather soon.

I'm causing a mild sensation with this new occupation.

I'm permanently glued to this extrordinary mood. So now move on.

I'm in the news, I'm just getting used to my new exposure.
ver, sure. So come into my enclosure, meet my

Melancholy Blues.
Melancholy Blues.

D.S. and fade

My Melancholy Blues - 4 - 4
I'm a simple man with a simple name. From this soil my people came, In this soil remain. Oh... yeah, oh... yeah!

made us our shoes, And we trod soft on the land. But the immigrant built roads on our blood and sand. Oh... yeah!
Moderately bright, with a heavy "Indian" beat

White Man, White Man, don't you see the light behind your
blackened skies? White Man, White Man, you took away the
sight to blind my simple eyes. White Man, White Man, White
Man, where you gonna hide

G white Man - 4 - 2
To next strain

from the hell you've made?

Oh, the

Fine

for the blood you've shed?

red man knows war

with his hands and his knives.

a tempo

On the Bible you swore,

fought your
battle with lies...
Oh yeah!

Leave my body in shame,

soul in disgrace.

But by everybody's name__ say your prayers for your race.

White Man - 4 - 4
JEALOUSY

Slowly

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

1. Oh, how
2. Oh, how

wrong can you be?
strong can you be,
with Oh, matters of the heart? Life is

Copyright © 1978 by Queen Music Ltd.
This arrangement Copyright © 1979 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights for the United States and Canada controlled by Beechwood Music Corp., 6235 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif, 90028
International Copyright Secured
Made in U.S.A.
All Rights Reserved
love was my very first mistake.
much too short to while away with tears.

To Coda I

How was I to know, I was

if only you could see, just what you

far too much in love to see?
Oh, jealousy, jealousy,

look at me now, you tripped me up.
Jealousy, you got me some-how.

You jealousy, you brought me down.

You jealousy, you gave me no warning, took me by surprise.

You bring me sorrow, you cause me pain.

Jealousy, jealousy, when
D.S.S. al Coda II

Coda I

Oh, only left with my own jealous -

D.D.

But now it matters not if

I should live or die, 'cause I'm only left with my own jealous -
SPREAD YOUR WINGS
Words and Music by
JOHN DEACON

Moderate

Sammy was low just
Since he was small had

watching the show over and over again.
no luck at all nothing came easy to him.

Knew it was time he'd made up his mind to leave his dead life behind.
Now it was time he made up his mind, "This could be my last chance"...
His boss said to him, "Boy, you'd better begin to get those crazy notions right out of your head. Sammy, who do you think that you are? You should have been sweeping up the Emerald Bar."

His boss said to him, "Now listen boy! You're always dreaming-- you've got no real ambition, you won't get very far. Sammy boy, don't you know who you are? Why can't you be happy at the Emerald Bar."

(So honey) Spread your wings and fly away, fly away, far away.
Spread your little wings and fly away, fly away, fly away.

Pull yourself together, 'cos you know you should do better; that's because you're a free man.

He spends his evenings alone in his hotel room, keeping his thoughts to himself. He'd be leaving soon.
wishing he was miles and miles away.

Nothing in this world, nothing would make him stay.

Come on honey!

Repeat and Fade

Spread Your Wings - 4-4
With a rock beat

Get your party gown, and get your pig-tail down, and get your

heart beatin', baby.

Got my timin' right, and got my

act all tight. It's got to be tonight, my little school babe.

Your

momma says you don't, And your daddy says you won't, And I'm boilin' up inside. Ain't no way—

Words and Music by BRIAN MAY

Tie Your Mother Down - 6 - 1

Copyright © 1976 EMI MUSIC PUBLISHING LTD. and QUEEN MUSIC LTD.
All rights for the U.S.A. and Canada assigned to BEECHWOOD MUSIC CORPORATION, Hollywood, California
International Copyright Secured
Made in U.S.A.
All Rights Reserved
I'm gon-na lose out this time...

Tie Your Mother Down, Tie

(Spoken:) Lock your daddy out of doors. I don't need him nosin' around

(Sung:) Tie Your Mother Down, Tie Your Mother Down, Give me all your

Tie Your Mother Down - 6 - 2
love to-night.

"You're such a dirty house,... Go, get outta my house," That's all I ever get from your... your...

family ties... (Spoken:) In fact, I don't think I ever heard a single little civil word from
those guys! (Sung:) I don't give a light, I'm gonna make out all right, I've got a

sweet-heart hand to put a stop to all that. (Spoken:) snipin' an' grousin'

(Sung:) Tie Your Mother Down, Tie—— Your Mother Down,

(Spoken:) Take your little brother swimmin' with a brick, that's all right. (Sung:) Tie Your Mother Down, Tie——
Your Mother Down, Or you ain't no friend of mine.

Your mamma and your daddy gonna plague me till I die, I can't understand it, (Spoken:) 'cause I'm a peace lovin' guy.
Tie Your Mother Down,

Tie Your Mother Down, Get that big, big, big, big, big, big, big, big, big, big.

daddy out the door.

Tie Your Mother Down,

Tie Your Mother Down, Give me all your love to night.
I'M IN LOVE WITH MY CAR

Words and Music by ROGER MEDDOWS-TAYLOR

Slowly (in 2)

The machine of a dream.

Such a clean machine, With the pistons a-pumpin',

And the hub-caps all gleam. When I'm holding your wheel,

Copyright © 1975 by B. FELDMAN & CO., LTD., trading as TRIDENT MUSIC, London, England
All rights for the U.S.A. and Canada assigned to GLENWOOD MUSIC CORPORATION, Hollywood, California
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved

I'm In Love With My Car - 4 - 1
All I hear is your gear,
When my hand's on your grease gun,

Oh, it's like a disease, son.
I'm In Love With My Car,

Gotta feel for my automobile.
Get a grip on my

boy racer roll-bar,
Such a thrill when your radials squeal.

I'm In Love With My Car - 4 - 2
Told my girl I'll have to forget her, Rather buy me a new carburetor,

So she made tracks sayin' this is the end now, Cars don't talk back, they're just four-wheeled friends now.

When I'm holding your wheel, All I hear is your gear,
When I'm cruis-in' in overdrive,
Don't have to listen to no

run of the mill talk jive.
I'm In Love With My Car.
I'm In Love With My Car.

Gotta feel for my automobile.
String back gloves in my automobile.

Fade out
DREAMER'S BALL

Words and Music by
BRIAN MAY

Moderate

Ab Ab
C7 Db
Dm Ab Em7
Ab Em7

Oh, I

1. used to be your ba-by, used to be your pride and joy._
2. some-one else you're tak-in', some-one else you're play-in' to.____
3. Instrumental

used to take me danc-ing, just like an-y oth-er boy.
Hon-ey, though I'm ach-ing, know just what I have to do.

Dreamer's Ball - 3 - 1

Copyright © 1978 by Queen Music Ltd.
This arrangement Copyright © 1979 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights for the United States and Canada controlled by Beechwood Music Corp., 6355 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved
But now you've found an-oth-er part-ner and left me like a bro-ken toy.
If I can't have you when I'm wak-in', I'll go to sleep and dream...of you.

Oh, it's

2.3. Oh, take me, take me,
(Instrumental on D.S.S.)

You make my

right on time, and I'll dress so fine,
life worth-while with the slight-est smile,
you're gon-na or de-

take me to the dream-ers ball.
I'm your play-thing now.

Dreamer's Ball - 3 - 2
love me, when you see me. I won't have to worry. Take me, take me,
stroyme, with a barely perceptible whisper. Gently take me, re-
(End Instrumental) Take me hold me, re-

promise not to wake me 'till its morning, it's all been true.
mem'ber I'll be dreamin' of my baby, at the dreamer's ball.
mem'ber what you told me you'd meet me at the dreamer's

ball. I'll meet you at the dreamer's ball.

Dreamer's Ball - 3 - 3
FATHER TO SON

Words and Music by BRIAN MAY

Moderately Slow 4

D

G

F6

Eb

D

C

1. A word in your ear from father to son,
2. And the voice is so clear, time after time it keeps
3. A word in your ear from father to son, Funny

All rights for the U.S.A. and Canada assigned to GLENWOOD MUSIC CORPORATION, Hollywood, California
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved
calling you, calling you
you don't hear a single word that I say:

Don't destroy what you see,
But my letter to you

fought on your side,
your country to be,
will stay by your side,
Long before you were born.
Thru the years, till the loneliness is gone.

Joyful the sound,
Kings will be crowned,
The word goes around From father to son, to son.
Won't you hear us sing
Our family
song.
Now we hand it
on.
But I've heard it all be-
fore.
Take this letter that I give you,
Take it, son-ny, hold it high; You won’t un-der-stand a word that’s
in it, But you’ll write it all a-gain be-fore you die.
Sing if you will, but the air you breathe I live to give you.

Father to son, Father to son,

Joyful the sound, word goes around,
Kings will be crowned, earth goes around,
Father to son, to son.
Well, you're just seventeen and all you want to do is
Got-ta feel-in', got-ta feel-in', got-ta feel-in' like a
dis-a-pear.
You know what I mean.
par-a-lyze.
It ain't no, it ain't
there's a lot of space between your ears.
The
no, it ain't no, it ain't
no sur-prise.
way that you touch
Turn on the T.

Hey, hey, hey, hey,
Do you know, do you know, do you know just how I feel?

Do you know, do you know, do you know just how I feel?

Sheer heart attack...
Sheer heart attack.

I feel so

Sheer Heart Attack - 6 - 4
ar, in-ar, in-ar tic-u-late.

dic-u-late.

Do you know, do you know, do you know just how I feel?

Do you know, do you know, do you know, do you know, just how I feel?
SLEEPING ON THE SIDEWALK

Moderate Shuffle

N.C.

Words and Music by
BRIAN MAY

I was

noth-in' but a cit-y boy.

My trump- pet was my on- ly toy.

To Coda

I've been blow-ing my horn, Since I knew I was born, but there

Copyright © 1977 by Queen Music Ltd.
All rights assigned for the U.S.A. and Canada to Beechwood Music Corp., 6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif, 90028
This arrangement Copyright © 1978 by Beechwood Music Corp.
Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved
ain't no-bod-y wants to know.  I've been sleep-in' on the side-walk,

roll-in' down the road.

may get hun-gry, but I sure don't want to go home.

(spoken)  (Now I'll tell you what happened) They took me to a room with-out a

Now they tell me that I ain't so fash-ion-

Sleeping On The Sidewalk - 4 - 2
They said "Blow your trumpet into here!"
And I owe the man a million bucks a year,
so I played around as well as I was able.
And told 'em where to stick the fancy label,
it's just soon we had the record of the year.
I was a me and the road from here.
I'm back to
playin' and layin' I'm back on the game.
I'm sleepin' on the sidewalk.
roll-in' down the road.

sure get hungry and I sure do wanna go home.

Extra Lyrics:

2. So 'round the corner comes a limousine,
And the biggest grin I've ever seen,
"Here, Sonny, won't you sign right along the dotted line,
What you sayin', are you playin', sure you do mean me?"
I was sleepin' on the sidewalk,
Rollin' down the road,
I may get hungry but I sure don't wanna go home.

3. I was a legend all through the land,
I was blowin' to a million fans.
Nothin' was a missin', all the people want to listen,
you'd have thought I was a happy man.
And I was sleepin' like a princess,
never touch the road,
I don't get hungry and I sure don't wanna go home.

4. *Instrumental*

5. *Instrumental To Coda*
GOOD OLD-FASHIONED LOVER BOY

Moderately

I can dim the lights and sing you songs full of sad things,
We can do the tango just for

Dining at the Ritz, we'll meet at nine precisely,
I will pay the bill, you taste the

two.

wine.

I can serenade and gently play on your heartstrings,
Driving back in style in my saloon will do quite nicely, Just

Be your Valentine just for you.
Take me back to yours, that will be fine.

(Come on and get it) Ooh love, Ooh lover

with a beat

Copyright © 1976 EMI MUSIC PUBLISHING LTD. and QUEEN MUSIC LTD.
All rights for the U.S.A. and Canada assigned to BEECHWOOD MUSIC CORPORATION, Hollywood, California
International Copyright Secured
Made in U.S.A.
All Rights Reserved
boy, What're you doin' tonight, hey boy? Set my alarm, turn on my charm, That's be-
boy, What're you doin' tonight, hey boy? Ev'rything's all right, just hold on tight, That's be-

To next strain

cause I'm a Good Old Fashioned Lover Boy.

cause I'm a Good Old Fashioned Lover Boy.

Ooh, let me feel your heart-beat, (grow faster, faster) Ooh, can you feel my
love heat, come on and sit on my hot seat of love. And tell me
how do you feel right after all. I'd like for you and I to go romancing,
Say the word, your wish is my command.
Ooh love,
Ooh lover boy, What're you doin' tonight, hey boy,
Write my letter, Feel much better, I'll use my fancy patter on the telephone…

When I'm not with you,

(I miss those long hot summer nights)

Think of you always, I miss you.

When I'm not with you, Think of me always, I love you.

Good Old Fashioned Love - 5.4
I love you._ Hey boy, where did you get it from? Hey boy, where did you go? I
learned my passion in the good old-fashioned school of lover boy.

Instrumental Solo

Good Old Fashioned Love - 5 - 5