

PV Log: (circle one) Poem / Movie / Picture / **Lyric**Date 12/2/13Title "Bohemian Rhapsody"Author / Director / Queen

Context (Where Found / Viewed / Read?)

My dad introduced it to me when I was little

Content / CD / Summary / Precis (Say? "Plot? Setting/Situation? Key lines/phrases scenes, etc?)

"Caught in a landslide, no escape from reality. Open your eyes, look up to the skies and see." "I don't want to die, I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all." "Nothing really matters, anyone can see. Nothing really matters to me." This song is the journey of a boy who is stuck in a messy situation. He murdered a man and does not want to be executed. He has a flashback to the event and recalls getting taken into custody. By the end of the song, he is depressed and nothing matters to him.

Content / CM / Meaning? / Theme(s)?

This song has a story that provides a literal meaning, but this is a complicated story with much more meaning hidden inside it waiting to come out. A boy finds himself caught in a landslide, just like we all do at some point in our lives. He recalls the traumatic even which brought him to jail, and he reverts to a previous state of mind. This song is very relatable, and we often find ourselves in the same situations as this boy. The theme is that at the end of the day, a river runs through it. Life has beginnings and endings but it cycles back around.

Form (Diction? Construction Terms? Symbolism?)

This song has a very narrative-like feel to it. It is a story. It is the story of a boy with a flashback and everything. In the beginning, he is naive and nothing matters to him, At the end, he is destined to die, and nothing matters to him. This song brings back the idea of starting and finishing in the same place.

Commentary (What do you want to say? Why like? Questions? Synthesis / Allusions-Connections / Relevance to personal experience, to literature, 20Q's? etc.)? "Poetic" Traits?

This is possibly up there on the list of the best songs ever written. This song has such power to it. It is a narrative, and people love stories, so they love this song. I like it because it seems a little crazy sometimes, but it works. It is all over the place. One minute it is upbeat and exciting, and the next it is slow and sad. This song's dynamics are unmatched in the music world. The whole narrative of this boy growing up yet dying in the same mentality he had as a child brings back the poetic idea that life has beginnings and ends, and that it is important to make use of the middle.

over (do not mix logs; e.g., no poem log in front, and movie log on back)

Bohemian Rhapsody

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,
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, ooh,
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, ooh (anyway the wind blows),
I don't wanna die,
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all.

I see a little silhouetto of a man,
Scaramouche, Scaramouche, will you do the Fandango?
Thunderbolt and lightning,
Very, very frightening me.

(Galileo) Galileo.
(Galileo) Galileo,
Galileo Figaro
Magnifico.

I'm just a poor boy and 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 me go!)
Will not let you go. (Let me go!)
Never, never let you go
Never let me go, oh.
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.

(Oh, yeah, oh yeah)

Nothing really matters,
Anyone can see,
Nothing really matters,
Nothing really matters to me.

Anyway the wind blows.