

Death On Two Legs *Dedicated to.....*

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

With a beat

Bm



mf

F#



G



F#



You suck my

mf

Bm



blood like a leech, _ You break the law and you breach, _ Screw my brain till it hurts, _ You've tak - en

2378

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Gm F#

all my mon - ey, and you want more. Mis -

D

guid - ed old mule With your pig - head - ed rules, With your nar - row - mind - ed cro - nies who are

Gm Cm Bm

fools of the first di - vi - sion. Death On Two Legs,

You're tear - ing me a - part. Death On Two Legs,

You've nev - er had a heart _____ of your own.

Kill joy, Bad guy, Big talk - ing, Small fry. You're just an

old bar - row - boy. Have you found a new toy to re - place me? Can you face me? But

now you can kiss my ass good - bye. Feel good, Are you sat - is - fied? Do you

Em Bm Em Bm A

feel like su - i - cide? Is your con - science all right, Does it
(Spoken: I think you should)

D F#7 No chord

plague you at night? Do you feel good, — feel good? You talk like a big

Bm

bus-'ness ty - coon, — You're just a hot air bal - loon, — So no one gives you a damn, — You're just an

Gm F# A

o - ver-grown school - boy, Let me tan your hide.

D



dog with dis - ease, — You're the king of the "sleaze." Put your mon - ey where your mouth is, Mis - ter

Gm



Cm



Know - all, Was the fin on your back — part of the deal? (Shark!)

Bm



Death On Two Legs, —

You're tear - ing me a - part. —

Death On Two Legs, —

You've nev - er had a





heart (You nev - er did) of your (Right from the start) In - sane, you should be put




in - side, You're a sew - er rat de - cay - ing in a





cess - pool of pride. Should be made un - em - ployed, then make your -




self null and void, Make me feel good, — I feel good.