The Golden Boy

Parov Stelar

The boy had a way with words, he sang, he moved with grace
He entertained so naturally, no gesture out of place
His road in life was clearly drawn, he didn't hesitate
He played, they saw, he conquered as the master of
As the master of his fateThe girl had an iron soul, no one could recognize
Material ambition that her gentleness disguised
She gave herself to him certain of his fame
Wanted him for luxury, for limelight and his nameAnd then he sang to herI love you for your silence, I love you for your peace
The still and calm releases that sweep into my soul
That slowly take controlI love you for your passion, I love you for your fire
The violent desire that burns me in its flame
A love I dare not nameHis rise was irresistible, he grew into the part
His explanation simply that he suffered for his art
No base considerations of some glittering reward
The prize was knowing that his work was noticed and adoredI love you for your silence, I love you for your peace
The still and calm releases, sweep into my soul
Slowly take controlYes, he told the truth
Accepting every honor with a masterly display
Of well rehearsed reluctance to be singled out this way
He started to believe that he was all they said and more
She forgot, she forgot the reasons, she had wanted him beforeI love you for your passion, I love you for your fire
The violent desire burns me in its flame
Oh, love I dare not nameThe still and calm releases that sweep into my soul
Slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly take controlAnd when at last they fell apart, she wished that she could be
The hardened heart of yesterday, as cynical as he
By changing for the better, she had changed things for the worse
The words that made them happy once now echoed, echoed as a curse

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