

# 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 fate  
The 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 name  
And then he sang to her  
I love you for your silence, I love you  
for your peace  
The still and calm releases that sweep into my soul  
That slowly take control  
I 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 name  
His 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 adored  
I love you for your silence, I love you for your  
peace  
The still and calm releases, sweep into my soul  
Slowly take control  
Yes, 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 before  
I love you for your passion, I love you for your fire  
The violent desire burns me in its flame  
Oh, love I dare not name  
The still and calm releases that sweep into my soul  
Slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly take control  
And 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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