

# The Golden Boy (A Capella featuring Gospel Choir)

## Freddie Mercury

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 it's flame  
A love I dare not nameHis rise was irresistible - yeah, 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) his work was noticed and adoredHey  
I love you (yes I love you) for your silence (for your silence)  
I love you for your peace (for your peace)  
The still and calm releases  
That sweep into my soul  
And slowly slowly takes controlHe told the truth  
Yes, he told the truth (and he told the truth)Accepting every honor with (with) a masterly display (display)  
Of well rehearsed reluctance to be singled out this way  
He started to believe that he was all they said and more (and more)  
She forgot, she forgot the reasons (reasons) she had wanted him before  
YeahI love you for your passion (for your passion)  
I love you for your fire  
The violent desire  
That burns me in it's flame (burns me)  
A love I dare not nameThe still and calm releases (releases)  
That sweep into my soul (sweep into my soul)  
That slowly (slowly) slowly (slowly) slowly (slowly)  
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

Aaahaaahaahaahaaa

Songwriters

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