

# The Golden Boy

Queen

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  
That sweep into my soul  
That slowly take control

Yes he told the truth

Accepting every honour 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  
While 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  
That burns me in its flame  
A love I dare not name

The still and calm releases  
That sweep into my soul  
That 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.