

# The Decemberists, I Was Meant For The Stage

I was meant for the stage  
I was meant for the curtain  
I was meant to tread these boards  
Of this much I am certain

I was meant for the crowd  
I was meant for the shouting  
I was meant to raise these hands with quiet all about me  
Oh, whoa...

Mother, please be proud  
Father, be forgiving  
Even though you told me, "Son, you'll never make a living"  
Oh, whoa...

And from the floor boards to the flies  
Here I was fated to reside  
And as I take my final bow  
Was there ever any doubt?

And as the spotlights fade away  
And you're escorted through the foyer  
You will resume your callow ways  
But I was meant for the stage

The heavens at my birth  
Intended me for stardom  
Rays of light shone down on me  
And all my sins were pardoned

I was meant for applause  
I was meant for derision  
Nothing short of fate itself has affected my decision  
Oh, whoa...

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Here I was fated to reside  
And as I take my final bow  
Was there ever any doubt?

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and you're escorted through the foyer  
You will resume your callow ways  
But I was meant for the stage