

# I Was Meant for the Stage

The Decemberists

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, oh.

Mother, please, be proud.  
Father, be forgiven.  
Even though you told me  
'Son, you'll never make a living.' oh, oh.

From the floorboards to the fly,  
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, oh.

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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.