

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.