

Decemberists, The

"I Was Meant For The Stage"

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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

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

And from the floorboards 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 shine 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

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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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