

# The Decemberists - I Was Meant For The Stage

Tom: C

I was meant for the stage, I was meant for the curtains  
 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 forgiving  
 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

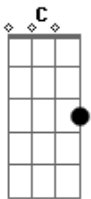
stage

The heavens, at my birth, intended me for stardom  
 Rays of light 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

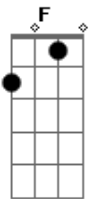
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( C F C C Am Am F C G )  
 ( G )  
 ( C F C C Am Am F C G )

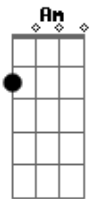
## Acordes



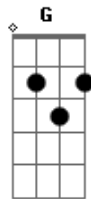
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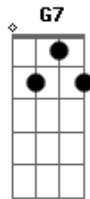
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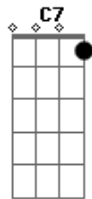
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