

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

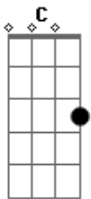
stage

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

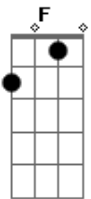
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(C F C C Am Am F C G)
 (G)
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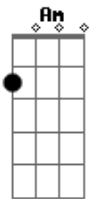
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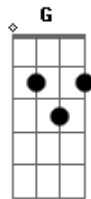
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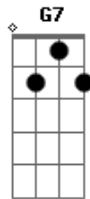
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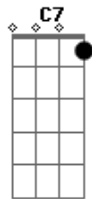
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