

# The Majestic

Superchunk

Falling out of some dirty train  
With your bags, vinyl stickers, claim-check tag  
Will they tell me where you've been  
Well let's peel them off again

The desert, the tundra, man-made lake  
Your postcards were real, enthusiasm was fake  
Rivers and canyons, step to the rear  
You mark the Majestic, "You're here"

I'm not sorry I brought you here, no way  
Though you might not remember  
Whispering the words "I think I'll stay"  
Well my hearing's getting better

Falling out of the first class seat  
With your bags, magnetic checkers and jet-lag  
Tell me where you've been  
Tell me you won't go again

I'm not sorry I brought you here, no way  
Though you might not remember  
Whispering the words "I think I'll stay"  
But my hearing's getting better  
I'm not sorry I brought you here, no way  
Though you might not remember  
Whispering the words "I think I'll stay"  
But my hearing's getting better