

# The Dark of the Matinee

## Franz Ferdinand

You take your white finger  
Slide the nail under the top and bottom buttons of my blazer  
Relax the fraying wool, slacken ties and I'm  
Not to look at you in the shoe, but the eyes, find the eyes  
Find me and follow me through corridors, refectories  
and files  
You must follow, leave this academic factory  
You'll find me in the matinee, the dark of the matinee  
It's better in the matinee, the dark of the matinee is mine, yes, it's mine  
I time every journey to bump into you,  
accidentally  
I charm you and tell you of the boys I hate, all the girls I hate  
All the words I hate, all the clothes I hate  
How I'll never be anything I hate  
You smile mention something that you like  
Or how you'd have a happy life if you did the things you like  
Find me and follow me through corridors,  
refectories and files  
You must follow, leave this academic factory  
You'll find me in the matinee, dark of the matinee  
It's better in the matinee, the dark of the matinee is mine, yes, it's mine  
So I'm on BBC2 now, telling Terry  
Wogan how I made it and  
What I made is unclear now, but his deference is and his laughter is  
My words and smile are so easy now  
Yes, it's easy now, yes, it's easy now  
Find me and follow me through corridors, refectories and files  
You must follow, leave this academic factory  
You'll find me in the matinee, dark of the matinee  
It's better in the matinee, the dark of the matinee  
Well, find me and follow me through corridors, refectories and  
files  
You must follow, leave this academic factory  
You'll find me in the matinee, the dark of the matinee  
Better in the matinee, the dark of the matinee is mine, yes, it's mine

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