

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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