Matinee

The Clean Prophets

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 eyesFind 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 mineI 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 likeFind 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 mineSo 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 nowFind 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 matineeWell, 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

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