

The Dark Of The Matinee

Rhythms del Mundo

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 hateYou 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, 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, 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

Better in the matinee, the dark of the matinee is mine, yes, it's mine

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