

# Matinee

## Mark Templeton

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

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