

Franz Ferdinand

"Dark Of The Matinee"

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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 will 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, the clothes I
hate
How I'll never be anything I hate
You smile, mention something that you like
Oh, 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 will 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 will find me 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 will 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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