

Portugal. The Man "Matinee"

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Ever get that feeling
That you're just an act
Even though you meant it as a fact

And any old equation
You thought that it would do
And you didn't care which way you turned a screw

But the curtain falls much harder
When the stage is made of powder
But the matinee plays on
By the time they fill the seats up
You will be gone

Each time i save my hopes up
They've raised the price again
But i'm looking for a wednesday night friend

I see through your tomorrow baby
Thanks for being kind
But you wouldn't want to know my right mind

There's got to be a 9 o'clock
I think that i can get there
But i'm having trouble staying awake that long

And there's so many obstacles
I've put here to distract me
The keys must be scattered here among

There's a matinee tomorrow
There's a ticket you can borrow
And stay for all three shows
Your friends are gonna be there
Even some that you don't know

Not once did i envision
I'd be so entertained
Or that i'd want to see it again and again

And never did i count on

Such pleasant company
Or that the night would pass by so quickly

And now
I want to stay till the end
With you my friends
I want to stay till the end

There's a matinee tomorrow
There's a ticket you can borrow

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