

The Dark of the Matinée

Franz Ferdinand

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
All the clothes I hate
How I'll never be anything I hate
You smile, mention something that you like
How you'd have a happy life if you did the things you like

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So I'm on BBC2 now, telling Terry Wogan how I made it
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

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