

At The Matinee

Gorilla Biscuits

I remember when we first met
We wore black leather jackets smoking cigarettes
We played our records; minor threat, 7 seconds
We moshed in the school yards, acting like retards

We run in the streets, by the shows where we'd meet
See you on Sunday, at the matinee
We don't care which way we go
We just wanna see the show

Scaring people on the sidewalk in front of the club
The kids will have their say at the matinee

Girlfriends hinge on skinhead fringes
Teenage kicks and drinking binges
Any trouble getting in fake I.d.'s try again a kick drum stow a way
Maybe the only way we don't care which way we go
We just wanna see the show

Scaring people on the sidewalk in front of the club
The kids will have their say at the matinee

I'll move through the crowd until I'm in the front
These are my people and this is where I want to be
I'll move through the crowd until I'm in the front
I found my friends and this is where I want to be singing along

At the matinee at the matinee every Sunday
At the matinee at the matinee at the matinee I'll see you on Sunday
Scaring people on the sidewalk in front of the club
See the people on the sidewalk in front of the club