

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 me, leave this pshycadelic 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

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
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 pshycadelic factory
You will find me in the matinee
The dark of the matinee
It's better in the matinee
The dark of the matinee
Find me and follow me through corridors, refectories and files
You must follow, leave this psychadelic factory
You'll find me in the matinee
The dark of the matinee
Better in the matinee
The dark of the matinee is mine
Yes it's mine