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 eye.

Find the eyes. So find me and follow me through corridors, refectories and files you must follow, leave this academic factory 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 its 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
Dark of the Matinee ...p2

G | G | E | E
all the words I hate, all the clothes I hate. How I'll never be anything I hate

G | G | D | D | A
You smile, mention something that you like, how you'd have a happy life

Am | C | C | Am | Am
if you did the things you like. So find me and follow me through corridors, refectories and

C | C | Am | Am
files you must follow, leave this academic factory, will find me in the matinee, the dark of the matinee, it's

C | C | G | Bm
better in the matinee, the dark of the matinee is mine yes its mine.

Verse (timing change)
A / E | 6/8 Bm | A | E
fine So I'm on BBC 2 now, telling Terry Wogan how

Em | Bm | A | Em | Em
I made it. And what I made is unclear now, but his deference is and his laughter is

G | G | D | D
My words and smile are so easy now. Yes, it's

Am | Am | C | C
easy now, yes, it's easy now

Repeat chorus twice, finish al fine