

# Franz Ferdinand, The Dark Of The Matin

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 matine  
The dark of the matine  
It's better in the matine  
The dark of the matine 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 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

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