

# Stereolab, Man With 100 Cells, The

Refusing what you are given  
You want things to be the old way  
Resisting the revolutions  
Changes are coming anyway

Unable to thrive to change  
The mask doesn't veil anymore  
Strip yourself of all your riddles  
Do not reject all the lessons

You're not a child anymore  
You're not your former self  
And what's reality now?  
The tools you've used to get by  
Aren't the keys to your tomorrows

The wind is blowing  
The sea is shifting  
The storm is rumbling  
Darkness descending  
The gales are sweeping  
The waves threatening  
Horizon is grim  
Tempest arriving

Hey skipper, look ahead, navigate  
Hey skipper, look ahead, navigate  
Hey skipper, use your head, manoeuvre  
Hey skipper, look ahead, navigate

Oh the winds can blow but  
your sails can defeat it  
The storms may rumble,  
we all know your hull is fit

That sea is rough now  
Mind you do not slip  
Could destroy your ship  
Put a nail in it

When darkness descends,  
Your radar will be your sight  
The waves may unleash,  
your mast will stay standing high

You are the captain  
Do you feel equipped?  
You have now taken  
The helm of your ship.