

Stereolab, The Man With 100 Cells

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.