

Cranium Reef Suite

Magellan

Part I. "Youthful Enthusiasm" (instrumental)

Part II. "Psych 101"

Well a bad day fishin' is better than a good day at
work
But a bad day in paradise is a bad deal
Let's say goodbye before we've ever met
You're alone on the shore of cranium reef

No one gets inside my head
No one
I'm a bad part of town on a bad stretch of road.

I'm a bag of tricks in a balancing act
I'm a battered heart and a bath of tears
I'm no bank and no barrel of monkeys

You're alone on the shore of cranium reef.

No one gets inside my head
No one
You're a band of gypsies and a band of thieves

Now you're burning in the sun and you've washed ashore
Don't try "psych 101" on me - we've been there before
I've got a cold embrace at the cranium reef
Trust me you're all alone at the cranium reef

Part III "Primal Defense"

Heart and mind may disagree
But I'm growing old
Too far down the road to change now

'cause you speak to me but youth's on your side
you're so much more than I care to find

What is sacred? What is profane?
Your approach is near and there's something
I fear inside of you -reminding me like a mirror that
shows
My past that died long ago

No closet full of skeletons
Can bring me out here

I've got a cold blank stare so don't wait
I've got a colder embrace

You're an Ivy League amateur
"I mean no one comes in here ever"
No one comes in here

No one. No one.

No one passes cranium reef

Not even I can look at my grief
Don't come to me pretending you're wise
I am a man who can see what is real
And is fear what is real?

Stranded on cranium reef
Alone with your thoughts you can drink with your grief
You color your lies with a cool motif
Stranded on cranium reef

Lost at cranium reef
At my coral barrier of disbelief
You're a cold hard future with no relief
Brutal reality at cranium reef

I am a bitter pill to swallow
I am a bittersweet memory
You need me like a hole in the head
Now show me that our "body" is real

We need conversation 'cause I got a case of the blues
And I'm a burned out bridge that nothing here...nothing
can rebuild...no, no, no, no.

I am a bitter pill to swallow
I am a bittersweet memory
You need me like a hole in the head
Now show me that our "body" is real

We need conversation 'cause I got a case of the blues
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Heart and mind may disagree
But I'm growing old
Too far down the road to change now

'cause you speak to me but youth's on your side
you're so much more than I care to find... (repeat
refrain)