

## Clapton Eric

### "Inside Of Me"

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The point on the water, there's a change in the air,  
A vibe in the darkness but there's nobody there.  
I look for the reason but there's nothing to see,  
Just a hole in my memory where my mind used to be.

Tell me why  
Can I find no relief in my heart.  
I reside  
In a world that has fallen apart.

Out of my mind, baby, show me a sign, baby,  
Show me a way to get back on time, please.  
Where do we go, baby, how will I know?  
Who holds the key, is it hidden inside of me?

But why should I worry and why do I care  
When this road that I walk on is going nowhere.  
I stand and I study every face in the crowd,  
See the fear in their eyes, they must be thinking out loud.

Chorus

Scratching the surface, it all looks the same;  
A world full of anger with no one to blame.  
But who can I turn to? Who holds the key?  
And who has the answer? I think it's inside of me.

Chorus

Chorus

All things considered it looks as though Utopia were far  
closer to us than  
anyone, only fifteen years ago, could have imagined.  
Then, I projected it six  
hundred years into the future. Today it seems quite  
possible that the horror  
may be upon us within a single century. That is, if we  
refrain from blowing  
ourselves to smithereens in the interval. Indeed, unless

we choose to  
decentralize and to use applied science, not as the end  
to which human beings  
are to be made the means, but as the means to  
producing a race of free  
individuals, we have only two alternatives to choose a  
number of  
national militarized totalitarianisms, having as their  
root the terror of the  
atomic bomb and as their consequence the destruction  
of civilization (or, if  
the warfare is limited, the perpetuation of militarism);  
or else one  
supranational totalitarianism, called into existence by  
the social chaos  
resulting from rapid technological progress in general  
and the atomic  
revolution in particular, and developing, under the  
need for efficiency and  
stability, into the welfare-tyranny of Utopia. You pays  
your money and you  
takes your choice.

{The quote is the final paragraph of the foreward to  
Aldous Huxley's "Brave  
New World", transcribed here in its entirety.}

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