

Blues Moody

"In The Beginning"

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Graeme Edge)

First Man: I think, I think I am, I think.

Establishment: Of course you are my bright little star.

I've miles

And miles

Of files

Pretty files of your forefather's fruit

And now to suit our

Great computer

You're magnetic ink.

First Man: I'm more than that, I know I am, at least, I think I must be.

Inner Man: There you go, man, keep as cool as you can.

Face piles

And piles

Of trials

With smiles

It riles them to believe

That you perceive

The web they weave

And keep on thinking free.

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