

Moody Blues, The

"In The Beginning"

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[first man]

I think; I think I am; therefore I am; I think

[establishment]

Of course you are, my bright little star,

I've miles

And miles

Of files

Pretty files of your forefathers' fruit and now to suit our
great computer

You're [sic] 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

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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