

The Moody Blues, In The Beginning

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 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.