

# 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.