

In The Beginning

The Moody Blues

I think...
I think I am.
Therefore I am!
I think...

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
Your magnetic ink!

I'm more than that
I know I am...
At least, I think I must be

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