

## 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