

Get up, get it done, I'll take care of the facts
Your muddled thoughts they don't mean too much to me

There she stands, wheat in hand, the virgin she got style
Intelligence comes with the innocence

I know that I can be
The high exalted memory
Don't confuse me with foolish lines
Detail matters all the time - to me

If I see a mountain sitting in the path we're on
I'll tell you why
I think we should climb it
But if we look at all the facts from the other side
There's just as many reasons not to do it

Get it down, get it right
Before you come to me
I can figure out all your problems
Emotions hide deep inside
Beyond this busy mind
Love and faith there is no question

Virgo and earth sing in harmony
They say I'm too critical, I can be
I'll never sit and take a passive line
I always have an answer all the time