

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