

Yes, Close To The Edge III: I Get Up I, Get Down

(Anderson/Howe)

In her white lace
You can clearly see the lady sadly looking.
Saying that she'd take the blame
For the crucifixion of her own domain.

I get up, I get down,
I get up, I get down.
Two million people barely satisfy.
Two hundred women watch one woman cry, too late.
The eyes of honesty can achieve.
How many millions do we deceive each day?
I get up, I get down.
I get up, I get down.

In charge of who is there in charge of me.
Do I look on blindly and say I see the way?
The truth is written all along the page.
How old will I be before I come of age for you?
I get up, I get down.
I get up, I get down.
I get up, I get down.