

# Carried Away

## Passion Pit

Since my heart is golden,  
I've got sense to hold in,  
Tempted just to make an ugly scene.  
No, I'm not as proper.  
My money's in copper,  
Ripped down from the brownstones to the street

Listen,  
I'm your friend, don't quote me,  
But not a friend worth noting.  
Yes, please don't ever note me as your friend.  
Who says we have cold hearts?  
Acting out our old parts,  
Let's perform my favorite little scene.  
Oh oh oh oh.

I get carried away, carried away, from you  
And I'm hoping and I'm praying,  
Cause I'm sorry, sorry 'bout that,  
Sorry 'bout things that I've said.  
Always let it get to my head.  
Oh, European, once again with feeling.  
Higher education making sense?  
Justify your thesis, certain that you need this.  
Tell me what your point is in defense.  
Listen,

I don't really know you  
And I don't think I want to,  
But I think I can fake it if you can.  
Let's agree, there's no need, no more talk of money,  
Let's just keep pretending to be friends.  
Oh oh oh oh.

I get carried away, carried away, from you  
And I'm hoping and I'm praying,  
Cause I'm sorry, sorry 'bout that.  
Sorry 'bout things that I've said.  
Always let it get to my head.  
[x2]Wake up in the morning, wake up in the evening,  
Wake up when you want to,  
'Cause no one's really watching,

Or else you'll have something to say about it.

But we all have problems,

We're all having problems,

And we all got something to say.

I get carried away, carried away, from you,

And I'm hoping and I'm praying,

'Cause I'm sorry, sorry 'bout that.

Sorry 'bout things that I've said.

Always let it get to my head.

[x2]

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