

Passion Pit, Carried Away

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
Dance before my favorite little scene, oh oh oh oh

I get carried away, carried away, from you
When I'm open and afraid
'Cause I'm sorry, sorry 'bout that
Sorry 'bout things that I've said
Always let it get in my way

All your appeal, once again we'd feel
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

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Wake up in the morning, wake up in the evening
Wake up when you want to
'Cause no one's really watching
Wish you had something to say about it
But we all have problems
We're all having problems
And we all got something to say

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