

Crosby, Stills & Nash, Carried Away

You came from out of the skies
Your skin and your eyes
The colours of bronze
The moon in your ear
Twinkled and shone
Soon you'll be gone

Sailing out on the blue
Your old man and you
Drifting along
Leaving me here
Thinking it through
Soon you'll be gone

Moving through my changes as fast as I can
Trying to bring a balance to me and the man
Part of me is screaming to say
I want to be carried away

[Instrumental (Harmonica)]

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