

All Good Things

Jackson Browne

All good things got to come to an end
The thrills have to fade before they come 'round again
The bills will be paid and the pleasure will mend
All good things got to come to an end God, I wish I was home laying 'round with my friends
The call of the wild, caution thrown to the wind
The fall of the child where the longing begins
All good things got to come to an end Like the river flows
Rolling 'til it ends in the sea
Our pleasure grows
Rolling 'til it ends in you and me Now as the dark gathers into the sky
And legions of might go thundering by
Regions of light grow dim and then die
And we with our wings wait for morning to fly Like the river flows
Rolling 'til it ends in the sea
Our pleasure grows
Rolling 'til it ends in you and me Here where the angels have appeared and are gone
Your face like an ember glows in the dawn
But I want you to remember all wild deeds live on
All good times, all good friends All good things got to come to an end
The thrills have to fade before they come 'round again
The bills will be paid and the pleasure will mend
All good things got to come to an end All good times, all good friends
All good things got to come to an end

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