

All Good Things

Nelly Furtado

Ahh-ahh-ahh

Honestly what will become of me,
I don't like reality,
It's way too clear to me,
But really life is daily,
We are what we don't see,
We missed everything daydreaming

Flames to dust,
Lovers to friends,
Why do all good things come to an end?

Come to an end.

Traveling I,
Only stop at exits
Wondering if I'll stay
Young and restless
Living this way is I stress this
I want to
Pull away when the dream dies
Pain sets in and I don't cry
I only feel gravity and I wonder why

Flames to dust,
Lovers to friends,
Why do all good things come to an end?

Come to an end.

Well the dogs were whistlin' a new tune
Barkin' at the new moon
Hoping it would come soon
So that they could die

Flames to dust,
Lovers to friends,
Why do all good things come to an end?

Come to an end.

Well the dogs were barking at the new moon
Whistlin' a new tune
Hoping it will come soon

And the sun was wondering
If it should
Stay away for a day
'Til the feeling went away

And the sky was falling
And the clouds were dropping
And the rain forgot how to bring salvation

The dogs were barking at the moon and
Whistlin' a new tune
Hoping it will come soon
So that they could die

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written by REYES, JULIO / FURTADO, NELLY KIM / HILLS, FLOYD NATHANIEL / MARTIN,
CHRISTOPHER ANTHONY JOHN / MOSLEY, TIMOTHY Z.

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