

# 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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