Jackson Browne, All Good Things

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 a river flows
Rolling 'till it ends in the sea
Our pleasure grows
Rolling 'till 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 a river flows
Rolling 'till it ends in the sea
Our pleasure grows
Rolling 'till it ends in you and me
Rolling 'till 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

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All good times, all good friends All good things got to come to an end