

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
Glow in the dawn
But I want you to remember
All wild deeds live on
All good times, all good friends

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