

# The Eagles, After The Thrill Is Gone

Same dances in the same old shoes  
Some habits that you just can't lose  
There's no telling what a man might lose,  
After the thrill is gone  
The flame rises but it soon descends  
Empty pages and a frozen pen  
You're not quite lovers and you're not quite friends  
After the thrill is gone, oh,  
After the thrill is gone  
What can you do when your dreams come true  
And it's not quite like you planned?  
What have you done to be losing the one  
You held it so tight in your hand well  
Time passes and you must move on,  
Half the distance takes you twice as long  
So you keep on singing for the sake of the song  
After the thrill is gone  
After the thrill is gone  
You're afraid you might fall out of fashion  
And you're feeling cold and small  
Any kind of love without passion  
That ain't no kind of lovin' at all, well  
Same dances in the same old shoes  
You get too careful with the steps you choose  
you don't care about winning but you don't want to lose  
After the thrill is gone  
After the thrill is gone  
After the thrill is gone, oh  
After the thrill is gone