

# 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 chld  
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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