

Sometimes I'm so high
That I just float
I can't even think about
All the darkness ahead
Sometimes I'm so low
And I don't know why
I just can't wait
For the masquerade to end

But my problem, just the same
As every man, woman and child
That every good thing must come to an end
Move on somehow

When my sadness settles in
I can't help thinking
That I'm wasting my time
But my joy comes and rains right down
In the strangest hours, in the dead of the night
All of my anger, and my jealous woe dissipates
And my loving rejoice
And every new day, brings new ideas
But in the back of my mind, is an ominous voice

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As every man, woman and child
That every good thing must come to an end
Move on somehow

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That I just float
I can't even think about
All the darkness ahead
Sometimes I'm so low
And I don't know why
I just can't wait
For the masquerade to end

I know there is something waiting
On the other side, but for now
It seems every good thing must come to an end
Move on somehow
Every good thing must come to an end
Move on somehow.