

End of Time

The Band Perry

Here I am standing firm
As the ground shakes beneath me
I send you away with my own hand
I try and try to remember that for now it's for the better
But there's a Southern kind of tragic blowing in
Oh it feels like the beginning of the end

Well the Alabama moon fell from the sky
And the sweet tea wells ran dry
Somewhere out there you're finding yourself
But back home it's the end of time

I'm scared to death
Pick up your phone
Outside I hear the bells ringing
Bringing ruin to all that we have ever known
Pick up your phone
I need an answer
Come home and call off disaster
'Cause I fear tonight our Cotton Land might fall
Oh I'm cracking like the plaster on the wall

Oh the Alabama moon fell from the sky
And the sweet tea wells ran dry
Somewhere out there you're finding yourself
But back home it's the end of time

It's the end of time
Is it the end of all time
Or just the end of mine

Well all of the cotton, it died in the fields
The little babies cried the blue from their eyes
Somewhere I'll bet you're living it up
So come home before the end

The Alabama moon fell from the sky
And the sweet tea wells ran dry
Somewhere out there you're finding yourself
But back home it's the end of time

Come home, come home and be mine
Come home, come home