

# 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  
And 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

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  
It's the end of time  
Is it the end of all time  
Or just the end of mine  
Well all of the cotton died in the fields  
The little babies cried the blue from their eyes  
Somewhere I'll bet you're living it up  
But 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 and be mine  
Come home, come home

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