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 endWell 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 wallWell 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 timeIt'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 endThe 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 timeCome home and be mine
Come home, come home