

Final Day

Phil Keaggy

There's a thing they say in our town,
If it happens once it'll come around again.
Never in the same place, again.
Never with the same face, again.

Can you feel the movement like an earthquake.
And the heavens tremble
As we do the shake again.
Never get the message, again.
We memorize the passage, listen

Who'll play the pipes, sound the trumpets loud,
Turn the amps on high, bring it to the crowd.
Let the people know, put it in a song,
Here comes the final day and it won't be long.

Wake up, get up, stand up, catch up again.
Writing's on the wall, again.
Can you hear the call, listen.

Who'll play the pipes, sound the trumpets loud,
Turn the amps on high, bring it to the crowd.
Let the people know, put it in a song,
Here comes the final day and it won't be long.