

## Suppertime

Conway Twitty

Many years ago in days of childhood  
I used to play till evenin' shadows come  
Then windin' down that old familiar pathway  
I heard my mother call at set of sun.

Come home, come home it's suppertime  
The shadows lengthen fast  
Come home, come home it's suppertime  
We're going home at last.

Some of the fondest memories of my childhood  
Were woven around suppertime  
When my mother used to call  
From the backsteps of the old homeplace  
Come on home now son it's suppertime.  
Ahhhh, but I'd loved to hear that once more  
But you know for me time has woven the realization of  
The truth that's even more thrilling and that's when  
The call come up from the portals of glory  
To come home for it's suppertime when all  
Gods children shall gather around the table of the Lord  
Himself and the greatest suppertime of them all.

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The shadows lengthen fast  
Come home, come home it's suppertime  
We're going home at last...