

Suppertime

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Many years ago in days of childhood
I used to play 'til evening shadows come
Then winding down an 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
As the shadows grew long in the evening and the birds started to wing their way home
I knew it wouldn't be long until my mom would call from the backsteps of the old homeplace
Come on home, son it's suppertime
Well so it didn't take much persuasion
For us hungry children to pull in our kites and to put up our toys
And start for home, but those days are gone now
But the memory of those weave in the truth of the walk of my soul
That is even more thrilling than the memory of those childhood days
For I'm sure that it won't be long
Before we hear the suppertime call from the portholes of glory
Than we will put away the things of this life as we did when we were children
And headed the call of the greatest suppertime of 'em all
With all of God's children and with Jesus

We're going home at last