

## Suppertime

Faron Young

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 back  
steps 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 heeded the call of the greatest suppertime of 'em all  
With all of God's children and with Jesus

We're going home at last