Suppertime

Merle Haggard

Many years ago in days of childhood I used to play till the evening sun would come Then winding 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 my fondest memories of my childhood Are woven around suppertime When my mother used to call From the backsteps of the old homeplace She said come home son it's suppertime.

Oh, what I'd have to hear that one more time But you know time has woven a realization of truth That is even more thrilling And that's when we get that call from the greatest glory To come home on suppertime When all of God's children gather around the table With the love of himself And we'll celebrate the greatest suppertime of all.

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