

Suppertime

Porter Wagoner

Many years ago in days of childhood I used to play till 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)

You know 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
Oh gee, but I'd love to hear that once again
But you know for me time has woven a realization of a truth that's
even more thrilling
That's when the call comes from the portals of glory
And we'll gather round the table with the Lord himself
At the greatest suppertime of them all

(Come home, come home, it's suppertime
We're going home at last)