

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.

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Come home come home it's suppertime
We're going home at last...