

Jim Reeves

"Come Home"

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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 hear 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.

(Spoken)

Some of the fondest memories of my childhood
Were woven around suppertime
When my mother used to call
From the back steps of the old home place
Come on home now, son, its supertime
Ah! Gee, but I'd love to hear that again
But you know, for me, time has woven
A realization of a truth even more so

And that's when the call commeth
From the portals of Glory
To come home, for it's suppertime
When all of God's children
Shall gather 'round the table
With the Lord, Himself
At the greatest suppertime of them all.

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

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