

Johnny Burnette

"Supper Time"

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Many years ago in days of childhood I used to play till
evening time would come

Still winding down that old familiar pathway I hear my
mother call at setting 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 mem'ries of my childhood are
woven around suppertime

When mother used to call from the backsteps of the old
homeplace

Come on home now son it's suppertime my how I'd love
to hear that once again

But you know time has woven for me a realization of
truth that's even more thrilling

That someday we'll be called up to gather around the
suppertable up there

For the greatest suppertime of them all with our Lord

I can almost hear the call now comin' from the portals
of heaven

Come home son it's suppertime come on home

Come home come home...

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