

Conway Twitty "Supper time"

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(Sang)

Many years ago in days of childhood
I used to play till evenin' shadows come
Then windin' down that old familiar pathway
I heard my mother call at set of sun.

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

(Spoken)

Some of the fondest memories of my childhood
Were woven around supper time
When my mother used to call
From the backsteps of the old homeplace
Come on home now son it's supper time.
Ahhhh, but I'd loved to hear that once more
But you know for me time has woven the realization of
The truth that's even more thrilling and that's when
The call come up from the portals of glory
To come home for it's supper time when all
Gods children shall gather around the table of the Lord
Himself and the greatest supper time of them all.

(Sang)

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

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