

Fitzgerald Ella

"Suppertime"

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Supper time,
I should set the table,
'cause it's supper time,
somehow I'm not able
'cause that man of mine,
ain't coming home no more.

Supper time,
Kids will soon be yelling,
for their supper time.
How'll I keep from tellin',
them that man of mine,
ain't comin' home no more?

How'll I keep explainin' when they ask me where he's
gone?
How'll I keep from cryin' when I bring their supper on?
How can I remind them to pray at their humble board?
How can I be thankful when they start to thank the Lord
Lord!

Supper time
I should set the table,
'cause it's supper time,
somehow I'm not able,
'cause that man of mine
ain't comin' home no more.

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