

Porter Wagoner "Supper time"

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Many years ago in days of childhood I used to play till
evening shadows come
Then winding down an 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)

You know 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
Oh gee but I'd love to hear that once again
But you know for me time has woven a realization of a
truth that's even more thrilling
That's when the call comes from the portals of glory
And we'll gather round the table with the Lord himself
At the greatest supper time of them all
(Come home come home it's supper time we're going
home at last)

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