

# Merle Haggard, Suppertime

Many years ago in days of childhood  
I used to play till the evening sun would come  
Then winding down that old familiar pathway  
I heard my mother call at set of sun  
&quot;Come home, come home it's suppertime  
The shadows lengthen fast  
Come home, come home it's suppertime  
We're going home at last&quot;

Some of my fondest memories of my childhood  
Are woven around suppertime  
When my mother used to call from the backsteps  
Of the old homeplace  
She said &quot;come home, son, it's suppertime&quot;  
Oh what I'd give to hear that one more time  
But you know time has woven a realization  
Of truth that is even more thrilling  
And that's when we get that call from the  
Greatest glory to come home on suppertime  
When all of God's children gather around  
The table with the love of himself  
And we'll celebrate the greatest suppertime of all  
Come home, come home...