

# Suppertime

## Johnny Cash

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 so fast  
"Come home, come home it's suppertime"  
We're going home at last Some of the fondest memories of my childhood  
Are woven around suppertime  
When mother used to call from the back steps  
Of the old home place "Come on home now son, it's suppertime"  
My how I'd love to hear that once again  
But you know the time has woven for me the realization  
Of a truth that's even more thrilling That someday we'll be called to gather  
Around the great supper table 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 home, come home it's suppertime"  
The shadows lengthen fast  
"Come home, come home it's suppertime"  
We're going home at last

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