

Norma Jean, There Won't Be Any Patches In Heaven

A mem'ry often comes to visit as I lay in my bed late at night
Of mama along in the kitchen mending clothes by a little all night
She sewed till her fingers were slowing till she couldn't keep sleep from her eyes
Then daddy would go in to wake her he'd kiss her and I'd hear him sighed

There won't be any patches in heaven you'll look so pretty with a halo in your hair
And if angels are judged by the deeds they have done
Mom you'll be the best dressed angel there

[steel]

I was the oldest of seven so I was the first to leave home
And my dreams were just by for my mama all the pretties that she'd never known
But the first pretty dress that I gave her she smiled and then bowed her head
She said honey you the kids need this things more than I do
And the tears filled my eyes as I said
There won't be any patches in heaven...