Trisha Yearwood, The Sweetest Gift

One day a mother went to prison
To see an eering but precious son
She told the warden
How much she loved him
It did not matter what he had done

She did not bring to him
A parole or pardon free
She brought no silver
(Brought no gold)
No pomp nor style
(Longed to see)
It was a halo bright
Sent down from heaven's light
The sweetest gift
A mother's smile

She left a smile
You can remember
She's gone to heaven
From heartaches free
Those walls around you
Could never change her
You were her baby
And ere will be

She did not bring to him
A parole or pardon free
She brought no silver
(Brought no gold)
No pomp nor style
(Longed to see)
It was a halo bright
Sent down from heaven's light
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