

# 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

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