

The Angels Rejoiced Last Night

Gram Parsons

A house not a home was a picture satin painted
For sweet little sister and me
Our daddy would frown while mother was praying
His heart was so hardened that he would not believe
In anger he'd swear his voice cold and loud
His Sundays were spent out with the gamblin crowd
I've never seen my daddy inside a house of God
For Satan held his hand down the path of sin he trod
Not long ago our circle was broken
When God called on mother one night
In a voice sweet and low her last words were spoken
Asking our daddy to raise her children right
The angels rejoiced in heaven last night
I heard my daddy praying dear God make it right
He was smiling and singing with tears in his eyes
While mother with the angels rejoiced last night
While mother with the angels rejoiced last night