

Sweetest Gift

The Oak Ridge Boys

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

She did not bring him a parole or pardon
She brought no silver, no pomp or style
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 e'er will be

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