

# The Sweetest Gift

Linda Ronstadt

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 to 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

She did not bring to 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 did not bring to 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  
The sweetest gift, a mother's smile