There Won't Be Any Patches In Heaven

Norma Jean

A memory often comes to visit
As I lay in my bed late at night
Of mama along in the kitchen
Mending clothes by a little all nightShe sewed till her fingers were slowing
Till she couldn't keep sleep from her eyes
Then daddy would go in to wake her
He'd kiss her and I'd hear him sighedThere won't be any patches in heaven
You'll look so pretty with a halo in your hair
And if angels are judged by the deeds they have done
Mom you'll be the best dressed angel thereI was the oldest of seven
So I was the first to leave home
And my dreams were just by for my mama
All the pretties that she'd never knownBut the first pretty dress that I gave her
She smiled and then bowed her head
She said, "Honey you the kids need this things more than I do"
And the tears filled my eyes as I saidThere won't be any patches in heaven
You'll look so pretty with a halo in your hair
And if angels are judged by the deeds they have done
Mom, you'll be the best dressed angel there

Songwriters
Lola Jean DillonPublished by
SONY/ATV TREE PUBLISHING;HARLAN HOWARD SONGS, INC.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/