

The Blizzard

Chris LeDoux

There's a blizzard comin' on how I'm wishin' I was home
For my pony's lame and he can't hardly stand
Listen to that Norther sigh if we don't get home we'll die
But it's only seven miles to Mary Ann only seven miles to Mary Ann

You can bet we're on her mind cause it's nearly supertime
And I'll bet there's hot biscuits in the pan
Lord my hands feel like their froze there's a numbness in my toes
But there's only five more miles to Mary Ann only five more miles to Mary Ann

That wind's howlin' and it seems Mighty like a woman's screams
We best be movin' faster if we can
Dan just think about that barn with that hay so soft an warm
It's only three more miles to Mary Ann it's only three more miles to Mary Ann

Dan get up you ornery cuss or you'll be the death of us
Well I'm so weary but I'll help ya if I can
Well all right Dan perhaps it's best that we stop a while and rest
We're still a hundred yards from Mary Ann it's still a hundred yards to Mary Ann
Well late that night the storm was gone and they found him there at dawn
Well he'd a made it but he just couldn't leave old Dan
Yes they found him there on the plains with his hands froze to the reins
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Ann
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Ann