

## 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 suppertime  
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