

The Blizzard

Jim Croce

There's a blizzard comin' on, how I'm wishin' I was home
For my pony's so weak he cannot stand
Listen to that northern sigh, if we don't get home we'll die
And it's only seven miles to Mary Anne
And it's only seven miles to Mary Anne

You can bet we're on her mind, for it's nearly suppertime
And I'll bet there's hot biscuits in the pan
Lord, my hands feel like they're froze
There's a numbness in my toes
But it's only three more miles to Mary Anne
It's only three more miles to Mary Anne

Get up Dan, you ornery cuss, or you'll be the death of us
I'm so weary but I'll help you if I can
Alright Dan, maybe it's best that we stop a while and rest
For we're just a hundred yards from Mary Anne
We're just a hundred yards from Mary Anne

Late that night the storm was gone
They found them there at dawn
He'd-a made it but he just couldn't leave ol' Dan
Yes, they found him there on the plains, his hands were frozen
right to the reins
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Anne
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Anne