

Hank Williams Jr. "The Blizzard"

Visit "[The Blizzard](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

There's a blizzard comin' on and I'm wishin' I was home

For my pony's lame and he can't hardly stand

Listen to that northern sigh if we don't get home we'll
die

But it's only seven miles to Mary Anne it's only seven
miles to Mary Anne

You can bet we're on her mind for it's gettin' just about
suppertime

Oh I know those hot biscuits're in the fryin' pan

Lord my hands feel like they're froze and there's a
numbness in my toes

But it's only five more miles to Mary Anne it's only five
more miles to Mary Anne

That wind's a howlin' and it seems mighty like a
woman's screams

And we'd best be movin' faster if we can

Dan just think about that barn with all that hay so soft
and warm

It's only three more miles to Mary Anne it's only three
more miles to Mary Anne

Dan get up your ornery cuss or you'll be the death of us

I'm so weary but I'll help you if I can

All right Dan perhaps it's best we'll stop just a little
while and rest

For it's still another mile to Mary Anne it's still another
mile to Mary Anne

Late that night the storm was gone and they found him
there at dawn

He'd have made it but he couldn't leave ol' Dan

Yes they found him out there on the plains his hands
were frozen to the reins

He was just a hundred yards from Mary Anne

He was just a hundred yards from Mary Anne

Visit [Hank Williams Jr.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.