

Chris Ledoux "Blizzard"

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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
It's only seven miles to Mary Ann

You can bet we're on her mind 'cause it's nearly supper
time
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
It's 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 and
warm
It's only three more miles to Mary Ann
It's only three more miles to Mary Ann

Well, 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
For it's still a hundred yards from to 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
And he was just a hundred yards from Mary Ann
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Ann

