

Clarks "The Blizzard"

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10th Street don't run in a straight line
We played on the part we couldn't find
And a musky old man, had a cup in his hand
He's the unofficial doorman, he helped flag down the
cabs

The snow started light, we thinking about home
But thinking was by far the closest we'd get, we're
alone
And what I had planned for the next couple days
Nothing more than a wish, still a phone call away

So we headed west, an our felt like four
Till we had to sleep or just couldn't see anymore
And the man on the corner was probably home, it was
late
And we were stranded on the highway at the Frederick,
Super 8
(Lost on the highway, I ain't never going back no, no,
no)

10 inches, twelve, fifteen, twenty-four
Then the cable went out, we just sang songs then got
bored
Tempers were short when the food it got thin
We walked a half a mile to the buffet, at the Holiday Inn

Six hours turned to twelve and twelve to forty-eight
We watched the gypsy's take shelter when they closed
the interstate
We spoke of Civil War, Pulp Fiction, and our escape
Everything was shut down but for that Frederick, Super
8
(Don't apologize, just give me my fuckin' sandwich)

Lost on the highway on the side of the road
Kicking your feet up to lighten the load
There was a contest of manhood and there was no
debate
Oh six lonely, lonely, lonely men at that Frederick,
Super 8
(It rhymes with 'debate' I ain't never going back)

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