Blizzard

Thomas Newson

There's a blizzard comin' on, how I'm wishin' I was home
For my ponys 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 were on her mind for it's nearly supper time
And I'll bet there's hot biscuits in the 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 Ann
It's only five more miles to Mary Ann
That winds howlin' and it seems mighty like a woman screams
And we'd best be movin' faster if we can
Dan just think about that barn with that hay so soft and warm
For 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
I'm so weary, but I'll help you if I can
Alright Dan perhaps it's best that we stop a while and rest
For it's still a hundred yards to Mary Ann
It's still a hundred yards to Mary Ann
Late that night the storm was gone and they found him there at dawn
He'd made it but he just couldn't leave old Dan
Yes, they found him there on the plains, his hands froze to the reins
He was just a hundred yards form Mary Ann
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Ann

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