

# Blizzard

Ellis Paul

Weather advisory, one for the diaries  
Windy and cold so stay off the road  
It's bitter outside your windows  
Stack your blankets, light your candles  
There isn't a phone booth, and ain't it the cold truth  
It's a lonely old highway, just me and the plows  
Making the most of their payday  
Laying salt in the wounds of the roadways(chorus)  
For your bed I'll beat the cold,  
With a blizzard in my headlights, or an avalanche in the road  
Snow blinds every road sign, So I'm counting the miles as I'm going  
There's a shroud of black ice forming  
The radio sends out ample warning...  
Up on the next hill, a trailer truck load spilled it spun in a jackknife, and now it's a still life  
Framed by the flares and the cruisers, orange coats and one sore loser...(chorus)  
In hindsight, it's been a long  
night  
And where I was was not so cold  
Another sound bite off the dash lights  
It's more than a foot or so they're told  
Two hundred miles to Chicago, my eyes froze to the road  
Mesmerized as the windshield collides with the snow...  
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