

# Blizzard

## Weichentechnik

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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