

The Blizzard

Louis Prima and His Orchestra

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 well die
But its only seven miles to Mary Ann
 Its only seven miles to Mary Ann

You can bet were on her mind
 For its nearly supper time
And Ill 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 its only five more miles to Mary Ann
 Its only five more miles to Mary Ann

That winds howlin' and it seems
 Mighty like a woman screams
And wed best be movin' faster if we can
 Dan, just think about that barn
 With that hay so soft and warm
For its only three more miles to Mary Ann
 Its 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 Ill help ya if I can
 Alright Dan, perhaps its best
 That we stop a while and rest
For its still a hundred yards to Mary Ann
 Its still a hundred yards to Mary Ann

Late that night the storm was gone
 And they found him there at dawn
He'd-a-made it but he just couldnt leave old Dan
 Yes they found him there on the plains
 His hands froze to the reigns
He was just a hundred yards form Mary Ann
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Ann

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