

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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written by PRIMA, LOUIS /

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