

## Blizzard

Billy Walker

There's a blizzard comin' on how I'm wishin' I was home  
For my pony's lame and he can't hardly stand  
Listen to that northern sigh if we don't get home we'll die  
But it's only seven miles to Mary Anne yes it's only seven mile  
s to Mary Anne  
You can bet we're on her mind for it's nearly suppertime  
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 Anne yes it's only five m  
ore miles to Mary Anne  
That wind's blowin' and it seems mighty like a woman's 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 Anne yes it's only three  
more miles to Mary Anne  
Dan get up your ornery cuss or you'll be the death of us  
And I'm so weary but I'll help you if I can  
All right Dan perhaps it's best that we'll stop awhile and rest  
For it's still a hundred yards to Mary Anne yes it's still a hu  
ndred yards to Mary Anne  
Late that night the storm was gone they found him there at dawn  
He'd made it but he couldn't leave ol' Dan  
Yes they found him on the plains with his hands froze to the re  
ins  
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Anne  
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Anne