

# The Blizzard

Johnny Cash

There's a blizzard comin' on and I'm wishin' I was home  
For my pony's lame and he can't hardly stand  
Lord my hands feel like their froze and there's a numb that's i  
n my toes  
But it's only seven miles to Maryanne  
It's only seven miles to MaryAnne

You can bet we're on her mind for it's nearly supptime  
And I know that there's hot biscuits in the pan  
Listen to that norther sigh if we don't get home we'll die  
But it's only five more miles to Maryanne  
It's only five more miles to MaryAnne

That wind's howlin' and it seems mighty like a women's scream  
And we'd best be movin' faster, if we can  
Dan, just think about that barn with that hay so soft and warm  
It's only three more miles to Maryanne  
It's only three more miles to MaryAnne

Come on Dan get up, you honory cuss or you'll be the death of u  
s  
I'm so weary but I'll help you, if I can  
All right, Dan, perhaps it's best we'll just stop a while and r  
est  
For it's still another mile to Maryanne  
It's still another mile to MaryAnne

Late that night the storm was gone and they found him there at  
dawn  
He'd made it but he couldn't leave ol' Dan  
Yes, they found him on the plains his hands frozen to the reign  
s  
He was just a hundred yards from Maryanne  
He was just a hundred yards from MaryAnne.