

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 suppertime
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 couln'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.