

Billy Walker, Blizzard

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 miles 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 more 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 hundred 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 reins
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Anne
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Anne