

Ellis Paul, Blizzard

Weather advisory, one for the diaries
Windy and cold so stay off the road
It's bitter outside your windows
Stack your blankets, light your candles

There isn't a phone booth, and ain't it the cold truth
It's a lonely old highway, just me and the plows
Making the most of their payday
Laying salt in the wounds of the roadways

(chorus)

For your bed I'll beat the cold,
With a blizzard in my headlights, or an avalanche in the road
Snow blinds every road sign,

So I'm counting the miles as I'm going
There's a shroud of black ice forming
The radio sends out ample warning...

Up on the next hill, a trailer truck load spilled It spun in a jackknife, and now it's a still life
Framed by the flares and the cruisers, Orange coats and one sore loser...

(chorus)

In hindsight, it's been a long night
And where I was was not so cold
Another sound bite off the dash lights
It's more than a foot or so they're told
Two hundred miles to Chicago, my eyes froze to the road
Mesmerized as the windshield collides with the snow...

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