

Harlan Howard, Blizzard

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 they're froze and there's a numbness in my toes
But it's only seven miles to Mary Anne it's only seven miles to Mary Anne
You can bet we're on her mind for it's nearly supertime
And I bet there's hot biscuits in the pan
Listen to that northern sigh if we don't get home we'll die
But it's only five more miles to Mary Anne it's only five more miles to Mary Anne
That wind's howlin' 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
It's only three more miles to Mary Anne it's only three more miles to Mary Anne
Dan get up your ornery cuss or you'll be the death of us
I'm so weary but I'll help you if I can
All right Dan perhaps it's best we'll just stop awhile and rest
It's still another mile to Mary Anne it's still another mile to Mary Anne
Late that night the storm was gone and they found him there at dawn
He'd've made it but he just couldn't leave ol' Dan
Yes they found him out there on the plains his hands froze to the reins
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Anne
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Anne