

Jim Reeves, The Blizzard

There's a blizzard coming on, how I'm wishing I was home,
For my pony's lame, and he can hardly stand.
Listen to that norther sigh, if we don't get home we'll die.
But, it's only seven miles to Mary Ann's.
It's only seven miles to Mary Ann's.

You can bet we're on her mind, for it's nearly supertime
And I'll bet there's hot bisquets in the pan.
Lord, my hands feel like there froze,
And there's a numbness in my toes.
But, it's only five more miles to Mary Ann's.
It's only five more miles to Mary Ann's.

That wind's howling and it seems
Mighty like a woman's scream.
And we'd best be moving faster if we can.
Dan just think about that barn,
With the hay so soft and warm.
For it's only more miles to Mary Ann's,
It's only three more miles to Mary Ann's.

Dan get up you ornery cuss, or you'll be the death of us.
I'm so weary, but I'll help you if I can.
Alright Dan, perhaps it's best, if we stop a while and rest.
For it's still a hundred yards to Mary Ann's.

(Sang)
It's still a hundred yards to Mary Ann's.

Late that night the storm was gone,
They found him there at dawn.
He'd-a-made it but he just couldn't leave old Dan.
Yes, they found him there on the plains,
Hands froze to the reigns.
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Ann's.

(Sang)
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Ann's...