

Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow

Frank Sinatra

Oh, the weather outside is frightful
But the fire is so delightful
And since we've no place to go
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow

It doesn't show signs of stopping
And I brought some corn for popping
The lights are turned way down low
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow

When we finally kiss good-night
How I'll hate going out in the storm
But if you really hold me tight
All the way home I'll be warm

The fire is slowly dying
And, my dear, we're still good-bye-ing
But as long as you love me so
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow

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