

Let it Snow

Written by Sammy Cahn and Jule Styne during a summer heat wave in Southern California, 1945. The song was made famous by Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra and many other recording artists.

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.

Oh 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.

Chorus: When we finally kiss good night, how I hate going out in the storm
But if you really hold me tight, all the way home I'll be warm.

Oh 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.

Chorus: When we finally kiss good night, how I hate going out in the storm
But if you really hold me tight, all the way home I'll be warm.

Oh 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.
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow, let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.

