



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** say 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.*



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