

Michael Bublé (Michael Buble), Let It Snow, Let It Snow

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've 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 goodnight
How I 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 goodbye-ing
As long as you love me so
Let it snow, let snow, let it snow

Oh, it doesn't show signs of stopping
And I've brought some corn for popping
Oh the lights are turned way down low
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow
OH... let it snow

All the way home I'll be warm
All the way home I'll be warm

The fire is slowly dying
And my dear I'm still goodbye-ing
As long you love me so

Let it snow, Let it Snow, Let it snow
Let it snow, Let is snow, Let is snow
Let it snow, Let it snow, Let it snow