Manhattan Transfer, The "Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow"

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(Music by Jule Styne - Lyrics by Sammy Cahn)
The snowman in the yard is frozen hard
He's a sorry sight to see
If he had a brain, he'd complain
I'll bet he wishes he were men

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 brough some corn for popping The lights are turned way down low 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
But my dear, we're still goodbying
But as long as you love me so
Let it snow, let it snow

Snow -Let it snow -(snow - 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

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...

The snowman in the yard is frozen hard

Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow

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