

# Bing Crosby, Snow (From White Christmas)

Snow

It won't be long before we'll all be there with snow

Snow

I want to wash my hands, my face and hair with snow

Snow

I long to clear a path and lift a spade of snow

Snow

Oh, to see a great big man entirely made of snow

Where it's snowing

All winter through

That's where I want to be

Snowball throwing

That's what I'll do

How I'm longing to ski

Through the snow-oh-oh-oh-oh

Those glist'ning houses that seem to be built of snow

Snow

Oh, to see a mountain covered with a quilt of snow

What is Christmas with no snow

No white Christmas with no snow

Snow

I'll soon be there with snow

I'll wash my hair with snow

And with a spade of snow

I'll build a man that's made of snow

I'd love to stay up with you but I recommend a little shuteye

Go to sleep

And dream

Of snow