

Oh the snow...

Falling from the sky

covering everything in its way,

leaving a sight pleasing to the eye.

I yearn, sitting by the bay.

watching as nearby horses neigh.

Oh, how I wish to see snow

Oh the snow...

Engulfing the world in an arctic white coat,

filled with endless imagination.

How could you possibly pay mind to the cold?

From imprisoning your hands in your pockets,

to throw ice balls twice the speed of rockets.

Oh, oh, how I wish to play in the snow

Oh the snow...

How I wish it snowed.

The sun's getting old.

I want something to glance at as I stroll.

Although beautiful & precious as gold,

I want something that I could hold.

Oh oh oh, how I wish to touch the snow