

Under the Boardwalk

Oh when the sun beats down and burns the tar upon the roof
And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire-proof
Under the boardwalk down by the sea
On a blanket with my baby... is where I'll be

CHORUS:

Under the boardwalk, ... out of the sun
Under the boardwalk, ... we'll be having some fun
Under the boardwalk, ... people walking above
Under the boardwalk, ... we'll be making love
Under the board-walk, board-walk

From a park you hear the happy sounds of a carousel
You can almost taste the hotdogs and french fries they sell
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea
On a blanket with my baby ... is where I'll be

- Chorus -

