

Under the Boardwalk

Oh when the sun beats down and burns the tar up on 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.

(Under the Boardwalk)

Out of the sun.

(Under the Boardwalk)

Man, we'll be having some fun.

(Under the Boardwalk)

People walkin' above.

(Under the Boardwalk)

We'll be falling in love under the Boardwalk, Boardwalk.

From the palms you hear the happy sounds of the carousel,
and you can almost taste the hot-dogs and french fries they sell.
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Out of the sun.

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