

Bette Midler, Under The Boardwalk

Oh, the sun beats down
and burns the tar up on the roof.
And your shoes get so hot,
you wish your tired feet were fireproof.
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea,
on a blanket with my baby is where I'll be.

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

Out of the sun.
We'll be havin' some fun.
People walkin' above.
We'll be fallin' in love
under the boardwalk, boardwalk.

Oooh, la la la la la la.
Oooh, la la la la la la la la.
Help me somebody, sing some la la's with me.
Under the night, under the stars by the raging sea.

Under the boardwalk, down by the sea, the sea,
on a blanket with my baby is where I'll be.
On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be.

Out of the sun.
We'll be havin' some fun.
People walkin', walkin'.
We'll be falling in love.

Out of the sun.
We'll be havin' some fun.
Everybody walkin', walkin', walkin'.
We'll be under the boardwalk, boardwalk.