

Alan Menken, Under the Sea

The seaweed is always greener
In somebody else's lake
You dream about going up there
But that is a big mistake
Just look at the world around you
Right here on the ocean floor
Such wonderful things surround you
What more is you lookin' for
Under the sea, under the sea
Darling it's better down where it's wetter
Take it from me, up on the shore they work all day
Out in the sun they slave away
While we devotin' full time to floatin' under the sea
Down here all the fish is happy
As off through the waves they roll
The fish on the land ain't happy
They sad 'cause they in the bowl
But fish in the bowl is lucky
They in for a worser fate
One day when the boss get hungry
Guess who gon' be on the plate
Under the sea, under the sea
Nobody beat us, fry us and eat us
In fricassee, we what the land folks loves to cook
Under the sea we off the hook
We got no troubles, life is the bubbles under the sea
Under the sea, since life is sweet here, we got the beat here
Naturally, even the sturgeon an' the ray
They get the urge n' start to play
We got the spirit, you got to hear it, under the sea
The newt play the flute, the carp play the harp
The plaice play the bass and they soundin' sharp
The bass play the brass, the chub play the tub
The fluke is the duke of soul
The ray he can play the ling's on the strings
The trout rockin' out the blackfish she sings
The smelt and the sprat they know where it's at
An' oh, that blowfish blow
Under the sea, under the sea
When the sardine begin the beguine
It's music to me, what do they got, a lot of sand
We got a hot crustacean band
Each little clam here know how to jam here, under the sea
Each little slug here cutting a rug here
Under the sea, each little snail here know how to wail here
That's why it's hotter under the water
Ya, we in luck here, down in the muck here, under the sea