Under the Boardwalk
by Kenny Young and Arthur Resnick (1964)
as sung by The Drifters

Intro: G . . . | . . .

Oh the sun beats down and melts the tar up on the roof
And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fiery profooooof,

Un-der the bo-oard-walk, down by the sea--e--e--e--e, yeah

On a blanket with my ba-by is where I'll be

Chorus: Un-der the board-walk, out of the sun
Un-der the board-walk, we'll be having some fun
Un-der the board-walk, people walking a-bove
Un-der the board-walk, we'll be falling in love,
Un-der the board-walk, board-walk.

In the park you hear the happy sound of a car-ou-sel
You can almost taste the hot-dogs and french fries they sell,

Un-der the bo-oard-walk, down by the sea--e--e--e--e, yeah
On a blanket with my ba-by is where I'll be

Chorus: Un-der the board-walk, out of the sun
Un-der the board-walk, we'll be having some fun
Under the board-walk, people walking above
Under the board-walk, we'll be falling in love,
Under the board-walk, board-walk.