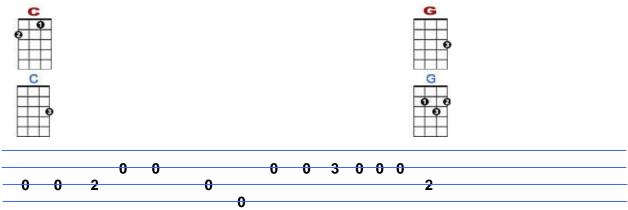
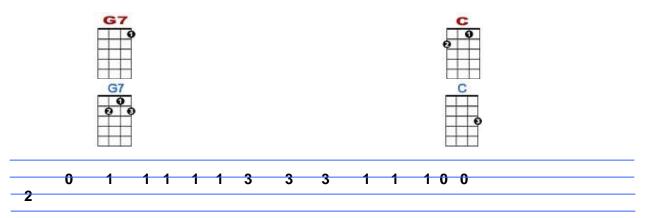
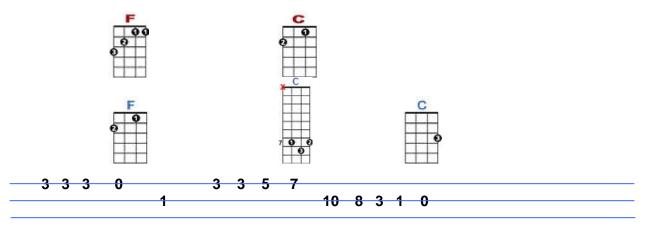
Under The Boardwalk by Kenny Young and Arthur Resnick



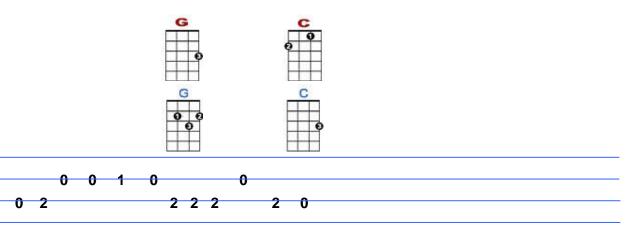
Oh when the sun beats down and burns the tar upon the roof,



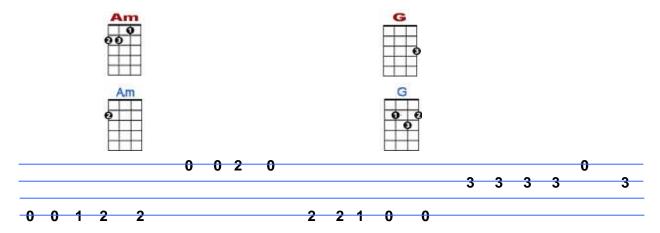
And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire-proof.



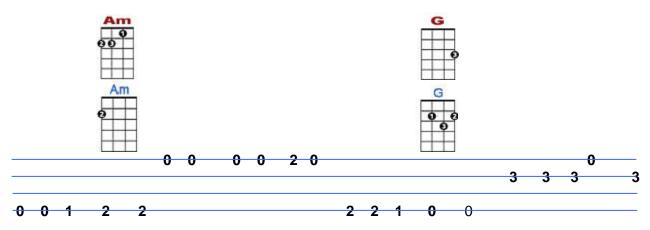
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea,



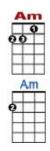
On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be.

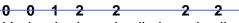


Under the boardwalk (out of the sun), Under the boardwalk (we'll be having some fun)



Under the boardwalk (people walking above), Under the boardwalk (we'll be making love)





Under the boardwalk, boardwalk.

2nd VERSE:

From the park you hear the happy sound of a carousel.

Mm-mm, 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.

REPRISE:

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