

Under The Boardwalk

Rickie Lee Jones

When the sun beats down, and melts 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, that's where I'll be

From the park you'll hear the happy sounds of a carousel
You can almost taste those hot dogs and french fries they sell
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea
On a blanket with my baby, that's 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 falling in love
Under the board-walk, board-walk

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