

Oh the sun beats down  
and melts the tar upon 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 a park nearby  
happy sounds from a carousel,  
You can almost taste  
the hotdogs and French fries they sell.  
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 falling love  
Under the boardwalk, boardwalk.