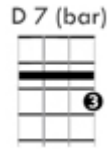
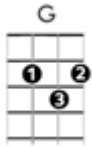
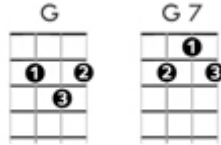


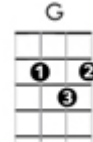
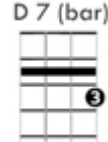
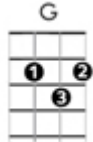
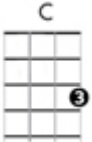
Under The Boardwalk - Soprano Ukulele



Oh when the sun beats down and burns the tar up on the roof

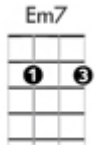


And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fireproof

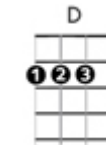


Under the boardwalk, down by the sea – On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be

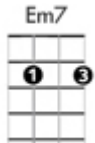
CHORUS:



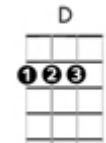
Under the boardwalk (out of the sun)



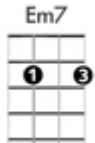
Under the boardwalk (we'll be having some fun)



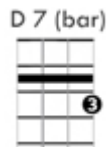
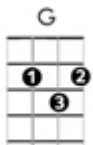
Under the boardwalk (people walking above)



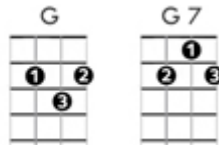
Under the boardwalk (we'll be falling in love)



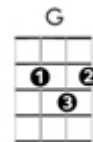
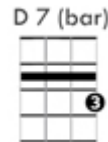
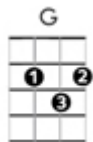
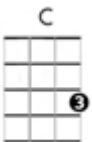
Under the boardwalk ... boardwalk



From a park you hear the happy sound of a carousel, ohhh



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

(Chorus)