

Under the Sea

Suburban Legends

The seaweed is always greener
In somebody else's lake
You dream about going up there
But that is a big mistake
Just look at the world around you
Right here on the ocean floor
Such wonderful things surround you
What more is you looking for?
Whoa, no!
Under the sea
Under the sea
Darling, it's better
Down where it's wetter
Take it from me
Up on the shore they work all day
Out in the sun they slave away
While we devotin'
Full time to floatin'
Under the sea
Down here all the fish is happy
As off through the waves they roll
The fish on the land ain't happy
They said 'cause they in their bowl
But fish in a bowl is lucky
They're in for a worser fate
One day when the boss gets hungry
Guess who's gon' be on the plate?
Oh, no!
Under the sea
Under the sea
Nobody eat us
Fry us and eat us
In fricassee
We are what land folks love to cook
Under the sea we off the hook
We got no troubles
Life is the bubbles
Under the sea (under the sea)
Under the sea (under the sea)
Since life is sweet here
We got the beat here
Naturally (naturally-y-y-y)
Even the sturgeon and the ray
They got the urge to start to play
We got the spirit
You got to hear it
Under the sea
Well, the newt play the flute
The carp play the harp
Plaice play the bass
And they soundin' sharp
Bass play the brass
The chub play the tub
Fluke is the duke of soul
The ray he can play
The lings on the string
The trout's rockin' out

The blackfish can sing
Smelt and the sprat
They know where it's at
Whoa, that blowfish blow
Under the sea
Under the sea
When the sardines
Begin to beguine
It's music to me
What do they got, a lot of sand?
We got a hot crustacean band
Each little clam here
Know how to jam here
Under the sea
Each little slug here
Cuttin' a rug here
Under the sea
Each little snail here
Know how to wail here
That's why it's hotter
Under the water
Yah, we in luck here
Down in the muck here
Under the sea