Under the Sea

Alan Menken

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 lookin' for?
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 sad 'cause they in their bowl
But fish in the bowl is lucky
They in for a worser fate
One day when the boss get hungry
Guess, who's gon' be on the plate?
Under the sea, under the sea
Since life is sweet here, we got the beat here naturally
We what the land folks loves to cook
Under the sea we off the hook
We got no troubles, life is the bubbles
Under the sea
The newt play the flute
The carp play the harp
The plaice play the bass
And they soundin' sharp
The bass play the brass
The chub play the tub
The fluke is the duke of soul
The ray he can play the lings on the strings
The trout rockin' out

The black fish she sings
The smelt and the sprat
They know where it's at
And, oh, that blowfish blow
Under the sea
Under the sea, under the sea
When the sardine begin the 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
Yeah, we in luck here
Down in the muck here under the sea

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