Ev'rybody's Doing It

AT THE SEASIDE

Words and Music by
KENNETH LYLE and BERT LEE

Brightly

When you're feeling not exactly extra fine, To the seaside,
Johnson thinks he'll spend a week-end by the foam, Leaves his wife and

Where the lobsters love to shine, Off you gaily trot; Choose a quiet spot,
dog to watch the house at home! That night, on the pier, With a saucy dear,

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No-ted for its bra-cing air and girls, Why not?
John-seal going strong till on a seat, quite near,
Spots a coup-le

you stroll out up-on the sand, And by the o-cean blue,
In a ver-y fond-em-brace, He seems to know her fizz,
Murmur's bless my

lore, Are spoon-ing on the shore, And sud-den-ly it dawns on you most clear-ly.
life, That does look like the wife, He looks a-gain and finds it is, Oh John-seal!

CHORUS Brightly, but not too fast

Ev-ry-bod-y's do-ing it at the sea-side;
Ev-ry-bod-y's do-ing it at the sea-side;

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do-ing it by the sea;  
What makes the cou-pl-es cling to-geth-
er, to-geth-
er? Per-haps the wea-
they must hold each oth-
pic-ture in the moon-
For hours and hours and hours they stop,
And in the wa-ter Jane and Sal, Are giv-ing their feet their an-
mua-al, For

ev-ry-bod-y's do-ing it by the sea.  
ev-ry-bod-y's do-ing it by the sea.