Down by the bay, where the watermelons grow.
Back to my home, I dare not go.
For if I do, my mother will say,
“Did you ever see a snake baking a cake?”
Down by the bay.

Down by the bay, where the watermelons grow.
Back to my home, I dare not go.
For if I do, my mother will say,
“Did you ever see a frog walking a dog?”
Down by the bay.

Down by the bay, where the watermelons grow.
Back to my home, I dare not go.
For if I do, my mother will say,
“Did you ever see a mouse painting a house?”
Down by the bay.