

“Little Mermaid” Audition Song Lyrics

“She’s In Love”

She acts like she don’t see me. She doesn’t even speak. She treats me like sashimi left over from last week. You see her late at night, tossin’ in her ocean bed. She’s moody as a snapper, oblivious as rocks. You swim right up and tap her, she lays there like a lox! As sure as dogfish bite, some-thin’s made her lose her head. And she sighs, and she swoons, and she’s hummin’ little tunes.... What on earth could it be? Any hammer head can see... that sigh, that glow, that swoon, Oh no! She’s in love. She’s in love. See her hips, how they swish. (pause). She’s in love. She’s in love. See her blush, see her grin. Ariel and someone swimmin’ in the sea... K – I – S – S – I – N – G!

“Beyond My Wildest Dreams”

Look... it’s him! So handsome and refined and slim. Sweet... sincere... magnificent from head to toe and oh... I’d hoped and wished my life would feel enchanted. Wished and prayed the fates would hear my plea. Prayed, and wow, my pray’rs are more than granted! Look at it al, hall after hall, perfect as you could please here! Marvels galore, and, even more, gee, did I mention he’s here? And if, who knows, all of it goes past even these extremes.... Just look at me and you will see someone beyond her wildest dreams!

“Poor Unfortunate Souls”

The men up there don’t like a lot of blabber. They think a girl who gossips is a bore. Yes, on land it’s much preferred for ladies not to say a word. And after all, dear, what is idle prattle for? Come on! They’re not all that impressed with conversation. True gentlemen avoid it when they can. But they dote and swoon and fawn on a lady who’s withdrawn. It’s she who hold her tongue who gets her man. Come, on you poor unfortunate soul! Go ahead! Make your choice. I’m a very busy woman and I haven’t got all day. It won’t cost much, just your voice. You poor unfortunate soul. It’s sad but true. If you want to cross a bridge, my sweet, you’ve got to pay the toll. Take a gulp and take a breath and go ahead and sign the scroll. Flotsam, Jetsam, now I’ve got her, boys, the boss is on a roll. You poor unfortunate soul.

“Her Voice”

Where did she go? Where can she be? When will she come again, calling to me? Calling to me.... Calling to me.... Somewhere there’s a girl who’s like the shimmer of the wind upon the water. Somewhere there’s a girl who’s like the gimmer of the sunlight on the sea. Somewhere there’s a girl who’s like a swell of endless music. Somewhere she is singing, and her song is meant for me. And her voice, it’s sweet as angels sighing. And her voice, it’s warm as summer sky. And that sound, it’s haunts my dreams, and spins me ‘round until it seems I’m flying her voice.

“Under the Sea”

Under the Sea. Under the sea. When the sardine 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. Ya, we in luck here down in the muck here under the sea.