

Makin' Whoopee

Louis Armstrong & Oscar Peterson

Another bride, another june
Another sunny honeymoon
Another season, another reason
For makin' whoopee A lot of shoes, a lot of rice
The groom is nervous, he answers twice
Its really killin' that he's so willin' to make whoopee Now picture a little love nest
Down where the roses cling
Picture the same sweet love nest
And think what a year can bring
He's washin dishes and baby clothes
He's so ambitious he even sews
But don't forget folks,
Thats what you get folks, for makin' whoopee Another year or maybe less
What's this I hear?
Well, can't you guess?
She feels neglected
And he's suspected
Of Makin' Whoopee! She sits alone
'Most every night
He doesn't phone
He doesn't write
He says he's "busy"
But she says "is he?"
He's Makin' Whoopee!
He doesn't make much money
Only a five-thousand per
Some judge, who thinks he's funny
Says "you'll pay six to her"
He says: "Now judge, suppose I fail."
The judge says: "Budge, right into jail!
You'd better keep her,
I think it's cheaper
Than Makin' Whoopee!"

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