

Makin' Whoopee

Louis Armstrong

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
It's really killin'
That he's so willin' to make whoopee Picture a little love nest
Down where the roses cling
Picture the same sweet love nest
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
That's what you get, folks, for makin' whoopee Another year or maybe less
What's this I hear? Well, you can't confess
She feels neglected, and he's suspected
Of makin' whoopee She sits alone 'most every night
He doesn't phone her; 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 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 You'd better keep her
I know it's cheaper
Than makin' whoopee

Songwriters

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