

# Makin' Whoopee

**Louis Armstrong & Oscar Peterson**

Another bride, another june  
Another sunny honeymoon  
Another season, another reason  
For makin' whoopeeA lot of shoes, a lot of rice  
The groom is nervous, he answers twice  
Its really killin' that he's so willin' to make whoopeeNow 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' whoopeeAnother 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!"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.