

# Makin' Whoopee

[Laura Zakian](#)

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 killing that he's so willing,  
To make whoopee  
Picture a little love nest,  
Down where the roses cling  
Picture that same sweet love nest,  
Think what a year can bring He's washing dishes and baby clothes,  
He's so ambitious he even sews, So don't forget folks, that's 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 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,  
And some judge who thinks he's funny says you pay six to her,  
And he says, "Judge, suppose I fail?"  
The judge says, "Budge right into jail",  
You better keep her.  
I think it's cheaper  
Than makin' whoopee. Than makin' whoopee

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