

Makin' Whoopee

Rod Stewart

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 Now 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, 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 Now he doesn't make much money
Only five thousand per
Some judge thinks, he's funny
Says, "You'll pay six to her" I says, "Now judge, suppose I fail?"
The judge said, "Rod, Rod in the jail", oh no
I'd better keep her, oh man it's cheaper
Than makin' whoopee Than makin' whoopee
Than makin' whoopee
Than makin' whoopee
...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>