Makin' Whoopee

Bob Thompson

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 twiceIt'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 bringHe'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' whoopeeShe 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' whoopeeHe 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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