

# 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

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