

# Makin' Whoopee!

**Burt Bacharach**

Another bride, another June  
Another sunny honeymoon  
Another season, another reason  
To make whoopee  
A lot of shoes, a lot of rice  
The groom is nervous, uh, he answers twice  
It's really killin', the boy's so willin'  
To make whoopee, whoopee  
Picture a little love nest, yeah  
Down where the roses cling  
Picture that same sweet love nest  
See what a year can bring  
I tell you the boy's washin' dishes an', baby clothes  
He's so ambitious, ooh, I tell you he sews  
It's really killin', the boy's so willin'  
To make whoopee, whoopee  
You see, I don't make much money  
Only five, uh, uh, thousand per  
And some judge who thinks he's funny  
Tells me I've got to pay six to her  
I said now judge, suppose I fail?  
The judge says, "Ray, son, son, right on into jail  
Ah, you better keep her, I think it's cheaper"  
You know what I've been doin', don't you?

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