

Makin' Whoopee

Eddie Cantor

Every time I hear that dear old wedding march
I feel rather glad I have a broken arch.
I have heard a lot of people talk
And I know that marriage is a long long walk.

To most people weddings mean romance
But I prefer a picnic or a dance.

Another bride,
Another groom,
Another sunny honeymoon,
Another season,
Another reason
For making whoopee.

The chorus sings, "Here comes the bride."
Another victim is by her side.
He's lost his reason cause it's the season
For making whoopee.

Down through the countless ages
You'll find it everywhere.
Somebody makes good wages.
Somebody wants her share.

She calls him 'Toodles' and rolls her eyes.
She makes him strudles and bakes him pies.
What is it all for?
It's so he'll fall for making whoopee.

Another year or maybe less
What's this I hear?
Well, can't you guess?
She feels neglected so he's suspected
Of making whoopee.

She sits alone most every night.
He doesn't phone or even write.
He says he's busy.
But she says, "Is he?"

He's making whoopee.

He doesn't make much money:
Five thousand dollars 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 better keep her.
You'll find it's cheaper
Than making whoopee.

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