

Julie London "Makin' Whoopee"

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Another bride, another June
Another sunny honeymoon
Another season, another reason
For making 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 some whoopee

Picture a little love nest
Down where the roses cling
Picture the same sweet love nest
See what a year can bring

I sit alone 'most every night
He doesn't phone, he doesn't write
He says he is busy and I say busy
He's making whoopee

He doesn't make much money
Only five thousand per
Some judge who thinks he's funny
Says, "You pay six to her"

He says, "Now judge, suppose I fail?"
The judge says, "Boy right into jail
You better keep her, I think it's cheaper
Than making whoopee"

Than making whoopee
Than making

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