

Louis Armstrong

"Making Whoopee"

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Another bride, another June,
another sunny honeymoon;
another season, another reason
for making whoopee.

A lot of cheers, a lot of rice,
the groom is nervous, he answers twice;
it's really chilling, that he's so willing
to making whoopee.

Now picture the little lovelies,
down where the roses spring.
Picture the same sweet lovelies,
think what a year can bring.

Yes, he's washing dishes, and baby clothes.
He's so ambitious, he even sews.
But don't forget folks,
that's what you get folks,
for making whoopee.

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

She sits alone, most every night.
He doesn't phone, he doesn't write.
He says he's busy,
but she says "Is he?"
He's making whoopee.

Now he doesn't make much money,
only five thousand furls. (sp.?)
Some judge who thinks he's funny,
says you'll pay six to her.

He says now judge,
suppose I fail?
Judge says Budge right into jail.

You'd better keep her,
I think it's cheaper;
than making whoopee.

Yeah! Yeah! You better keep her,
daddy I think it's cheaper;
than making whoopee!

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