

Making Whoopee

Making Whoopee
(Gus Kahn)

Another bride, another groom
The countryside is all in bloom;
The flow'rs 'n trees is,
The birds and bees is
Making whoopee.

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

Down through the countless ages,
You'll find it ev'rywhere:
Somebody makes good wages,
Somebody wants her share.

It's so he'll fall for
Making whoopee.

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

She sits alone 'most ev'ry night
He doesn't come home, or even write
He says he's busy
But she says, "Is he
Making whoopee?"

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

He says, "Now judge, suppose I fail?"
The judge says, "Bud, right into jail.
You'd better keep her

You'll find it cheaper
Than making whoopee."

Note: This set of words sung by Eddie Cantor in movie version of
Whoopee! (1930) There are lots, lots, more.RG

Additional verses:

Another bride
Another groom
Another sunny
Honeymoon;
Another season,
Another reason
For makin' whoopee.

A quiet service,
A lot of rice,
The groom is nervous
He answers twice.
It's really killing
THat he's so willing
To make whoopee.

Picture a little lovenest
Down where the roses cling
Picture that same sweet lovenest
Think what a year can bring.

He's washing dishes
And baby clothes
He's so ambitious
He even sews;
But don't forget, boys
THat's what you get, boys
For makin' whoopee.