

# Ella Fitzgerald, Makin' Whoopee!

Another bride, another June  
Another sunny honeymoon  
Another season, another reason  
For makin' whoopee

A lot of shoes, a lot of rice  
The groom is nervous, he answers twice  
Its really killin'  
That he's so willin' to make whoopee

Now picture a little love nest  
Down where the roses cling  
Picture the same sweet love nest  
Think what a year can bring, yes

He's washin dishes and baby clothes  
He's so ambitious he even sews  
But don't forget folks,  
Thats what you get folks, for makin' whoopee

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

Yeah, 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 makin' whoopee

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

He says, "Now judge, suppose I fail?"  
Judge say, "Budge. Right into jail.  
You'd better keep her. I think it's cheaper  
Than makin' whoopee."

Yes, yeah, you better keep her  
Daddy, I think it's cheaper  
Then makin' whoopee