Ray Charles, Makin' Whoopee!

Another bride, Another June Another sunny honeymoon Another season, Another reason To make whoopee

A lot of shoes, a lot of rice The groom is nervous, uhh, he answers twice Its really killin', the boy's so willin' To make whoopee, whoopee Picture a little love nest, yeah Down where the roses cling Picture that same sweet love nest See what a year can bring I tell you the boy's washin' dishes 'n, baby clothes He's so ambitious, ooh, I tell you he sews Its really killin', the boy's so willin' To make whoopee, whoopee You see, I don't make much money Only five, uh-uh, thousand per And some judge who thinks he's funny Tells me I got to pay six to her I said now judge, suppose I fail? The judge says, " Ray, son, son, right on into jail. Ah, you better keep her. I think it's cheaper."

[Spoken:] You know what I've been doin', don't you? [Crowd goes wild]