

# Makin' Whoopee

Words & Music:

Walter Donaldson & Gus Kahn (1928)

D            Ebdim7                    Em7                    A7        G        Gm  
Another bride, another June, another sunny honeymoon,  
DM7        D7            GM7                    Gm                    D Bb A7 D  
Another season, another reason for makin' whoopee.

A lot of shoes, a lot of rice, the groom is nervous, he answers twice.  
It's really killing that he's so willing to make whoopee.

D    Bm7    Em7    A7    D

Ebdim7    Em        Gm    D    Ebdim7    Em        Gm    D    A7  
Picture a little love nest down where the roses cling.  
Picture the same sweet love nest and think what a year can bring

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

Another year, or maybe less, what's this I hear? Well, you can 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.

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?"  
The judge says: "Bud, right into jail."  
You'd better keep her, I think it's cheaper than making whoopee.