

Makin' Whoopee

Rod Stewart

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
It's 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,
That's 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