

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]