

# I Get a Kick Out of You

Jeri Southern

My story is much too sad to be told  
But practically ev'rything leaves me totally cold  
The only exception I know is the case  
When I'm out on a quiet spree  
Fighting vainly the old ennui  
And I suddenly turn and see  
Your fabulous face I get no kick from champagne  
Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all  
So tell me why should it be true  
That I get a kick out of you Some get a kick from cocaine  
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff  
That would bore me terrific'ly too  
Yet I get a kick out of you I get a kick ev'ry time I see  
You're standing there before me  
I get a kick though it's clear to see  
You obviously do not adore me

Songwriters

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Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

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