

I Get a Kick out of You

Frank Sinatra

My story is much to sad to be told
But practically everything
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 move me at all
So tell me why should it be true
That I get a kick out of you
Some like the perfume from Spain
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff
It would bore me terrifically too
I do get a kick out of you
I get a kick every time I see you
Standing there before me
I get a kick though it's clear to see
You obviously do not adore me
I get no kick in a plane
Flying too high with some gal in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do
And I get a kick, you give me a boot
I get a kick out of you

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