

I Get A Kick Out Of You

Frank Sinatra

My story is much too 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 thrill me at all
So tell me why should it be true
That I get a kick out of you
Some they may go for a cocaine
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff
It would bore me terrifically too
Yet I 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

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