

I Get A Kick Out Of You

Ella Fitzgerald

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 faceI 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 youSome get a kick from cocaine
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff
That would bore me terrifically too
But I get a kick out of youI get a kick every time I see you standing there before me
I get a kick though it's clear to me, you obviously don't adore me
I get no kick in a plane, flying too high with some guy in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do, yet I get a kick out of youI get a kick every time I see you standing there before me
I get a kick though it's clear to me, you obviously don't adore me
I get no kick in a plane, flying too high with some guy in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do, yet I get a kick out of youI get a kick out of you

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