

# 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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