

I Get a Kick out of You

Cole Porter

My story is much too sad to be told,
But practically everything leaves me totally cold.
The 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 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.

Songwriters

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