

Frank Sinatra, I Get A Kick Of You

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 like the perfume from Spain. I'm sure that if I took even one sniff, it would bore me terrifically to

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.

I get no kick in a plane. Flying too high with some gal in the sky is my idea of nothing to do.

Yet I get a kick, you give me a boost, I get a kick out of you.