Frank Sinatra, I Get A Kick Out Of You

(C. Porter)

[Recorded April 10, 1962, Los Angeles]

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.

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 - um you give me a boot - I get a kick out of you.