

# 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.