

The Boomtown Rats, Kicks

I don't get my kicks no more from cake or lemonade
Bud I can't get served no smokes or drinks
They tell me that I'm underage

At sixteen years old I don't stand a chance
but on Saturday when I get to the dance
It's time-out from life
Got to learn to boogaloo
'Cos I get my kicks from you

Summer's gone school's back I feel so black inside
Rules and regulations are a torture rack
Is there no place for me left to hide?

At sixteen years old things have gone too far
I wanna be a movie rocker soccer star
But when you're around I know you'll treat me good
I get my kicks from you

I dream of you at night
Do you really mean anything at all,
Or am I wasting my time on you?

Those other guys are so much cooler than me
I find it so hard to score
What's it really like to know a girl
My imagination's not enough I gotta know more

At sixteen years old I get frightened at night
Presented with the truth I'm afraid I take flight
But when you're around I know you'll treat me good
I get my kicks from you
I get my kicks from you

*written by Bob Geldof

*taken from the self-titled debut album "The Boomtown Rats";