

# Billie Holiday, I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU

Cole Porter

My story is much too sad to be told,  
But practically ev'rything leaves me totally cold.

The only exception I know is the case

Where 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 get a kick from cocaine.

I'm sure that if I took even one sniff

That would bore me terrific'ly too,

Yet I get a kick out of you.

I get a kick ev'rytime I see

You're standing there before me.

I get a kick though it's clear to me

You obviously don't adore me.

I get no kick in a plane.

Flying too high with some guy in the sky

Is my idea of nothing to do,

Yet I get a kick out of you.