

# Bobby Caldwell, I Get A Kick Out Of You

My story is much too sad to be told  
But practically everything leaves me totally cold  
The only exception I know is a case  
When I'm out on a quiet spree  
Fighting vainly the old ennui  
Then I suddenly turn and see  
Your fabulous face

I get no kick from champagne  
Mere alcohol doesn't move me at all  
So tell me why should it be true  
That I get a kick out of you

I get no kick from 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 everytime 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  
But I get a kick out of you