

# Ella Fitzgerald, I Get A Kick Out Of You

Verse:

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

Chorus:

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 like the perfume from Spain  
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff  
It would bore me terrifically too  
But I get a kick out of you

Some like the bop-type refrain  
I'm sure that if, I heard even one riff  
It would bore me terrifically too  
But 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  
But 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  
But I get a kick out of you