

Louis Armstrong, 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 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,
Oh baby, I get a kick out of you.

I get a kick everytime 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 girl in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do,
Yeah baby, I get a kick out of you.