

Rolling Stones, 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,
When I'm out on a quiet spree fightly 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 terrifically, too,
yet I get a kick out of you.
I get a kick every time 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 gal in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do,
yet I get a kick out of you!