

# The 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!