

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