

# I Get a Kick Out of You

Billie Holiday

My story is much too sad to be told,  
But practically ev'rything 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,  
Yet I get a kick out of you.

I get a kick ev'rytime 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 guy in the sky  
Is my idea of nothing to do,  
Yet I get a kick out of you.