

I Get A Kick Out Of You

Bobby Caldwell

My story is much too sad to be told
But practically everything leaves me totally cold
The only exception I know is a case
When I'm out on a quiet spree
Fighting vainly the old ennui
Then I suddenly turn and see
Your fabulous face

I get no kick from champagne
Mere alcohol doesn't move me at all
So tell me why should it be true
That I get a kick out of you

I get no kick from cocaine
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff
It would bore me terrifically too
Yet I get a kick out of you

I get a kick everytime 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