

# I Get a Kick Out of You

Ella Fitzgerald

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  
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  
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 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