

Anita Meyer**"I Get A Kick Out Of You"**

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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 enui
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 terrificly too
Yet 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

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