

## **Boomtown Rats**

### **"Kicks"**

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I don't get my kicks no more from cake or lemonade  
Bud I can't get served no smokes or drinks  
They tell me that I'm underage

At sixteen years old I don't stand a chance  
but on Saturday when I get to the dance  
It's time-out from life  
Got to learn to boogaloo  
'Cos I get my kicks from you

Summer's gone school's back I feel so black inside  
Rules and regulations are a torture rack  
Is there no place for me left to hide?

At sixteen years old things have gone too far  
I wanna be a movie rocker soccer star  
But when you're around I know you'll treat me good  
I get my kicks from you

I dream of you at night  
Do you really mean anything at all,  
Or am I wasting my time on you?  
Those other guys are so much cooler than me  
I find it so hard to score  
What's it really like to know a girl  
My imagination's not enough I gotta know more

At sixteen years old I get frightened at night  
Presented with the truth I'm afraid I take flight  
But when you're around I know you'll treat me good  
I get my kicks from you  
I get my kicks from you

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\*written by Bob Geldof

\*taken from the self-titled debut album "The Boomtown Rats"

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