Frank Sinatra & The Red Norvo Quintet "I Get A Kick Out Of You"

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My story is much to 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 move me at all So tell me why should it be true That I get a kick out of you

Some like the perfume from Spain I'm sure that if I took even one sniff It would bore me terrifically too I do 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 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
And I get a kick, you give me a boot
I get a kick out of you

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