

## Norah Jones

# "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  
Then I suddenly turn and see  
Your fabulous face

Chorus:

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 like the perfume from Spain)  
(I'm sure  
That if I took even one sniff)  
(It would bore me terrifically too)  
(But I get a kick out of you)

(Some like the bop-type refrain)  
(I'm sure that if  
I heard even one riff)  
(It would bore me terrifically too)  
(But I get a kick out of you)

(Some they may go for cocaine)  
(I'm sure that if  
I took even one sniff)  
(It 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 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

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