

I Get a Kick Out of You

Dinah Washington

My story is much too sad to be told
But practically ev'rything 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 terrific'ly too
Yet I get a kick out of you

I get a kick ev'ry time I see
You're 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/guy in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do
But I get a kick out of you