

I Get a Kick Out of You

Frank Sinatra

I get no kick from champagne,
Mere alcohol,
It 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 bootype refrain,
I'm sure that if,
I heard even one riff,
It would bore me terrifically, 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 gal in the sky,
Is my idea of nothing to do,
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 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,
Yet I get a kick yes
I get a kick yes
I get a kick... out of you.

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