

# 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.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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