

I Get A Kick Out Of You

Lisa Ekdahl

My story is much too sad to be told
But practically everything leaves me totally cold
The only exception I know in this case
When I'm out in a quiet spree, fighting vainly the old ennui
Then 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 like the bop-type refrain
I'm sure that if, I heard even one riff
That 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 me
You obviously don't adore me

I get no kick in a plane
Flying too high with some guy in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do
Yet I get a kick out of you

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