

I Get A Kick Out Of You  
(da *Anything Goes*, 1934)  
*The complete lyrics of Cole Porter*, ed. by Robert Kimball,  
New York, Da Capo Press, 1983, p. 167

Forma musicale del *refrain*: Canzone AABA di 32 battute

*Verse*

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  
Where I'm out on a quiet spree  
Fighting vainly the old ennui  
And I suddenly turn and see  
Your fabulous face.

*Refrain*

A  
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.

B  
I get a kick ev'ry time I see  
You're standing there before me.  
I get a kick though it's clear to  
me  
You obviously don't adore me.

A  
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.

A  
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.