

You Go To My Head

Judy Garland

You go to my head
And you linger like a haunting refrain
And I find you spinning 'round in my brain
Like the bubbles in a glass of champagne.

You go to my head
Like a sip of sparkling burgundy brew
And I find the very mention of you
Like the kicker in a julep or two.

The thrill of the thought
That you might give a thought to my plea
Casts a spell over me
Till I say to myself

Get ahold of yourself!
Can't you see that it never can be?
You go to my head
With a smile that makes my temperature rise

Like a summer with a thousand Julys.
You intoxicate my soul with your eyes.
Though I'm certain that this heart of mine
Hasn't a ghost of a chance

In this crazy romance,
You go to my head.