

You Go To My Head

Bobby Caldwell

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 whisky or two

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

Still 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

Tho' I'm certain that this heart of mine
Hasn't a ghost of a chance
In this crazy romance

You go to my head