

You Go to My Head

Chuck Berry

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 the sparkles in a burgundy brew
And I find the very mention of you
Is like the kicker in a julep or two

Oh what a thought that you might give a thought to my plea
Cast a spell over me
But then I say to myself, ah, get hold to yourself, can't you see
It could never be

You go to my head
With a smile that makes my temperature rise
It's like a summer with a thousand Julys
You intoxicate my soul with your eyes

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