

## You Go to My Head

Doris Day

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, cast a spell over me  
But I say to myself get a hold of yourself  
Can't you see that is 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  
You go to my head.