

## You Go To My Head

Julie London

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  
And I say to myself: get a hold of yourself  
Don't you know that it never could 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  
And 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  
You go to my head