

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