

You Go to My Head

Louis Armstrong

You go to my head
And you linger like a haunting refrain
And I find you spin'n round in my brain
Like a bubble in a glass of champagne

You go to my head
Like a sip of sparkling burgandy brew
And I find the very mention of you
Like the kicker in a julep or two

Oh the thrill of the thought
That you might give a thought
To my plea
Cast a spell over me

Still I say to myself
Get a hold of yourself
Can't you see that it never can be

Yes

mmm 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...
You go... to... my... head...