

# You Go to My Head

Michael Bolton

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  
Still I say to myself, get a hold of yourself  
Can't you see that it 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

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