

You Go To My Head

Sarah Vaughan

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 Julies
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

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You go to my head
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