

# You Go To My Head

**Bobby Caldwell**

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 whisky or two

The thrill of the thought  
That you might give a thought to my plea  
Casts a spell over me

Still I say to myself  
"Get ahold 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

Tho' I'm certain that this heart of mine  
Hasn't a ghost of a chance  
In this crazy romance

You go to my head