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 the sparkles in a burgundy brew And I find the very mention of you Is like the kicker in a julep or two

Oh what a thought that you might give a thought to my plea
Cast a spell over me
But then I say to myself, ah, get hold to yourself, can't you s
ee
It could never be

You go to my head With a smile that makes my temperature rise It's like a summer with a thousand Julys You intoxicate my soul with your eyes

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