

You Go to My Head

Mina

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
You go to