

Cecilia Dale

"You Go To My Head"

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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
You go
To my head

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
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