

Billie Holiday

"You Go to My Head"

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Haven Gillespie / J. Fred Coots

You go to my head
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, 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
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 my head

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 my head

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