

Bryan Ferry

"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

Casts 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 July's
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, oh, you go to my head
You go to my head, you go to my head

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