

Rufus Wainwright "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
And I say to myself, "get ahold of yourself!"
Can't you see that this never will be?

You go to my head, (and I forgot the god-darn words)

[incomprehensible lyrics, scat singing]

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

The thrill of the thought that you might give a thought
to my plea,

Casts a spell over me
And 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
You go to my head

