

Michael Feinstein

"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 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

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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