

## Glen Gray

# "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 sparkling glass of burgundy brew

And I find the very mention of you

Like the kicker in a julip or two

Bridge

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

Still 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

