

## **Holiday Billie**

### **"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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