## Frank Sinatra, 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 Cast 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 You go to my head