

Dianne Reeves, You Go To My Head

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 this never will 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
The thrill of the thought that you might give a thought to my plea
Cast a spell over me
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