

Ella Fitzgerald, 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 it never can be

You go to my head with a smile that makes my temperature
rise
Like a summer with a thousand Julies
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