

# 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