

Judy Garland, 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
casts a spell over me
till 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.