

# Louis Armstrong, You Go To My Head

You go to my head  
And you linger like a haunting refrain  
And I find you spin'n round in my brain  
Like a bubble in a glass of champagne  
You go to my head  
Like a sip of sparkling burgandy brew  
And I find the very mention of you  
Like the kicker in a julep or two  
Oh 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  
Yes  
mmm 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...  
You go....to....my....head.....