Natalie Cole, 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
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 Julys You intoxicate my soul With your eyes

Though I'm certain
That this heart of mine
Hasn't a ghost
If a chance
In this crazy romance
You go to my head
You go to my head