

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