You Go to My Head

Lee Konitz

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 champagneYou 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 twoThe 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 July's
You intoxicate my soul with your eyesThough 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

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