You Go to My Head

Rufus Wainwright

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
Though I say to myself, get a hold of yourself
Can't you see that this never will 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 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 headThe thrill of the thought, that you might give a thought
To my plea, cast a spell over me
Though I say to myself, get a hold of yourself
Can't you see that this never will be?You go to my head with a smile
That makes my temperature rise
Like a summer with a thousand Julys
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You go to my head, you go to my head

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