

# You Go To My Head

Wayne Bergeron

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, 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 Julys  
You intoxicate my soul with your eyes

Songwriters

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