You Go To My Head

Clifford Brown

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 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 casts a spell over me
Still I say to myself: get a hold of yourself
Can't you see that it can never be?You go to my head
With smile that makes my temperature rise
Like a summer with a thousand July's
You intoxicate my soul with your eyes
Though I'm certain that this heart of mine
Hasn't a ghost of a chance in this crazy romance
You go to my head

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