

# You Go to My Head

[Billie Holiday](#)

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 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  
You go to my head 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  
You go to my head

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