

# You Go to My Head

[Dave Brubeck](#)

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  
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 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 The 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 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

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