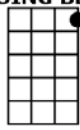
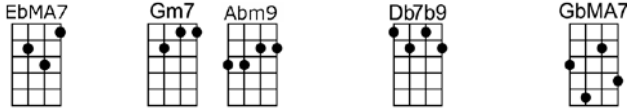


SING Bb



# YOU GO TO MY HEAD

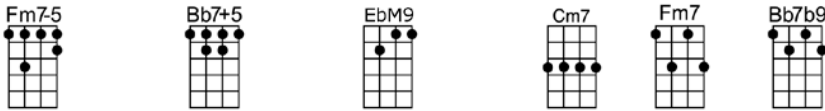
4/4 1...2...123



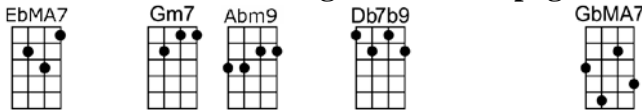
You go to my head, and you linger like a haunting refrain



And I find you spinning round in my brain



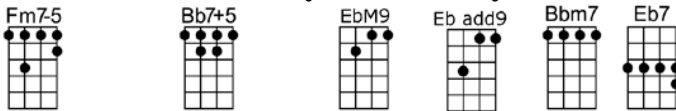
Like the bubbles in a glass of cham-pagne.



You go to my head, like a sip of sparkling burgundy brew



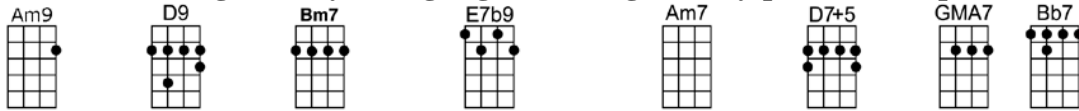
And I find the very mention of you



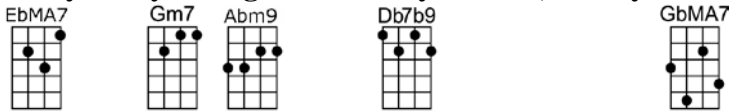
Like the kicker in a julep or two.



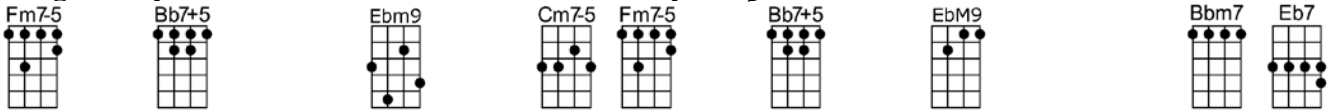
The thrill of the thought that you might give a thought to my plea casts a spell o-ver me



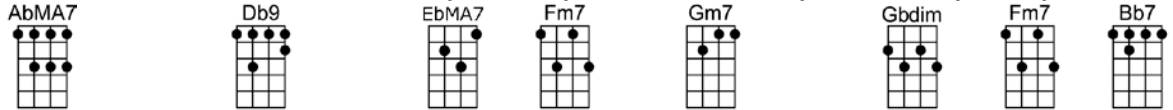
Still I say to my-self: get a hold of your-self, can't you see that it never can be?



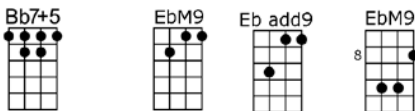
You go to my head with a smile that makes my temperature rise



Like a summer with a thousand Jul-ys you in-toxicate my soul with your eyes



Tho' I'm certain that this heart of mine hasn't a ghost of a chance in this crazy ro-mance,



You go to my head.