

YOU GO TO MY HEAD

(F. Coots)

Tenderly

Eb Gm Abm7 Db7 Ebm Ebm6
 YOU GO TO MY HEAD — { and you lin-ger like a heart- ing re- frain —
 like a sip of spark-ling Bur- gun- dy brew —
 F7 Bb7 Ebm Ebm6 F7 Bb7-9
 and I find { you spin-ning 'round in my brain — } like the bub- bles in a
 { the ver- y men- tion of you — } { kick- er in a
 Eb Fm7 Bb7 Bbm7 Eb7 Ab6
 glass of cham- pagne. — YOU — The thrill of the thought that you
 ju- lep or two. —
 D7 Eb
 might give a thought to my plea casts a spell o- ver me. —
 Am7 D7 G
 Still I say to my- self, "Get a hold of your- self, can't you
 see that it nev- er can be." YOU GO TO MY HEAD —
 Abm7 Db7 Ebm Ebm6 F7 Bb7
 with a smile that makes my tem- p'ra- ture rise, — like a sum- mer with a
 Ebm6 F7 Bb7-9 Eb
 thou- sand Ju- lys, — You in- tox- i- cate my soul with your eyes. —
 Bbm7 Eb7 Fm7 Bb7 Abm6
 Tho' I'm cer- tain that this heart of mine —
 Eb Gm Cm Eb Cdim Bb7 E4m
 has- n't a ghost of a chance in this cra- zy ro- mance, —
 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Abm6 Bb7 Eb
 YOU GO TO MY HEAD. YOU GO TO MY HEAD.