

You Go to My Head

Little wonder that it took this song some two years before finding a publisher in 1938. Radio at that time had a strict ruling against any reference to an alcoholic beverage and here was a lyric dealing with the heady effects of no less than three! The ballad was closely identified with the big bands of Glen Gray, Larry Clinton and Mitchell Ayres.

Words by Haven Gillespie

Music by J. Fred Coots

Slowly

F maj 9 B♭ m 7 E♭ 9
  

You Go To My Head — and you lin - ger like a

A♭ maj 7 G 7 C 7 F m 6
   

haunt - ing re-frain,— And I find you spin - ning 'round in my brain—

G 7 C 7 F G m 7 C 9
    

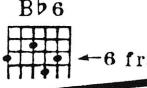
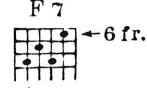
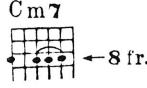
Like the bub-bles in a glass of cham-pagne.— You

F maj 9 B♭ m 7 E♭ 9 A♭ maj 7
   

Go To My Head — like a sip of spark-ling Bur-gun - dy brew,—

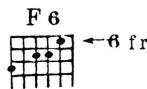
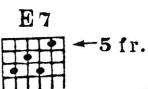


And I find the ver-y men-tion of you — Like the kick-er in a



ju - lep or two.—

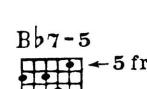
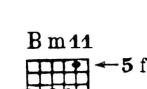
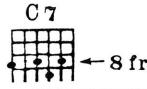
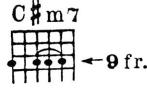
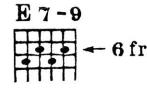
The thrill of the thought — that you



might give a thought — to my

plea casts a spell o-ver

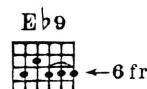
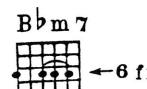
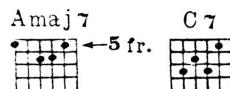
me; Still I



f 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 —

with a smile that makes my

tem-p'r-a-ture rise, — Like a sum-mer with a thou-sand Ju-lys —

You in-tox-i-cate my soul with your eyes. — Tho' I'm

cer-tain that this heart of mine — Has-n't a ghost of a

chance in this cra - zy ro - mance, — You Go To My

Head. — You Go To My Head.