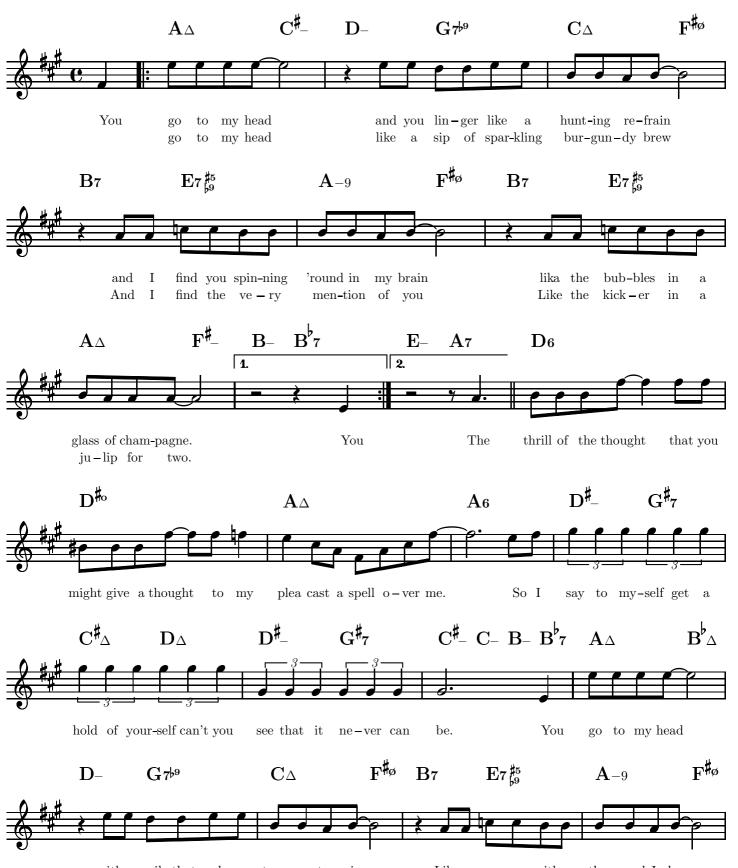
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You Go To My Head

J. Fred Coots



with a smile that make my temp-era-ture rise

Like a sum-mer with a thou-sand Ju-lys.

 $\mathbf{E}^{
ot}$



You in-tox-i-cate my soul with your eyes.

Though 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.