

## **Bobby Rydell**

# **"That Old Black Magic"**

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That old black magic  
Has me in it's spell  
That old black magic  
That you weave so well

Those icy fingers  
Up and down my spine  
The same old witchcraft  
When your eyes meet mine  
I love them so, yeah

The same old tingle  
That I feel inside  
And then that elevator  
Starts it's ride

And, darling  
Down and down I go  
Round and round I go  
Like a leaf that's  
Caught in a tide

Yeah, I should stay away  
But what can I do  
I hear your name  
And I'm aflame

Whoa, oh, oh  
Aflame with such  
A burning desire  
Hey, that only your kiss, kiss  
Can put out the fire

Well, now you're the lover  
I have waited for  
You're the mate that fate  
Had me created for

And every time  
Your lips meet mine

Yo, down and down I go

And round and round I go  
In a spin, loving the spin that I'm in  
Under that old black magic called love

(Let's do it again, little Bobby)  
Okay, one more time

Yeah, down and down I go  
Round and round I go  
I'm in a spin and I'm  
Loving the spin that I'm in  
Under that old black magic called love

Yeah, under that old  
Black magic called love  
Yeah, under that old  
Black magic called love

Yeah, under that old  
Black magic called love  
Keep on talking 'bout the black old magic...

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