

Frank Sinatra "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,
The same old tingle that I feel inside
And then that elevator starts it's slide,
Down and down I go,
Round and round I go,
Like a leaf that's caught in the tide.
I should stay away but what can I do,
I hear your name, and I'm aflame,
A flame with such a burning desire,

That only your kiss can put out the fire.
'cause you're the lover I have waited for,
The mate that fate had me created for,
And every time you lips meet mine,
Darling, down and down I go,
Round and round I go,
In that spin of love that I am in,
Under that old black of love.

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