

Glenn Miller

"That Old Black Magic"

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(Harold Arlen / Johnny Mercer)
(vocals: Skip Nelson & The Modernaires)

That old black magic has me in its spell
That old black magic that you weave so well
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 its ride
And 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
Aflame with such a burning desire
That only a kiss can put out the fire

For your the lover that I've waited for
The mate that fate had me created for
And every time your lips meet mine

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

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