

Harold Arlen "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

The same old tingle that I feel inside
And then the elevator starts it's ride
And down and down I go, and 'round 'and round I go
Like a leaf 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
Only your kiss can put out the fire

You are the lover I've waited for
You're the mate, 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 that I'm in
Under that black magic called love

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That old black magic that you weave so well
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That old black magic called love

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