

Louis Prima

"That Old Black Magic"

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That old black magic has weaved its 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 its ride

And down and down I go
Round and around I go
Like a leaf caught in a 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 your kiss
Put out the fire

For you're the lover I have waited for
You're mate that fate had me created for
And every time your lips meet mine

Baby down and down I go
Round and round I go

In a spin, loving the spin I'm in
Under the old black magic called love

Oh in a spin, loving the spin I'm in
Under the old black magic called love

In a spin, loving the spin I'm in
Under the old black magic called love

I should stay away but what can I do?
I hear your name and I'm a flame

Flame burning desire
That only your kiss
Put out the fire

For you're the lover I have waited for
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