

Keely Smith

"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

That same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine.

The same old tingle that I feel inside, and then that

Elevator starts it's 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 your kiss
can

Put out the fire.

For you're the lover I have 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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