

# That Old Black Magic

Louis Prima & Keely Smith

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  
You're mate that fate had me created for  
And every time your lips meet mine  
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