

Harold Arlen, That Old Black Magic

That old black magic has me in it's 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
When that elevator starts it's ride
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

You are the lover that I've waited for

The mate that fate had me created for
And every time your lips meet mine

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