

# 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