

Spike Jones, That Old Black Magic

That old black magic has me in its spell
The 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.

That same old tingle that I feel inside
And then that elevator starts its ride.
Down and down I go.
Round and round I go.
Like a leaf that's caught in the tide.

I stay away. Oh what can I do?
I hear your name and I'm aflame.
A flame with such a burning desire
That only your kiss can put out the fire.

For you're the lover I've been waiting 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.