

That Old Black Magic

Bob Dylan

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
Same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine

Same old tingle that I feel inside
And then that elevator starts its ride
And down and down I go, round and round I go
Like a leaf caught in the tide

I should stay away but what can I do?
I hear your name and I'm aflame
Aflame with burning desire
That only your kiss can put out the fire

You're the lover I have waited for
You're the 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 that old black magic called love
In a spin, loving the spin I'm in
Under that old black magic called love
In a spin, loving the spin I'm in
Under that old black magic called love

I should stay away but what can I do?
I hear your name and I'm aflame
Aflame with burning desire
That only your kiss can put out the fire

For you're the lover I have waited for
You're the 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
I'm under that old black magic called love
Oh in a spin, loving the spin I'm in
Under that old black magic called love
In a spin, loving the spin I'm in
Under that old black magic called love
Under that old black magic called love