

# That Old Black Magic

Rosemary Clooney

That old black magic has me  
In 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 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  
A flame with such a 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  
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