

## That Old Black Magic

Shirley Horn

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  
That same old witch craft when your eyes meet mine  
That same old tingle that I feel inside  
And then the elevator starts its ride  
And down, down I go  
Round and round I go  
Like a leaf that's caught in a 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

And you're the lover I have waiting for  
A mate that fate had me created for  
And every time your lips meet mine  
Darling, down I go  
Round I go  
In a spin, lovin' that spin I'm in  
Under that old black magic called love

In a spin lovin' that spin I'm in  
Under that old black magic called love  
In a spin lovin' that spin I'm in  
Under that old black magic called love