

That Old Black Magic

Keely Smith

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 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
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.
For you're the lover I have waited 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.