

# That Old Black Magic

Louis Prima

Old black magic has me in its spell  
Old black magic that you weave so well  
Those icy fingers up and down my spine  
The same old witch craft when your eyes meet mine

Same old tingle that I feel inside  
Then the elevator starts its ride  
Down and down I go  
Round and round I go

Like a leaf caught in a tide  
I should stay away but what can I do  
I hear your name and I'm a flame  
Flame, flame of desire

Only your kiss can put out the fire  
Oh you're the lover I have waiting for  
You're the mate that fate had me created for  
And every time your lips meet mine

Down and down I go  
Round and round I go  
In a spin, lovin' the spin I'm in  
Under the old black magic called love

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