

That Old Black Magic

Mel Tormé

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 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,
And 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 that spin I'm in
Under that old black magic called love.

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Black magic!