

# That Old Black Magic

Pat Boone

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.  
'Cause 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, and I'm loving that spin I'm in  
Under that old black magic called love.

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I hear your name, and I'm aflame,  
Aflame with such a burning desire,  
That only your kiss can put out the fire.  
'Cause you're the lover I have waited for,  
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And every time your lips meet mine,  
Darling, down and down I go,  
Round and round I go,  
In a spin, and I'm loving that spin I'm in  
Under that old black magic called love.  
In a spin, and I'm loving it, spin I'm in  
Under that old black magic called love  
(old black magic)  
I'm under that old black magic called love  
(old black magic)  
Down under that old black magic called love  
(old black magic)