That Old Black Magic

Judy Garland

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 mineThe same old tingle that I feel inside
And when that elevator starts its ride
And down and down I go, round and round I go
Like a leaf that's caught in the tideI 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 fireFor you're the lover that I've waited for
The mate that fate had me created for
And every time your lips meet mine

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