That Old Black Magic

Louis Prima & Keely Smith

That old black magic has me in its spell
That old black magic that you weave so well
Icy fingers up and down my spine
That same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine
That same old tingle that I feel inside
When that elevator starts its ride
Baby, round and round I go, up and down 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, kiss, kiss can put out the fire
You're the lover that I've waited for
The mate that fate had me created for
And every time your lips meet mine
Baby, round and round I go, up and down I go
In a spin, I'm loving that spin that I'm in
Under that old black magic called love
I should stay away but what can I do?
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