That Old Black Magic

Jessica

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
The same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mineThe same old tingle that I feel inside
When that elevator starts its ride
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 fireYou are the lover that I've waited forThe mate that fate had me created for
And every time your lips meet mineBaby down and down I go,
all around I go
In a spin, loving the spin that I'm in
Under that old black magic called love

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