

# That Old Black Magic (feat. Keely Smith)

Louis Prima

Old black magic has me in its spell  
Old black magic that you weave so well  
Those icy fingers up and down my spine  
The same old witch craft when your eyes meet mine  
Same old tingle that I feel inside  
And then the elevator starts its ride  
Down and down I go  
Round and round I go  
Like a leaf caught in a tide  
I should stay away but what can I do  
I hear your name and I'm a flame  
Flame, flame of desire  
That only your kiss (put out the fire)  
For you're the lover I have waiting for  
Your the mate that fate had me created for  
And every time your lips meet mine  
Down and down I go  
Round and round I go  
In a spin, lovin' the spin I'm in  
Under the old black magic called love  
In a spin lovin' the spin I'm in  
Under the old black magic called love  
I should stay away but what can I do  
I hear your name and I'm a flame  
Flame, flame of desire  
That only your kiss can put out the fire  
For you are the lover I have waited for  
Your the mate that fate had me created for  
And every time your lips meet mine  
Down and down I go  
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Songwriters

HAROLD ARLEN, JOHNNY MERCER

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