That Old Black Magic

Louis Prima & Keely Smith

That old black magic has weaved its spell
That old black magic that you weave so well
Those icy fingers up and down my spineThe same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine
The same old tingle that I feel inside
And then that elevator starts its rideAnd down and down I go
Round and around I go
Like a leaf caught in a tideI should stay away but what can I do?
I hear your name and I'm aflameAflame with such a burning desire
That only your kiss
Put out the fire
For you're the lover I have waited for
You're mate that fate had me created for
And every time your lips meet mineBaby down and down I go
Round and round I goIn a spin, loving the spin I'm in
Under the old black magic called loveOh in a spin, loving the spin I'm in
Under the old black magic called loveIn a spin, loving the spin I'm in
Under the old black magic called loveI should stay away but what can I do?
I hear your name and I'm a flameFlame burning desire
That only your kiss
Put out the fire
For you're the lover I have waited for
You're mate that fate had me created for
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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