That Old Black Magic

Ray Charles

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 mine

The 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 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 can put out the fire

You are the lover that I've waited for
The mate that fate had me created for
And every time your lips meet mine
Baby, 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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