That Old Black Magic

Rod Stewart

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 mineThat 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 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, kiss, kiss can put out the fireYou'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 loveI should stay away but what can I do?

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