

James Darren, That Old Black Magic

That old black magic has me in its spell
That old black magic that you weave so well
Those icy fingers up and down my spine
The same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine
The 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 that's caught in the tide
I should stay away, what can I do
I hear your name, and I'm a flame
A flame with such a burning desire
That only your kiss can put out the fire
But 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, round and round I go
In a spin, loving the spin that I'm in
Under that old black magic called love

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In a spin, loving the spin that I'm in
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I'm In a spin, loving the spin that I'm in
Under that old black magic called love