

# THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

Arlen/Mercer 1943

121

That old black mag - ic has me in its spell, — that old black mag - ic that you  
 The same old tin - gle that I feel in - side, — and then that el - e - va - tor  
 weave so well. — Those i - cy fin - gers up and down my spine, — the  
 same old witch - craft when your eyes meet mine. — The starts its ride, — and  
 down and down I go, 'round and 'round I go, like a leaf that's caught in the  
 tide. — I should stay a - way but what can I do, — I hear your  
 name — and I'm a - flame, — a - flame with such a burn - ing de -  
 sire, — that on - ly your kiss — can put out the fire. — For  
 you're the lov - er, - I have wait - ed for, — the mate that fate had me cre -  
 at - ed for. — And ev - 'ry time — your lips meet mine, —  
 dar - ling down and down I go, 'round and 'round I go, in a spin,  
 lov - ing the spin I'm in, un - der that old black mag - ic called love. —

Chords: Eb Eb6 EbΔ7 Eb6 Eb Eb6  
 1. F-7 Bb7 F-7 Bb7 F-7 Bb7  
 F-7 Bb+7 G-7 C7 F-7 Bb7 2. Db7  
 AbΔ7 Ab-6 G-7 Gb°7 F-7 Ab-6  
 Eb G-7 C-7 Ab7#11  
 D-7 G7 G-7 C13 F-  
 Db9 Bb9 Bb7b9  
 Eb Eb6 EbΔ7 Eb6 Bb- Bb-(Δ7)  
 Bb-7 Eb9 AbΔ7 Ab-6  
 AbΔ7 Ab-6 G-7 Gb°7 F-7  
 F-7b5 Bb7sus4 Eb