

42 THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC (H. Arlen) "Star-Spangled Rhythm"

That old black mag - ic has me in its spell. That
 old black mag - ic that you weave so well. Those i - dy fin - gers up and
 down my spine. The same old witch - craft when your eyes meet mine. The
 same old tin - - gle that I feel in - side. And then that el - - e - va - tor
 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 when I
 do I hear your name. And I'm a - flame, A - flame with such
 a burning 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.