

That Old Black Magic

F

Keyboard

That

old black mag - ic has me in its spell. That old black mag -

- ic that you weave so well. Those i - cy 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 what can I do? I hear your name

and I'm a - flame, a - flame with such a burn - ing de -

47 $E\flat m7$ $A\flat7$ $E\flat m7$ $A\flat7$ $Dm7$ $G7$ $Cm7$ $F7$

sire _____ that on-ly your kiss _____ can put out the fire. _____ For

53 $B\flat Maj7$

you're the lov - er I have wait - ed for, _____ the

57 $Fm7$ $B\flat7$ $Fm7$ $B\flat7$ $E\flat Maj7$

mate that fate _____ had me cre - at - ed _____ for, _____ and ev - 'ry _____ time

62 $A\flat7$ $Cm7$ $F7$

_____ your lips meet mine, _____ dar-ling, down and down _____ I go,

67 $Dm7$ $D\flat\circ7$ $Cm7$ $E\flat m7$

'round and 'round _____ I go in a _____ spin, _____ lov-ing the spin i'm in

72 $A\flat7$ $Cm7$ $B Maj7$ $B\flat6$

_____ un-der that old black mag - ic called love! _____ That

77 $Cm7$ $B Maj7$ $B\flat6$

old black mag - ic called love! _____ That

81 $Cm7$ $B Maj7$ $B\flat6$

old black mag - ic called love! _____