

Latin Beat

# That Old Black Magic

**M**  
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 -

