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## That Old Black Magic/Old Devil Moon

Reference number PT0384

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,  
that same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine.

The same old tingle that I feel inside,  
and then that elevator starts its ride,  
and down and down I go,  
round and round I go,  
like a leaf that's caught in the tide.

You and you glance  
Make this romance  
Too hot to handle.  
Stars in the night  
Blazing their light  
Can't hold a candle.

I should stay away,  
but what can I do?  
I hear your name,  
and I'm aflame,  
aflame with such a burning desire,  
that only your kiss can put out the fire.

And every time your lips meet mine, darling,  
down and down I go,  
round and round I go  
in a spin,  
loving the spin I'm in,  
under that old black magic called

You've got me flyin' high and wide  
on a magic carpet ride  
full of butterflies inside.

Wanna cry, wanna croon,  
wanna laugh like a loon.  
It's that old devil moon in your eyes.

Just when I think, I'm free as a dove.  
Old devil moon,  
deep in your eyes,  
blinds me with love.