

Harold Arlen

That Old Black Magic

Johnny Merer

A **Cmaj7**

That Old Black Mag - ic has me in its spell. That

Dm7 **G7**

Old Black Mag - ic that you weave so well. Those

Dm7 **G7** **Dm7** **G7**

i - cy fin - gers up and down my spine. The

Dm7 **G7** **Em7** **A7** **Dm7** **G7**

B same old witch - craft when your eyes meet mine. The

Cmaj7

same old tin - gle that I feel in - side, and

Bb7

then that el - e - va - tor starts its ride, and

Dm7 **G7** **Em7** **Eb07**

down and down I go, round and round I go

Dm7 **G7** **C6** **Bm7(b5)** **E7**

C like a leaf that's caught in the tide. I should

Am7 **F7(#11)** **E7**

stay a - way but what can I do? I hear your name

A⁷ **Dm⁷**

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

Fm⁷ **Bb⁷** **Fm⁷** **Bb⁷** **Em⁷** **A⁷**

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

Dm⁷ **G⁷** **Cmaj⁷** **Gm⁷**

For you're the lov - er I have wait - ed for, the mate that fate

C⁷ **Gm⁷** **C⁷** **Fmaj⁷** **Bb⁷**

had me cre - a - ted for. And ev - ery time your lips meet mine,

Dm⁷ **G⁷** **Em⁷** **Eb^{o7}**

dar - ling down and down I go round and round I go,

Dm⁷ **F⁷** **Bb⁷** **Dm⁷**

in a spin, lov-ing that spin I'm in, un-der that Old Black Mag -

G⁷_{sus} **C⁶** **Dm⁷** **G⁷**

- ic called love!