

# THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

E♭6

Words by JOHNNY MERCER; Music by HAROLD ARLEN

That old black mag - ic has me

in its spell. That old black mag - ic that you weave so well.

Those icy 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

*a tempo* starts its ride, and down and down I go, 'round and 'round

I go like a leaf that's caught in the tide. *mf* I should

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37 Cm Ab9#11 G9

stay a - way\_\_ but what can I do?\_\_ I hear your name\_\_ and I'm a -

43 C13 Fm Db9

flame,\_\_ a - flame with such\_\_ a burn-ing de - sire\_\_ that on-ly your

49 Abm6 Bb13 Eb

kiss\_\_ can put out the fire.\_\_ *pp* For you're the lov - er I have

55 Bbm7/Eb Eb9

wait - ed\_\_ for,\_\_ the mate that fate\_\_ had me cre - at - ed\_\_ for,\_\_ and

61 Ab Abm6 Ab<sup>6</sup>

ev - 'ry\_\_ time\_\_ your lips meet mine,\_\_ dar-ling, down and down

66 Abm6 Ebmaj7 C+ Fm7/Eb

\_ I go, *p*round and 'round\_\_ I go in a\_\_ spin,\_\_ lov-ing the

71 Fm7-5/Eb Bb7sus/Eb Eb6

spin I'm\_\_ in,\_\_ un-der that old black mag - ic called Love!\_\_

77 Fm7-5/Eb Eb6/Eb *a tempo* *rit.*

*pp*