That Old Black Magic Harold Arlen & Johnny Mercer

A F#m E7//

A F#m	Α	F#m A	F#m	Bm	E7	
That old black magic Bm E7		spell, that old b E7 Bm	lack magic that E7	t you weave s A	o well, E7	
Those icy fingers up A F#m The same old tingle Dmaj7 Bm7 Down and down I go	and down my s A F#r that I feel inside C#m7 C#	spine, the same m A e, and then tha fm D	e old witchcraft F#m Bn It ele—vator sta Bm	n E7 arts it's ride A	es meet mine	
You are the lover I h Dm And every time your	but what can I do G7 burning desire, A F#m ave waited for, E7 lips meet mine 8m7 C#m7 own I go, round Dm Di 9 spin that I'm in Dm A	that only your length on the mate that C#m and round I go m6 F#m Bm E	Om kiss, can put ou #m fate had me cre	E7 ut the fire Bm E7		2120 4222 1202 2224 4444 4446 6454
You are the lover I h Dm And every time your	ave waited for, E7 lips meet mine 17 C#m7 vn I go, round a Dm Dm6 s spin I'm in, un A F#r	the mate that C#m nd round I go. D nder that old bla n D	Dm ack magic calle Dm A	A ed love F#m A F#m	ո A high	

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