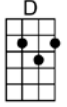
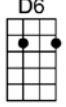
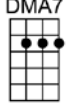
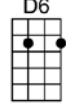
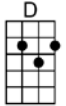
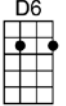
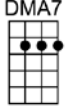
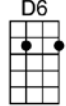
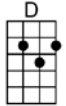
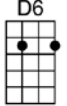

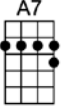



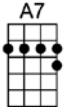

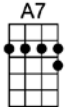


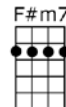
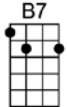
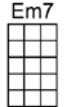
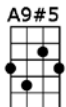
THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC_(BAR)

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

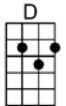
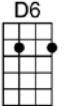
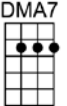
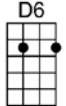
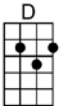
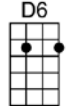
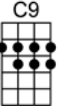
Intro: |  |  |  |  | (x2)

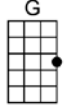
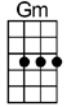
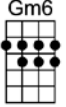
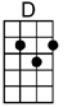
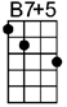
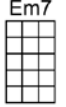
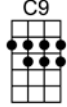
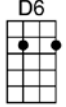
That old black magic has me in its spell. That old black magic that you weave so well

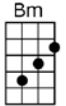
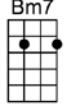
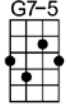
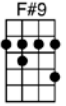
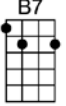
Those icy fingers up and down my spine, the same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine.

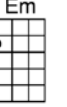
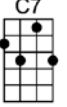
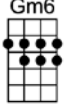
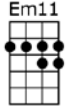
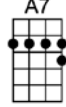
The same old tingle that I feel inside, and then that elevator starts its ride

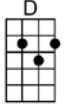
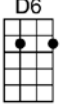
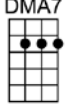
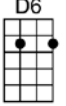
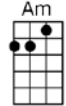
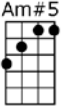
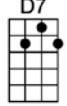
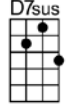
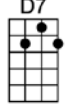
Down and down I go, 'round and 'round I go, like a leaf that's caught in the tide.

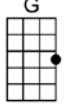
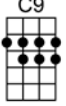
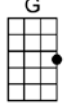
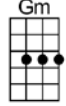
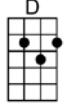
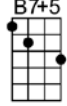
I should stay away but what can I do? I hear your name, and I'm a-flame

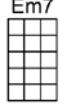
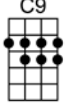
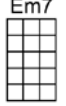
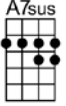
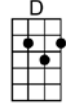
A-flame with such a burning de-sire, that only your kiss, can put out the fire.

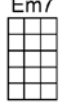
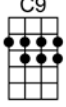
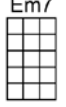
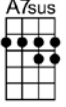
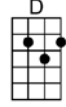
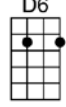
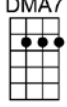
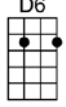
For you're the lover I have waited for, the mate that fate had me cre-ated for

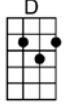
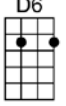
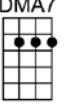
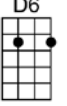
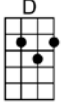
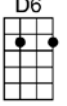
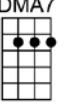
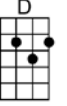
And every time your lips meet mine, darling, down and down I go, 'round and 'round I go

In a spin, lovin' the spin I'm in, under that old black magic called love.

In a spin, lovin' the spin I'm in, under that old black magic called love.

Called love, called love.

THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

Intro: | D | D6 | DMA7 | D6 | (x2)

D D6 DMA7 D6 D D6 Em7 A7
That old black magic has me in its spell. That old black magic that you weave so well

Em7 A7 Em7 A7 Em7 A7#5 F#m7 B7 Em7 A9#5
Those icy fingers up and down my spine, the same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine.

D D6 DMA7 D6 D D6 C9
The same old tingle that I feel inside, and then that elevator starts its ride

G Gm Gm6 D B7#5 Em7 C9 D6
Down and down I go, 'round and 'round I go, like a leaf that's caught in the tide.

Bm Bm7 G9b5 F#9 B7
I should stay away but what can I do? I hear your name, and I'm a-flame

Em C7 Gm6 Em11 A7
A-flame with such a burning de-sire, that only your kiss, can put out the fire.

D D6 DMA7 D6 Am Am#5 D7 D7sus D7
For you're the lover I have waited for, the mate that fate had me cre-ated for

G C9 G Gm D B7#5
And every time your lips meet mine, darling, down and down I go, 'round and 'round I go

Em7 C9 Em7 A7sus D
In a spin, lovin' the spin I'm in, under that old black magic called love.

Em7 C9 Em7 A7sus D D6 DMA7 D6
In a spin, lovin' the spin I'm in, under that old black magic called love.

D D6 DMA7 D6 D D6 DMA7 D
Called love, called love.