

# Ray Davies, That Old Black Magic

That old black magic has me in it's 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

That same old tingle that I feel inside  
and then that elevator starts it's ride  
And round and round I go, up and down I go  
like a leaf that's caught in the tide

[Ray's dialog continues...]  
I think my mother was right.

Later on, later on Dave and I took our own records into the front room and played early guitar heroes like Chet Atkins, Chuck Berry, Duane Eddy and James Burton, Charlie Christian and Leadbelly. But to me the greatest of all these guitar players was a blues man from Chicago called Big Bill Broonzy. We played all of these records, constantly, on that radiogram.

When Dave and I had our first rehearsals with our school skiffle group, all those rehearsals took place in that same front room.