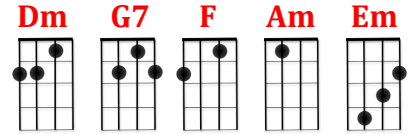


Love Potion Number 9



Dm I took my troubles down to Madame Ruth
Dm You know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth
F She's got a pad down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine
G7 Selling little bottles of love potion number nine

Dm I told her that I was a flop with chicks
Dm I've been this way since 19-56
F She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign
G7 She said "What you need is love potion number nine"

G7 She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink
Em She said "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"
G7 It smelled like turpentine, it looked like Indian ink
A7 N.C. I held my nose, I closed my eyes, I took a drink

Dm I didn't know if it was day or night.
Dm I started kissing every-thing in sight
F But when I kissed a cop down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine
G7 He broke my little bottle of Love Potion number nine

G7 She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink
Em She said "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"
G7 It smelled like turpentine, it looked like Indian ink
A7 N.C. I held my nose, I closed my eyes, I took a drink

Dm I didn't know if it was day or night
Dm I started kissing every-thing in sight
F But when I kissed a cop down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine
G7 He broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number Nine
A7 N.C. **Dm** **A7 N.C.**