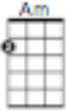


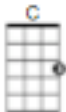
# Love Potion Number Nine



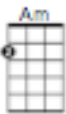
I took my troubles down to Madame Ruth;



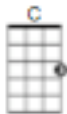
you know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth



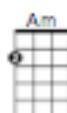
She's got a pad down on 34th and Vine, Sellin' little bottles of Love Potion No. Nine



I told her that I was a flop with chicks; I've been this way since 1956



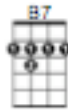
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign



She said "What you need is -- Love Potion Number Nine"



**BRIDGE:** She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink



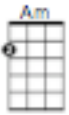
She said "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"



It smelled like turpentine, it looked like Indian ink *(continued)*



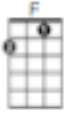
I held my nose, I closed my eyes, I took a drink



I didn't know if it was day or night; I started kissin' everything in sight



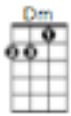
But when I kissed the cop down on 34th and Vine



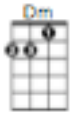
He broke my little bottle of-- Love Potion Number Nine

### BRIDGE & LAST VERSE

#### THEN (LAST TIME) :



Love potion Number Nine; Love Potion Number Nine;



// ( A B A G \*)



Love Po- tion Num - ber Nine.

(\* SINGLE NOTE RIFF:)

T-----|-----  
 A-----|-----  
 B-----|-----  
 ----2--4--2--0--|--2-----  
 A B A G AAAAAAAAAA