

LOVE POTION NO 9

I took my troubles down to Madam Ruth,
you know that Gypsy with the Gold capped tooth.
She's got a pad on Thirty Fourth and vine,
selling little bottles of,
love potion number nine.

I told her that I was a flop with chicks'
I've been this way since nineteen fifty six,
she looked at my palm
and she made a magic sign,
she said what you need is,
love potion number nine.

She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink,
she said I'm gonna mix it up right here in the sink.
it smelt like turpentine and looked like indian ink,
I held my nose I closed my eye's, 'I took a drink!

I didnt know if it was day or night,
I started kissing everything in sight,
but when I kissed a cop at Thirty Fourth and Vine,
he broke my little bottle of, love potion number nine.

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