

# Love Potion Number Nine

## The Clovers, The Searchers

I took my troubles down to Madame Rue  
You know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth  
She's got a pad down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine  
Sellin' little bottles of Love Potion Number Nine

I told her that I was a flop with chics  
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"

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  
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 a cop down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine  
He broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number Nine