

Love Potion No. 9

The Searchers

I took my troubles down to Madam Ruth,
you know that Gypsy with the gold capped tooth.
She's got a pad down at thirty fourth and vine,
sellin' 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 smelled like turpentine and looked like India 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' ev'rything in sight.
But when I kissed the cop down at thirty fourth and vine,
he broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number nine.