



Love Potion Number 9

Words & Music: Leiber/Stoller
(c) Intersong/WarnerChappell

I took my trouble down to Mama Ruth
You know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth
She's got a little store down at 34th and Vine
Selling little bottles of Love Potion Number Nine

I told her that I was a flop with guys
I've been that way since 1965
She looked at my palm then 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 kissing everything in sight
But when I kissed the cop down at 34th and Vine
He stole my little bottle of Love Potion Number Nine