

Love Potion No 9 by The Searchers **Done in the Key of Am**

Am **Dm**
I took my troubles down to Madame Ruth

Am **Dm**
You know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth

C **Am**
She's got a pad down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine

Dm **E** **Am**
Sellin' little bottles of Love Potion Number Nine

Am **Dm**
I told her that I was a flop with chicks

Am **Dm**
I've been this way since 1956

C **Am**
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign

Dm **E** **Am**
She said "What you need is Love Potion Number Nine"

Dm
She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink

B7
She said "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"

Dm
It smelled like turpentine, it looked like Indian ink

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

Am **Dm**
I didn't know if it was day or night

Am **Dm**
I started kissin' everything in sight

C **Am**
But when I kissed a cop down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine

Dm **E** **Am**
He broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number Nine

Dm
She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink

B7
She said "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink"

Dm
It smelled like turpentine, it looked like Indian ink

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

Am **Dm**
I didn't know if it was day or night

Am **Dm**

I started kissin' everything in sight

C

Am

But when I kissed a cop down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine

Dm

E

Am

He broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number Nine

Dm

Am

Love Potion Number Nine 3x