

Love Potion No. 9 - The Searchers

Am Dm
I took my troubles down to Madame Ruth
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
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
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

CHORUS

Dm Am
Love Potion Number Nine 3x