

Love Potion No. 9

Tygers of Pan Tang

I took my troubles down to Madame Rough
You know that gypsy with the gold cap tooth
She's got a pad down at 34th and Vine
Sellin' little bottles of
Love potion #9

I told her that I was a flop with chicks
I been this way since 1956
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign
She said what ya' need is
Love potion #9

She bent down and turn around and gave me a wink
She said I'm gonna' make 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 a cop down at 34th and Vine
He broke my little bottle of
Love potion #9

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