

Love Potion Number Nine

(from The Searchers)

Am D
I took my troubles down to Madame Rue
Am D
You know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth
C Am
She's got a pad down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine
D E
Sellin' little bottles of Love Potion Number
Am
Nine --- --- ---

Am D
I told her that I was a flop with chics
Am D
I've been this way since 19 56
C Am
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign
D E
She said "What you need is Love Potion Number
Am
Nine --- --- ---

D
She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink
Bm
She said "I'm gonna make it up right \ here in the
sink"
D
It smelled like turpentine, it looked like \ Indian
ink
E
I held my nose, I closed my eyes ^^ I took a drink

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

Am D
I started kissin' everything in sight

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

D E
He broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number

Am
Nine --- --- ---

----- guitar solo -----
|D | |Bm | |D | |

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|:Am D :|
Nine Love Potion Number