

# Love Potion Number Nine

Leiber/Stoller, The Searchers

B7 E

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 at 34th and Vine  
Dm E/ Am Am  
Sellin' little bottles of Love Potion Number Nine

Am Dm  
I told her that I was a flop with chicks  
Am Dm  
I'd been this way since 1956  
C Am  
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign  
Dm E/ Am 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 and looked like India ink**  
**E/ E/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 the cop down at 34th and Vine  
Dm E/ Am Am  
He broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number Nine

## CHORUS

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 the cop down at 34th and Vine  
Dm E/ Am Am  
He broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number Nine  
Dm Am Dm Am Dm/ Am  
Love Potion Number Nine Love Potion Number Nine Love Potion Number Nine

**Ukulele Band of Alabama**  
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