

## **American Graffiti**

### **"Love Potion No. 9"**

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I took my troubles down to Madam Ruth  
You know that Gypsy with the gold capped tooth  
She's got a path on Thirty-fourth and Vine  
Sellin' little bottles of Love Potion No. 9

I told her that I was a flop with chicks  
I've been this way since nineteen fifty six  
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign  
She said, "What you need is Love Potion No. 9"

She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink  
She said, "I'm gonna mix 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 it was a day or night  
I started kissin' every thing in sight  
But when I kissed a cop at Thirty-Fourth and Vine  
He broke my little bottle of Love Potion No. 9

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

I didn't know it was day or night  
I started kissin' every thing in sight  
But when I kissed a cop at Thirty-Fourth and Vine  
He broke my little bottle of Love Potion No. 9  
Love Potion No. 9, Love Potion No. 9

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