

Clovers

"Love Potion No. Nine"

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i took my troubles down to madame ruth
you know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth
she's got a pad down on thirty-fourth and vine
sellin' little bottles of love potion number nine

i told her that i was a flop with chics
i've been this way since 1956
she looked at my palm and she made a magic sign
she said what you need is love potion number nine

she bent down and turned around and gave me a wink
she said i'm gonna make it up right here in the sink
it smelled like turpentine, it looked like indian 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 kissin' everything in sight
but when i kissed a cop down on thirty-fourth and vine
he broke my little bottle of love potion number nine

----- guitar solo -----

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