

Love Potion No. 9 (Live In Pittsburgh)

The Clovers

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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