

Neil Diamond, Love Potion Number Nine

I took my troubles down to Madame Ruth
You know that gypsy
With the gold cap tooth
She's got a pad down at 34th and Vine
Sellin' little bottles of Love Potion #9

I told her that I was a flop with chicks
I been this way since 1956
She looked at my palm
And she made a magic sign
She said
"Whatcha need is
A bottle of Love Potion #9"
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
And looked like India 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 kissing everything in sight
But when I kissed a cop
Down at 34th and Vine
He broke my little bottle of
Love Potion #9

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