

American Graffiti, Love Potion No. 9

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
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Love Potion No. 9, Love Potion No. 9