

# Tygers Of Pan Tang, Love Potion Number 9

I took my troubles down to Madam Ruth  
You know that gypsy with the gold capped tooth  
She's got a stall at 34th and Vine  
Selling little bottles of Love Potion Number 9

I told her that I was a flop with chicks  
I've been this way since 1976  
She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign  
Said "What you need my boy is Love Potion Number 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 indian ink  
I held my nose, closed my eyes  
I took a drink

I didn't know if it was day or night  
I startet kissing everything in sight  
But when I kissed a cop down at 34th and Vine  
He broke my little bottle of Love Potion Number 9