

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