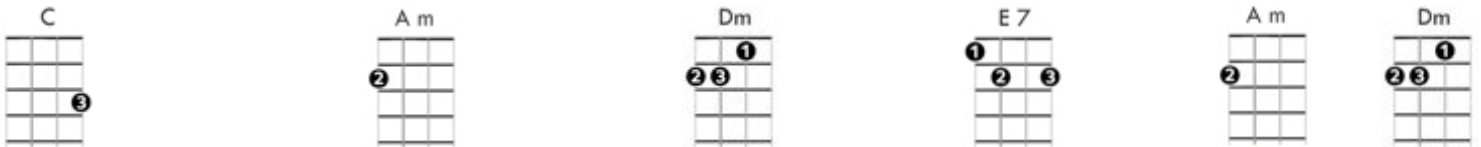


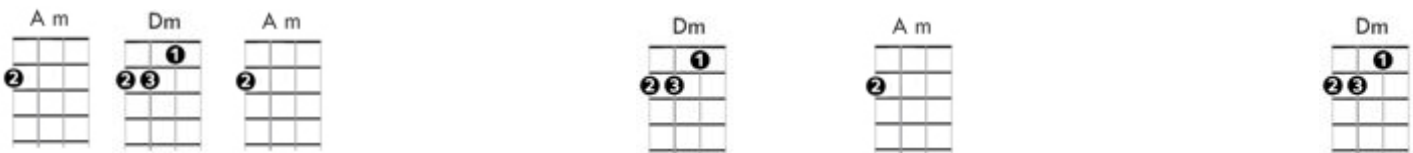
Love Potion Number 9 - soprano ukulele



I took my troubles down to Madame Ruth, you know the gypsy with the gold capped tooth



She's got a pad down at Thirty-fourth and Vine, selling little bottles of Love Potion # 9



I told her that I was a flop with chicks. I've been that way since 1956



She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign,



told me what I needed was Love Potion Number 9

Chorus

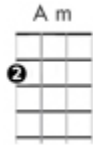
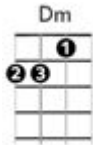
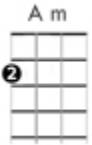


She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink. She said I'm gonna mix it up right here in the sink.



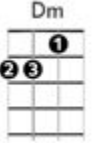
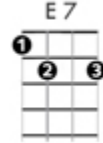
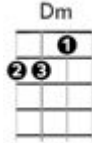
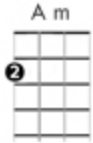
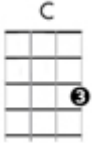
(no chord here)

It smelled like turpentine and looked like India ink ... I held my nose, I closed my eyes, I took a drink.

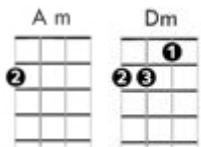


I didn't know if it was day or night,

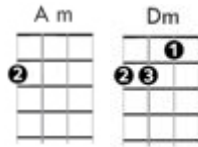
I started kissing every-thing in sight



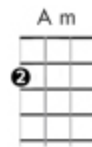
But when I kissed the cop down at 34th and Vine, he broke my little bottle of Love Potion # 9



Love Potion # 9



Love Potion # 9



Love Potion # 9