

Dm 1.0 0.0 1	G7	Dm O o T		G7		¥
I took my troubles d		Ruth, you know	the gypsy with th	e gold capped	tooth	
F	Dm 99	010	A/	Dm	A7	
She's got a pad down at	Thirty-fourth and	Vine, selling litt	le bottles of Lo	ve Potion # 9		
0 0				G7		
I told her that I was			at way since ninete	een fifty-six		
	Dm 9 6	9		A7 Dm	D7	
She looked at my palm ar	id she made a mag	gic sign, told me	what I needed was	s LP #9		
Chorus:						
0 0						
She bent down and	I turned around a	nd gave me a wir	ık			
0 0				27		
She said I'm gonna	mix it up right he	ere in the sink				
G	, name	or o hi the billing				
F4 - 33 3 3.54						
It smelled like turp	entine and looked	like India ink			•	
	8					
I held my nose, I cle	osed my eyes, I too	ok a drink				
Dm Le	G7 DM		G7 1 0 0			
I didn't know if it was	day or night,	started kissing	every-thing in sigh	nt		
9	1 200		G7	A7	Dm D7	
H	991		G7	9	9000	
1 🖽	出出		1111			
But when I kissed the cop of	lown at Thirty-for	irth and Vine, he	e broke my little h	ottle of I I	P #0 / a /	4
-				othe of E	Chorl	25
	Dm		G7	A7	P#9.(Choru	/
H	961		0 0		001	
2	出			H	##-	
But when I kissed the cop d	lown at Thirty-fou	irth and Vine, he	broke my little h	ottle of I.P)#0 V Z	