I Got It Bad (And That Ain't Good)

[Louis Armstrong](#)

Though folks with good intentions
Tell me to save my tears
Well I'm so mad about him
I can't live without him

Never treats me sweet and gentle
The way he should
I've got it bad
And that ain't good

My poor heart is so sentimental
Not made of wood
I've got it so bad
And that ain't good

But when the fish are jumpin'
And Friday rolls around
My man an' I, we gin some
We pray some, and sin some

He don't love me like I love him
The way he should
I've got it bad
And that ain't good
Yes I've got it bad
And that ain't good