

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

[Nina Simone](#)

My baby ever treats me sweet and gentle the way he should;
I got it bad and that ain't good! My poor heart is sentimental not made of wood
I got it bad and that ain't good!
But when the weekend's over and Monday rolls aroun'
I end up like I start out just cryin' my heart out
He don't love me like I love him nobody could
I got it bad and that ain't good! Like a lonely weeping willow lost in the wood
I got it bad and that ain't good!
And the things I tell my pillow no woman should
I got it bad and that ain't good!
Tho folks with good intentions tell me to save my tears
I'm glad I'm mad about him I can't live without him
Lord above me make him love me the way he should
I got it bad and that ain't good!

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