

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

[Elana James](#)

Never treats me sweet and gentle
The way he should
I got it bad
And that ain't goodMy poor heart is sentimental
Not made of wood
I got it bad
And that aint goodAnd when the fish are jumping
And Friday rolls around
My man and me, we pray some
We gin some and sin someHe don't love me like I love him
Nobody could
I got it bad
And that ain't good

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