

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

Oscar Peterson

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

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