

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

Frank Sinatra

Never treats me sweet and gentle, the way she should
I got it bad and that aint good
My poor heart is sentimental, not made of wood
I got it bad and that aint good But when the weekends over and Monday rolls around
I end up like I start out, just cryin my heart out
Doesnt love me like I love her, no, nobody could
I got it bad and that aint good Like a lonely weepin willow whos lost in the wood
I got it bad and that aint good
And the things I tell my pillow, nobody should
I got it bad, I got it bad and its no good Though folks with good intentions, they tell me to save up my tears
Im glad Im mad about her, I cant live without her
Lord above, make her love me the way that she should
I got it bad and that aint good
I got it bad and that aint good

Songwriters

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