I Got It Bad

Matraca Berg

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I can't eat, I can't sleep,
I got nubs where my fingernails used to be
And my cat is lookin' kinda worried 'bout me.The phone rings and I pounce
I'm like O.J. Simpson jumping over the couch
It ain't you, I'm answering breathlesslyI got it bad, I got it bad for youIt got hot, you got cold
You said your mama didn't think girls should be so bold
All of that from one little innocent kissWell now I heard it all
Maybe I should ask your mama to give me a call
Maybe she could tell me what to do about thisI got it bad, I got it bad for youWell I never in all of my days
Ever had a man that would treat me this way
The one who ain't beating down my door
Is the only one who's got me walking the floorI got jewels from a prince
Well the least I've ever gotten was a box of mints
But from you I ain't got nothing but the bluesI got it bad, I got it bad for youI've been snagged, I've been hooked
I burned my party dress and my little black book
Oh my God, what's my world coming to?I got it bad, I got it bad for you
I got it bad, I got it bad for you

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