

# 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 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 around  
I end up like I start out, just cryin' my heart out

Doesn't love me like I love her, no, nobody could  
I got it bad and that ain't good  
Like a lonely weepin' willow who's lost in the wood  
I got it bad and that ain't good  
And the things I tell my pillow, nobody should  
I got it bad, I got I bad, and it's no good

Though folks with good intentions, they tell me to save up my tears  
I'm glad I'm mad about her, I can't live without her

Lord above, make her love me the way that she should  
I got it bad and that ain't good  
I got it bad and that ain't good

No good [Repeat: x4]

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written by ELLINGTON, DUKE/KULLER, SID/WEBSTER, PAUL FRANCIS

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