

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

Duke Ellington

Never treats me sweet and gentle  
The way he should  
'Cause 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  
My man and me  
We pray some  
We gin some  
And sin some  
He don't love me  
Like I love him  
Nobody could  
I got it bad, and that ain't good  
Now folks with good intentions  
Tell me to save my tears  
I'm glad I'm mad about him  
I can't live without him  
Lord above me  
Make him love me  
The way he should  
Like a lonesome weeping willow  
Lost in the wood  
The way I hug my pillow  
No woman should  
Because I got it bad, and that ain't good

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

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