

# I've Got it Bad and That Ain't Good

[Dianne Reeves](#)

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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Lyrics submitted by sharione schaep.

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