

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

Lyrics submitted by sharione schaep.

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