

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

[Bill Evans](#)

Never treats me sweet and gentle
The way that he should
I've got it bad and that ain't good My poor heart is sentimental
But certainly not made of wood
I've got it bad and that ain't good But when the weekend's over
And Monday rolls around
I end up like I've starved out
Just cryin' and cryin', and cryin'
My poor hours out 'Cause he don't love me like I love him
But no, no, no, no nobody could, no
I've got it bad and that ain't good Now folks with good intentions
Tell me to save my tears
I'm just glad, I'm mad about him
'Cause I just can't, I just can't live without him I'm asking you Lord, up above me
Make him love me the way that it should
'Cause I've got it, I've got it real, real, real, real bad I've got it, got it so bad, yeah
I've got it bad, so bad, I've got it bad
I've got it bad and that ain't good

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