

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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