

No Good Man

Billie Holiday

No good man
Lovin' all the no good things
Never treats me as he should
That ain't no good
He's always bringing me down
He's no saint
Heaven knows that's what he ain't
Spends his money foolishly
Not on me
I'm the one who gets the run-around

I ought to hate him and yet I love him so
For I require
Love that's made of fire
And in his arms
I find
I always get that kind
No good man
Ever since the world began
There have been other fools like me
Born to be
In love with a no good man