My baby treats me sweet and gentle The way that he should I got it bad and that ain't good

My poor heart it's sentimental You know it ain't made out of wood I got it bad and that ain't good

When the weekend is over And monday rolls round

I am the way that I started out You know I'm crying, crying my heart out

He don't love me like I love him Ah nobody could I got it bad, bad,

I got it bad, bad, bad, bad I got it bad, ah bad And I got it bad and it ain't good