

# I Got It Bad (and That Ain't Good)

Etta Jones

He never treats me sweet and gentle  
The way he should  
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 is over  
And Monday rolls around  
I end up like I start out  
Just cryin', cryin' my poor heart out

Lord above me, make him love me  
The way he should  
I got it bad, I got it bad and that ain't good

Lord above me, make him love me  
The way he should  
I got it bad that ain't good  
I got it bad and that ain't good