

I Got It Bad

Matraca Berg

I can't eat, I can't sleep,
I got nubs where my fingernails used to be
And my cat is lookin' kinda worried 'bout me.

The phone rings and I pounce
I'm like O.J. Simpson jumping over the couch
It ain't you, I'm answering breathlessly

I got it bad, I got it bad for you

It got hot, you got cold
You said your mama didn't think girls should be so bold
All of that from one little innocent kiss

Well now I heard it all
Maybe I should ask your mama to give me a call
Maybe she could tell me what to do about this

I got it bad, I got it bad for you

Well I never in all of my days
Ever had a man that would treat me this way
The one who ain't beating down my door
Is the only one who's got me walking the floor

I got jewels from a prince
Well the least I've ever gotten was a box of mints
But from you I ain't got nothing but the blues

I got it bad, I got it bad for you

I've been snagged, I've been hooked
I burned my party dress and my little black book
Oh my God, what's my world coming to?

I got it bad, I got it bad for you
I got it bad, I got it bad for you