

I Got It Bad (And That Ain't Good)

Norah Jones

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.