

# Ella Fitzgerald, I Got It Bad (And That Ain't Good)

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