

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