

# Frank Sinatra, I Got It Bad

Never treats me sweet and gentle the way she 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's over and monday rolls around  
I end up like I start out, just cryin' my heart out

Doesn't love me like I love her, no, nobody could  
I got it bad and that ain't good

Like a lonely weepin' willow who's lost in the wood  
I got it bad and that ain't good  
And the things I tell my pillow, nobody should

I got it bad, I got I bad, and it's no good

Though folks with good intentions, they tell me to save up my tears  
I'm glad I'm mad about her, I can't live without her

Lord above, make her love me the way that she should  
I got it bad and that ain't good

I got it bad and that ain't good  
No good  
No good  
No good  
No good