

Frank Sinatra, I Got It Bad (and That Ain't Good)

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