

Nina Simone, I Got It Bad

(1941) Paul Francis Webster, Duke Ellington

My baby ever treats me sweet and gentle the way he 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 aroun'
I end up like I start out just cryin' my heart out
He don't love me like I love him nobody could
I got it bad and that ain't good!

Like alonely weeping willow lost in the wood
I got it bad and that ain't good!
And the things I tell my pillow no woman should
I got it bad and that ain't good!
Tho 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
I got it bad and that ain't good!

Original lyric

The poets say that all who love are blind
But I'm in love and I know what time it is!
The Good Book says "Go seek and ye shall find"
Well, I have sought and my what a climb it is!
My life is just like the weather
It changes with the hours
When he's near I'm fair and warmer
When he's gone I'm cloudy with showers;
in emotion, like the ocean it's either sink or swim
When a woman loves a man like I love him.
Never treats me sweet and gentle the way he 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 aroun'
I end up like I start out just cryin' my heart out
He don't love me like I love him nobody could
I got it bad and that ain't good!

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Lord above me make him love me the way he should
I got it bad and that ain't good!