

Etta Jones

"I Got It Bad"

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He 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 is over
And Monday rolls around
I end up like I start out
Just cryin', cryin' my poor heart out

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

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

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