

Frank Sinatra

"I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good"

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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 it 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

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