

## Gladys Knight "I Got It Bad"

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Never treats me sweet and gentle  
The way that he should  
I've got it bad and that ain't good

My poor heart is sentimental  
But certainly not made of wood  
I've got it bad and that ain't good

But when the weekend's over  
And Monday rolls around  
I end up like I've starved out  
Just cryin' and cryin', and cryin'  
My poor hours out

'Cause he don't love me like I love him  
But no, no, no, no nobody could, no  
I've got it bad and that ain't good

Now folks with good intentions  
Tell me to save my tears  
I'm just glad, I'm mad about him  
'Cause I just can't, I just can't live without him

I'm asking you Lord, up above me  
Make him love me the way that it should  
'Cause I've got it, I've got it real, real, real, real bad

I've got it, got it so bad, yeah  
I've got it bad, so bad, I've got it bad  
I've got it bad and that ain't good

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