

Louis Armstrong

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

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Never treat me sweet and gentle
The way she should
'Cause I got it bad, and that ain't good

My poor heart is so sentimental
And it's not made of wood
Now, I got it bad and that ain't good

When the weekend's over
And Monday rolls around
I end up like start out
Just crying my heart out

She don't love me like I love her
Nobody could
I got it bad and that ain't good

Now when the weekend's over
Monday rolls around
I end up like I start out
Just crying

Oh, she don't love me like I love her
Nobody could
I got it bad and it sure is good

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