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

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Never treats me sweet and gentle The way he should 'Cause 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 My man and me We pray some We gin some And sin some

He don't love me Like I love him Nobody could I got it bad, and that ain't good

Now 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

Like a lonesome weeping willow
Lost in the wood
The way I hug my pillow
No woman should
Because I got it bad, and that ain't good

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