

I Got It Bad (and That Ain't Good)

Billie Holiday

Though folks with good intentions
Tell me to save my tears
Well I'm so mad about him
I can't live without him
Never treats me sweet and gentle
The way he should
I've got it bad
And that ain't good
And when the weekend's over
And Monday rolls around
I end up like I start out
Just crying my heart out
He don't love me like I love him
No, nobody could
I've got it bad
And that ain't good
Lord above me, make him love me
The way he should
I got it bad
And that ain't good