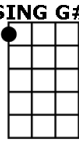


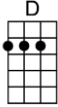
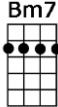

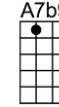
SING G#

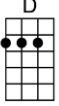
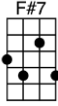
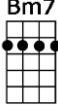
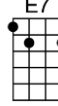
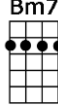
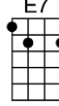


I GOT IT BAD (AND THAT AIN'T GOOD)

4/4 1...2...1234

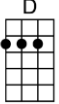
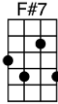
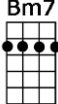
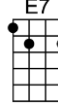
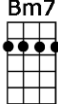
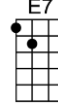
-Duke Ellington/Paul Francis Webster

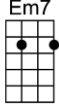
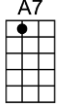
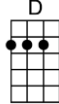
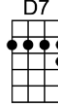
Intro: |  |  |  |  |

 **Never treats me**  **sweet and gentle,**    **the way she/he should,** 

I got it bad, and that ain't good

 **My poor heart is**  **senti-mental,**   **not made of wood**

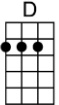
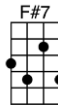
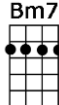
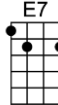
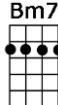

I got it bad, and that ain't good

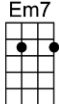
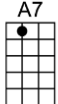
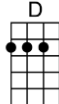
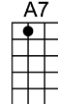
 

But when the weekend's over, and Monday rolls around

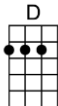
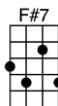
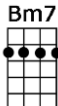
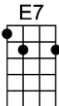
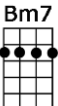
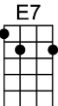
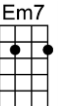
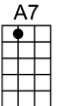
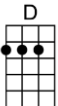
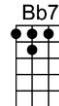
    

I end up like I start out, just cryin' my heart out

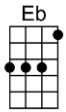
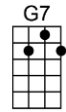
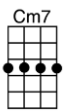
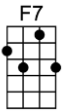
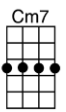
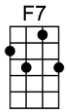
     

    **She/he don't love me like I love her/him,** **no, nobody could**

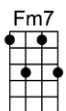
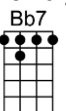
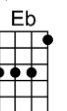
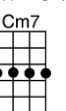
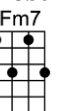
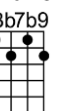
I got it bad, and that ain't good

Interlude:          

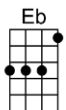
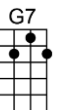
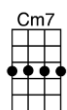
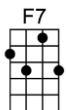
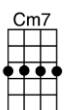
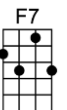
p.2. I Got It Bad

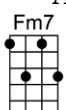
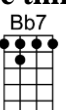
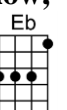

Like a lonely weepin' willow who's lost in the wood

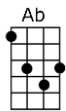
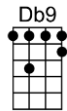
I got it bad, and that ain't good

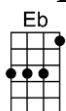
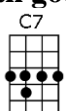
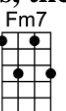
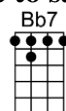
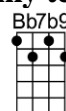
And the things I tell my pillow, nobody should

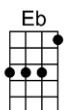
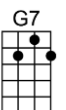
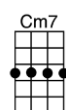
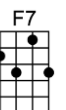
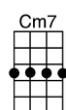
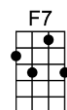
I got it bad, and that ain't good

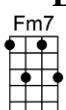
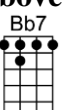

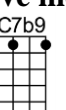

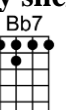
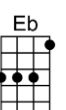
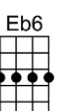
Though folks with good intentions, they tell me to save up my tears

I'm glad I'm mad a-bout her/him, I can't live with-out her/him

Lord above me, make her/him love me the way she/he should

I got it bad, and that ain't good, I got it bad, and that ain't good

I GOT IT BAD (AND THAT AIN'T GOOD)

4/4 1...2...1234 -Duke Ellington/Paul Francis Webster

Intro: | D Bm7 | Em7 A7b9 |

D F#7 Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7
Never treats me sweet and gentle, the way she/he should,
Em7 A7 D Bm7 Em7 A7b9
I got it bad, and that ain't good

D F#7 Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7
My poor heart is senti-mental, not made of wood
Em7 A7 D D7
I got it bad, and that ain't good

G C9
But when the weekend's over, and Monday rolls around
D B7 Em7 A7 A7b9
I end up like I start out, just cryin' my heart out

D F#7 Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7
She/he don't love me like I love her/him, no, nobody could
Em7 A7 D A7
I got it bad, and that ain't good

Interlude: D F#7 Bm7 E7 Em7 A7 D Bb7

Eb G7 Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7
Like a lonely weepin' willow who's lost in the wood
Fm7 Bb7 Eb Cm7 Fm7 Bbb9
I got it bad, and that ain't good

Eb G7 Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7
And the things I tell my pillow, nobody should
Fm7 Bb7 Eb Eb7
I got it bad, and that ain't good

Ab Db9
Though folks with good intentions, they tell me to save up my tears
Eb C7 Fm7 Bb7 Bbb9
I'm glad I'm mad a-bout her/him, I can't live with-out her/him

Eb G7 Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7
Lord above me, make her/him love me the way she/he should
Fm7 Bb7 G7 C7b9 Fm7 Bb7 Eb Eb6
I got it bad, and that ain't good, I got it bad, and that ain't good