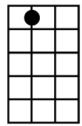


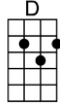
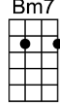

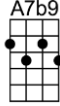
SING G#

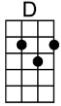
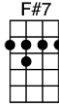
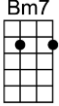
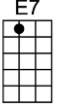
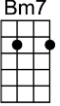
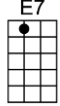


# I GOT IT BAD (AND THAT AIN'T GOOD)(BAR)

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

-Duke Ellington/Paul Francis Webster

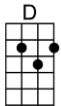
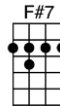
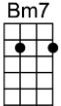
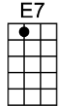
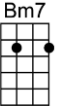
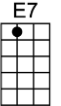
**Intro:** |  |  |  |  |

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

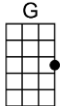
I got it bad, and that ain't good

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

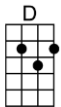
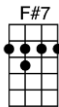
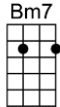
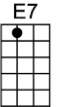
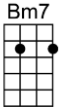
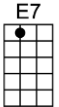
I got it bad, and that ain't good

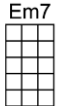
But when the weekend's over, and Monday rolls around

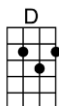
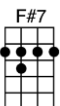
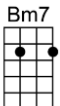
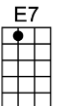
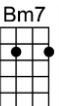
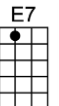
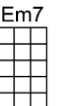
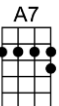
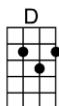
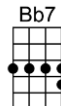
I end up like I start out, just cryin' my heart out

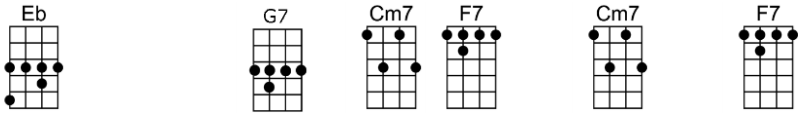
She/he don't love me like I love her/him, no, nobody could

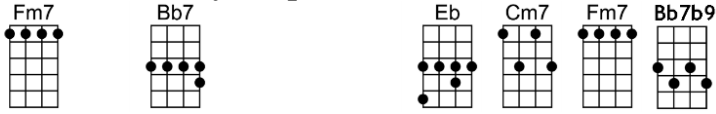
I got it bad, and that ain't good

**Interlude:**          

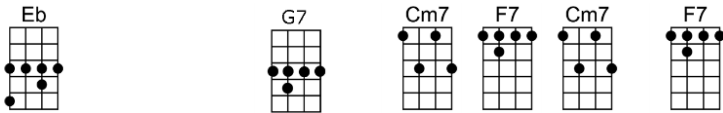
**p.2. I Got It Bad**



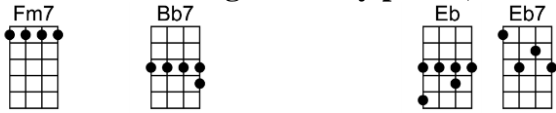
**Like a lonely weepin' willow who's lost in the wood**



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



**And the things I tell my pillow, nobody should**



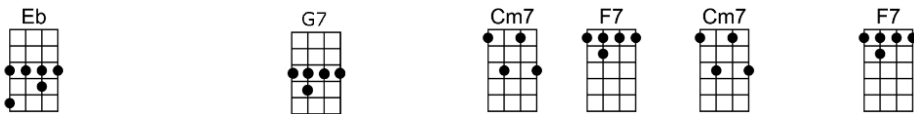
**I got it bad, and that ain't good**



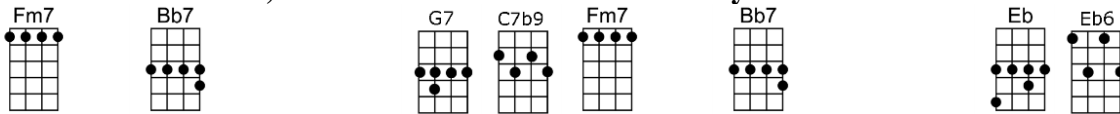
**Though folks with good intentions, they tell me to save up my tears**



**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 Bb7b9  
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 Bb7b9  
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