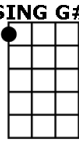


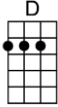
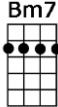

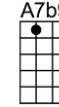
SING G#

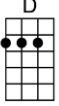
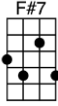
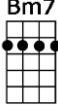
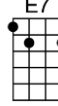
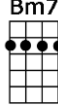
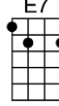


I GOT IT BAD (AND THAT AIN'T GOOD)

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

-Duke Ellington/Paul Francis Webster

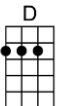
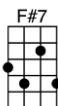
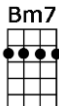
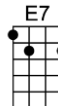
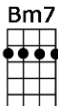
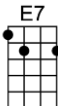
Intro: |  |  |  |  |

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

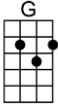
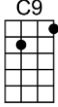
I got it bad, and that ain't good

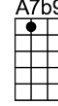
My poor heart is senti-mental, not made of wood

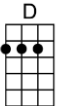
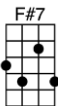
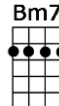

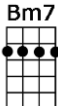
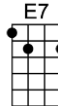
I got it bad, and that ain't good

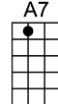
But when the weekend's over, and Monday rolls around

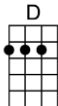
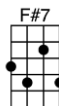
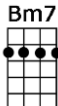
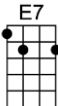
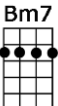
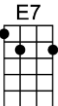
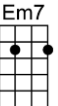
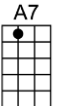
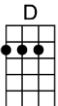
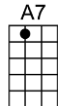
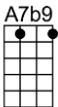
I end up like I start out, just cryin' my heart out

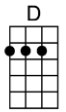
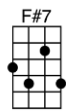
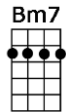
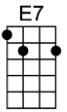
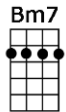
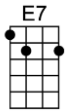
She/he don't love me like I love her/him, no, nobody could

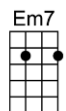
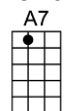
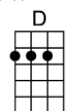
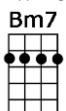
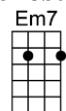
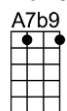
I got it bad, and that ain't good

Interlude:           

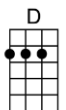
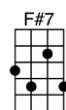
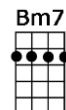
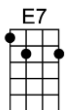
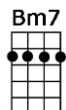
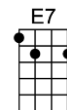
p.2. I Got It Bad

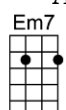
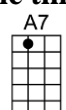
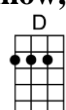
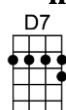
Like a lonely weepin' willow who's lost in the wood

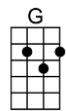
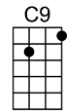
I got it bad, and that ain't good

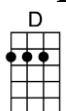
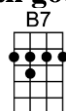
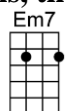
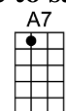
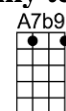
And the things I tell my pillow, nobody should

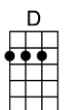
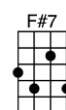
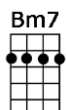
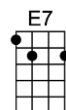

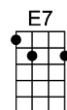
I got it bad, and that ain't good

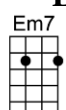
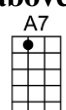

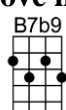
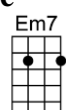
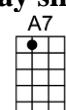
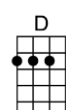
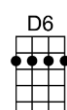
Though folks with good intentions, they tell me to save up my tears

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 Bm7 E7 Em7 A7 D A7 A7b9

D F#7 Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7
Like a lonely weepin' willow who's lost in the wood
Em7 A7 D Bm7 Em7 A7b9
I got it bad, and that ain't good

D F#7 Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7
And the things I tell my pillow, nobody should
Em7 A7 D D7
I got it bad, and that ain't good

G C9
Though folks with good intentions, they tell me to save up my tears
D B7 Em7 A7 A7b9
I'm glad I'm mad a-bout her/him, I can't live with-out her/him

D F#7 Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7
Lord above me, make her/him love me the way she/he should
Em7 A7 F#7 B7b9 Em7 A7 D D6
I got it bad, and that ain't good, I got it bad, and that ain't good