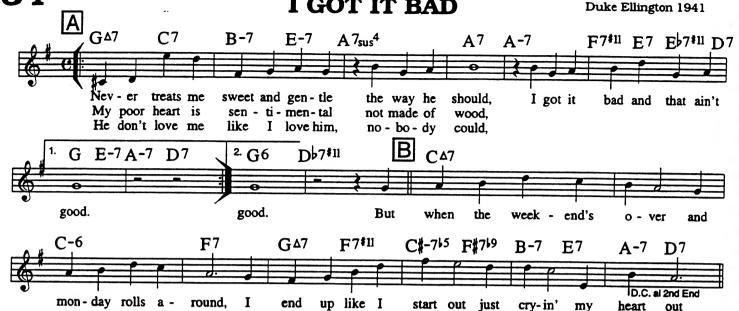


I GOT IT BAD



Like a lovely weeping willow, lost in the wood, I got it bad and that ain't good. And the wings I tell mu pillow, no woman should, I got it bad and that ain't good. Though 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, I got it bad and that ain't good.



