

## **Pack Up Your Sorrows**

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Chorus:

If somehow you could pack up your sorrows,  
And give them all to me  
You would lose them, I know how to use them  
Give them all to me

No use crying, talking to a stranger  
Naming the sorrows that you see  
To many bad times, too many sad times  
Nobody knows what you mean

No use ramblin', walking in the shadows  
Trailing a wandering star  
No one beside you, no one to guide you  
And nobody knows where you are

No use gambling, running in the darkness  
Looking for a spirit that is free  
Too many wrong times, too many long times  
Nobody knows what you see

No use roaming, lying by the roadside  
Seeking a satisfied mind  
Too many highway, too many byways  
And nobody's walking behind