

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