

Pack Up Your Sorrows

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A **D**
No use crying, talking to a stranger

A **E**
Naming the sorrows you've seen

A **D**
Too many sad times, too many bad times

A **E** **A**
Nobody knows what you mean.

*But 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 rambling, walking in the shadows
Trailing a wandering star
No one beside you, no one to hide you
And nobody knows where you are.

No use gambling, running in the darkness
Looking for a spirit that's 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 highways, too many byways
And nobody's walking behind.