

Pack Up Your Sorrows

Mimi & Richard Fariña

Chorus:

**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 cryin', talkin' to a stranger,
Namin' the sorrow you've seen.
Too many bad times, too many sad times,
Nobody knows what you mean.

No use ramblin', walkin' in the shadows,
Trailin' a wanderin' star.
No one beside you, no one to hide you,
And nobody knows what you are.

No use roamin', walking by the roadside,
Seekin' a satisfied mind.
Too many highways, too many byways,
And nobody's walking behind.