

Pack Up Your Sorrows

Richard Fariña and Pauline Marden I-77

C F
 No use crying, talking to a stranger
 C G
 Naming the sorrows you've seen
 C F
 Too many sad times, too many bad times
 C G C
 Nobody knows what you mean.

Chorus:

C F
 But if somehow, you could pack up your sorrows
 C G
 And give them all to me
 C F
 You would lose them, I know how to use them
 C G C
 Give them all to me.

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

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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

Chorus