Pack Up Your Sorrows

I

Well, if somehow you could pack up your sorrows,   *IV*

I

And give them all to me.   *V*

I

You would lose them, I know how to use them,   *IV*

I

Give them all to me.   *V*   *I*

No use cryin', talking to a stranger,

Namin' the sorrows you've seen;

Oh, 'cause there are too many bad times, too many sad times,

Nobody knows what you mean.

{Refrain}

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

{Refrain}

No use roamin', walking by the roadside,
Seekin' a satisfied mind.
Ah, 'cause there are too many highways, too many byways,
Nobody's walkin' behind.