

# Pack Up Your Sorrows

## Plainsong

No use crying, talking to a stranger

Naming the sorrows you've seen

Too many sad times, too many bad times

And nobody knows what you meanAh, 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 meNo use rambling, walking in the shadows

Trailing a wandering star

No one beside you, no one to hide you

Nobody knows where you areNo 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

Songwriters

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