

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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