

# 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 mean  
Ah, 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 rambling, walking in the shadows  
Trailing a wandering star  
No one beside you, no one to hide you  
Nobody knows where you are  
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

Songwriters

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