

Pack Up Your Sorrows

Iris DeMent

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

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
And nobody knows what you are

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 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

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 roaming, going by the roadside,
Seeking a satisfied mind
Too many highways, too many byways,
And nobody's walking behind

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