Pack Up Your Sorrows

Judy Collins

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

R:
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

(R)

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

(R)

No use roaming, going by the roadside,
Seeking a satisfied mind
Too many highways, too many byways,
and nobody's walking behind

(R)