

## 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