

Pack Up Your Sorrows

Joan Baez

There's no use crying, talking to a stranger
Naming the sorrow you've seen
Too many sad times, too many bad times
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

There's no use rambling, walking in the shadows
Trailing a wandering star
No one beside you, no one to guide you
Nobody knows who you are

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

Oh, no use roaming, lying by the roadside
Seeking a satisfied mind
Too many highways, too many byways
Nobody's walking behind

Oh, if somehow you could pack up your sorrows
And give them all to me, oh
You would lose them, I know how to use them
Give them all to me
Somehow you could pack up your sorrows