

Pack Up Your Troubles

Slade

Somewhere down in the city there's a mad dog madder
Somewhere out in the sticks there's a sad cat sadder
But you ain't gonna let it got on top of you
No you ain't gonna let it get a hold
You gotta get out of that rut before you get old

[Chorus]

So pack up your troubles and go head for the hills
Leave all your worries behind
Pack up your liquor and your cigarettes and your pills
Go catch a fish on the line

Somewhere over the sun there's a bebop hummin'
Somewhere down at the station there's a freedomtrain commin'
Can you hear that chugga luggin better get on board
Get out of the wind and the cold
You gotta get out of that rut before you get old

[Chorus Repeat]

Somewhere up in the sky there's a big big dad-da,
Sometime you'll have to climb up a dangerous ladder;
But there ain't such a word as impossible,
And there's always the never ending dream,
And things ain't never as bad as they might seem

[Chorus Repeat]

Somewhere on the horizon there's a deep hole waitin'
No one, no one at all is ever gonna get away;
You gotta reach out and touch the impossible,
And never ever let it get a hold,
You better get out of that rut before you get old.

[Chorus Repeat]

All you're ever gonna do will workout fine
Go catch a fish on the line.