

**Pack Up Your Sorrows**  
**Richard Farina**

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
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#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
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{title:Pack Up Your Sorrows}

{st:Richard Farina}

N[C]o use crying, tal[F]king to a stranger,  
N[C]aming the sorrows you ve s[G]een.[G7]  
T[C]oo many sad times, t[F]oo many bad times,  
A[C]nd nobody kn[G7]ows what you m[C]ean.

{C:Chorus:}

[C]Ah, but if somehow you could p[F]ack up your sorrows,  
[C]And give them all to [G]me,  
Y[C]ou would lose them, I[F] know how to use them,  
G[C]ive them [G7]all to [C]me.

No use rambling, walking in the shadows,  
Trailing a wandering star.  
No one beside you, no one to hide you,  
Nobody knows where you are.

{C:Chorus.}

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.

{C:Chorus.}

No use roaming, lying by the roadside,  
Seeking a satisfied mind.  
Too many highways, too many byways,  
And nobody s walking behind.

{C:Chorus.}

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# Submitted to the ftp.nevada.edu:/pub/guitar archives  
# by Steve Putz  
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