

PACK UP YOUR SORROWS

No use crying, talking to a stranger  
Naming the sorrows you've seen,  
Too many sad times, too many bad times,  
Nobody knows what you mean.

CHORUS:

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 where you are.

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.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

SOMEDAY SOON

There's a young man that I know, his age is twenty-one  
Comes from down in southern Colorado  
He's just out of the service, and he's lookin' for his fun  
Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon.

My parents can not stand him, cause he rides the rodeo,  
My father says that he will leave me cryin'  
I would follow him right down the toughest road I know,  
Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon.

When he comes to call my Pa ain't got a good word to say,  
Guess it's cause he's just as wild in the younger days,  
So blow, you old blue northern, blow my love to me.  
He's drivin' in tonight from California.  
He loves his damned ol' rodeo as much as he loves me,  
Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon.

Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon.