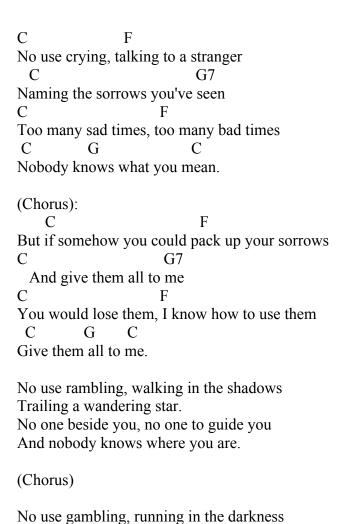
Pack Up Your Sorrows



(Chorus)

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

Too many wrong times, too many long times

Looking for a spirit that's free.

Nobody knows what you see.