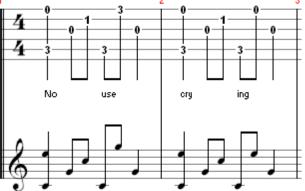
Pack Up Your Sorrows by Richard Farina (1965)



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.

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.

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