

Slade, Pack Up Your Troubles

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 got to let it get on top of you
No, you ain't got to let it get a hold
You gotta get out of that rut before you get old

Somewhere over the sun there's a beebop a hummin'
Somewhere down at the station
There's a freedom train a comin'
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

So pack up your troubles - 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 up in the sky there's a big big dad
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
So pack up your troubles - 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 out on the horizon, there's a deep hole waiting
No-one, no-one at all is ever gonna get away,
They's never gonna get away
You gotta reach out and touch the impossible
And never let it take a hold
You better get out of that rut before you get old

So pack up your troubles - go head for the hills
Leave all your worries behind
Pack up your liquor and your cigarettes and your pills
And everything you're ever gonna do is gonna work out fine
So go catch a fish on the line