

Irving Berlin

"Pack Up Your Sins And Go To The Devil"

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Oh
I got a message from below
'Twas from a man I used to know
About a year or so ago
Before he departed
He
Is just as happy as can be
I'll tell you what he said to me
He said, "If ever you get heavy-hearted

Pack up your sins and go to the devil in Hades
You'll meet the finest of gentlemen and the finest of
ladies
They'd rather be down below than up above
Hades is full of thousands of
Joneses and Browns, O'Hoolihans, Cohens and Bradys
You'll hear a heavenly tune that went to the devil
Because the jazz bands
They started pickin' it
Then put a trick in it
A jazzy kick in it
They've got a couple of old reformers in Heaven
Making them go to bed at eleven
Pack up your sins and go to the devil
And you'll never have to go to bed at all

If you care to dwell where the weather is hot
H-E-double-L is a wonderful spot
If you need a rest and you're all out of sorts
Hades is the best of the winter resorts
Paradise doesn't compare
All the nice people are there
They come there from ev'rywhere
Just to revel with Mister Devil
Nothing on his mind but a couple of horns
Satan is waitin' with his jazz band
And his band came from Alabam' with a melody hot
No one gives a damn if it's music or not
Satan's melody makes you want to dance forever
And you never have to go to bed at all

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